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THE NEW YORKER

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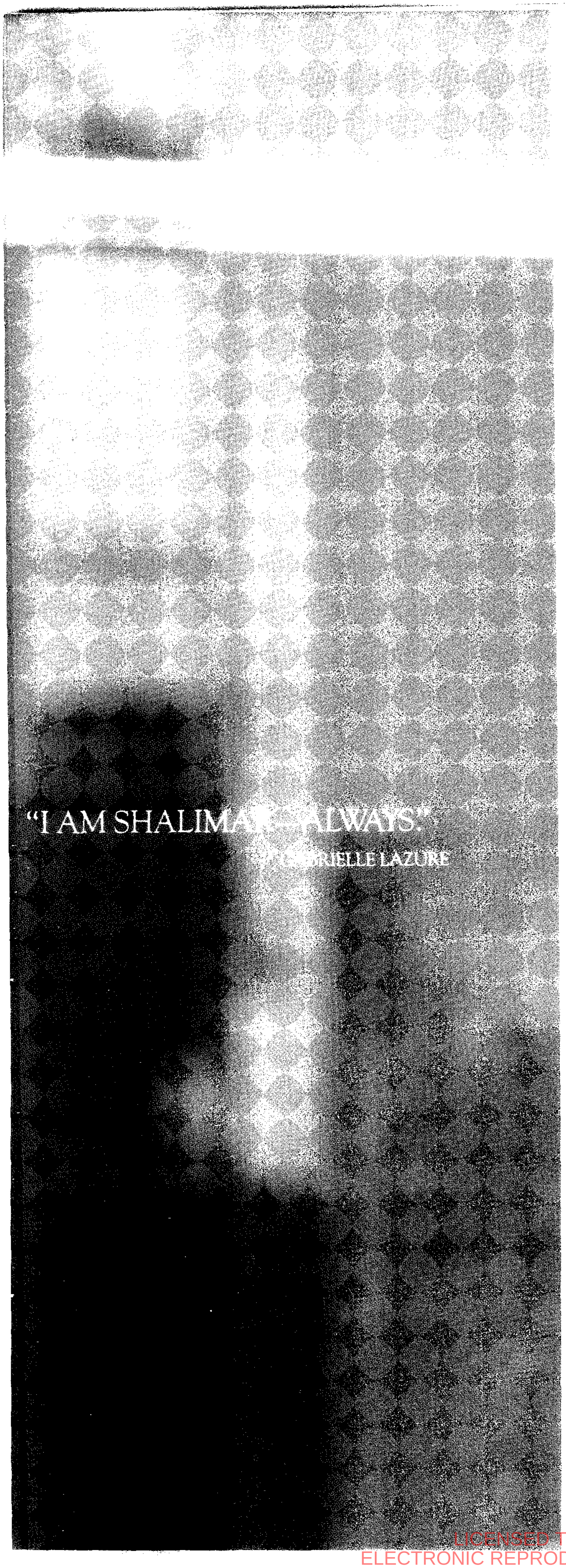
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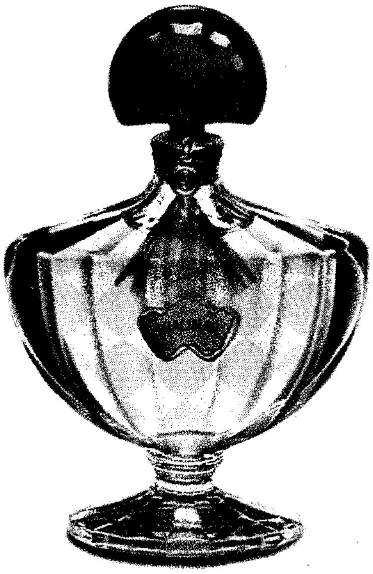

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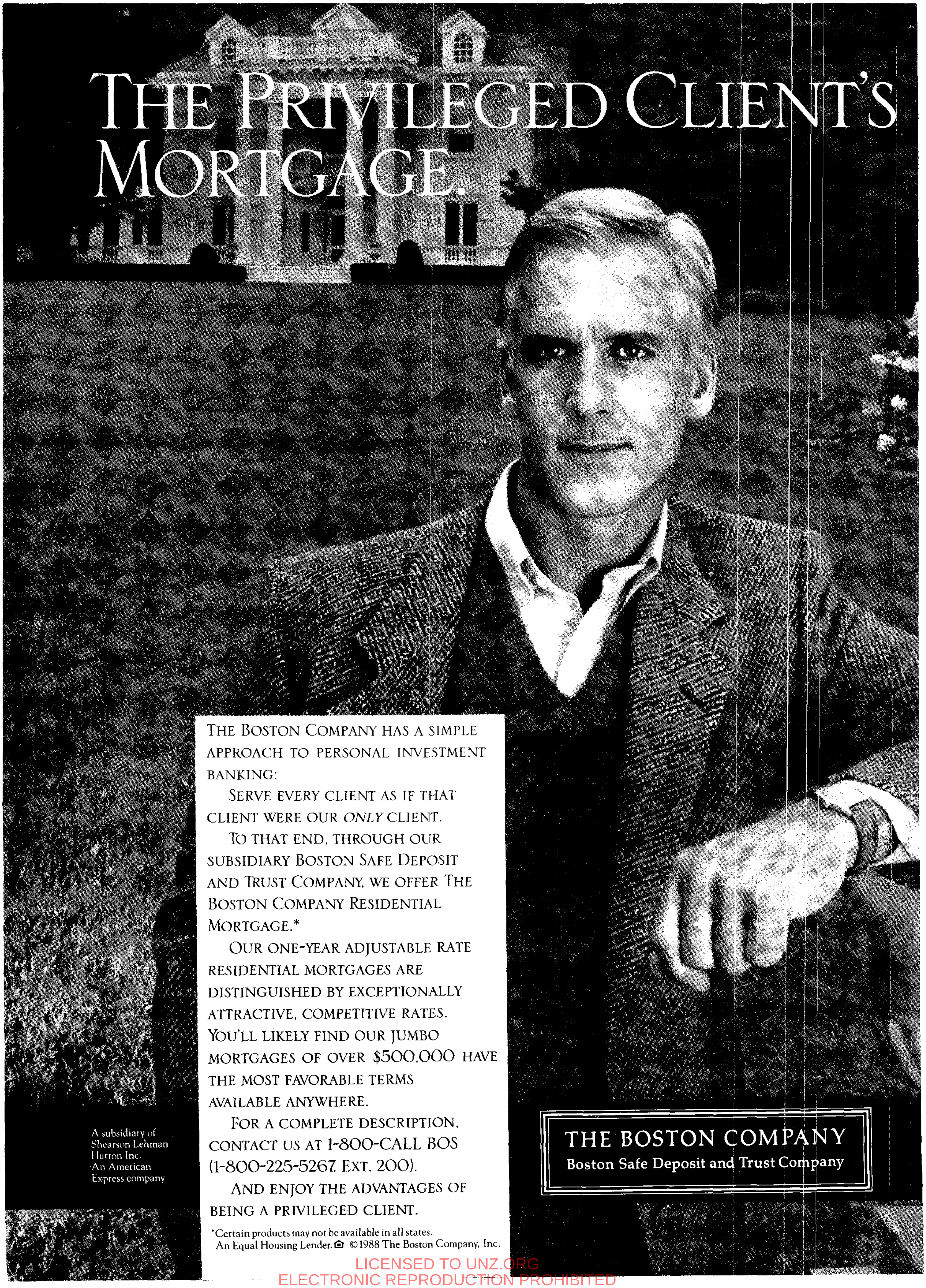

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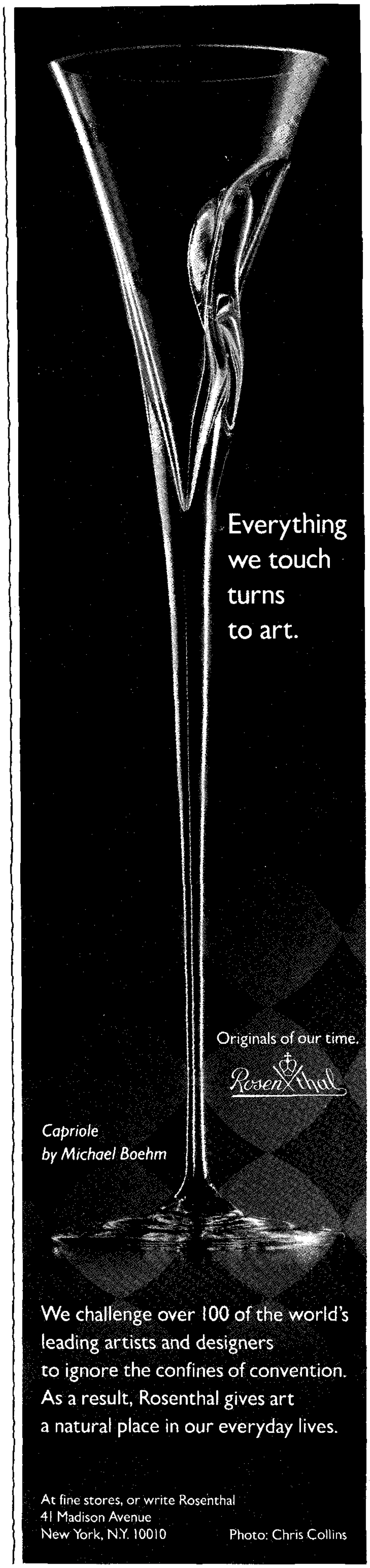

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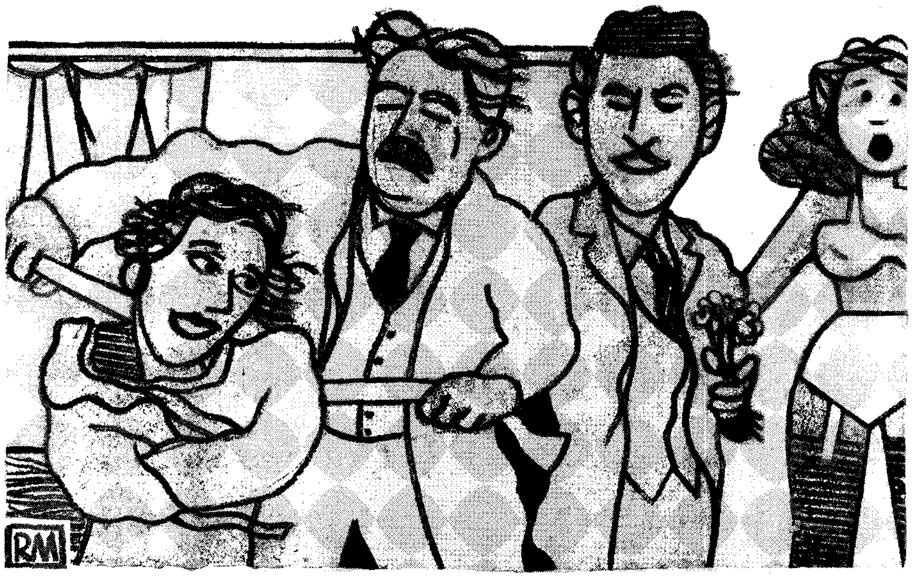
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OUR enthusiasm for what is new and vital took us, on a recent Monday evening, to Playwrights Horizons, where the 52nd Street Project's Spring Thing was in progress. Founded by Willie Reale, the 52nd Street Project aims at getting neighborhood children involved in making theatre and gives its participants a chance to see their work performed by grownup, professional actors.

On offer this year were works by Tina Vamvoukakis (eight), Jill Barbosa (nine), Michael Schiff (eight), Glen Jenkins (twelve), Latanya Godfrey (thirteen), and Shamine Gibson (twelve). Each has its merits; each the wisdom to remind us of a few basic truths. Miss Barbosa's "The Studying Friendship" looks squarely at the problem of sitting down to work when one is "irresponsible" and "lazy." Mr. Jenkins' meditation on the superhuman condition, "A Day Torn to Ruins," takes as its starting point the idea that even action heroes need to impress their fathers. Mr. Gibson's arboreal *comèdie larmoyante* resurrects the old Aristotelian notion that human beings have problems and on the whole it's better to be a tree. Mr. Schiff's "Love, More or Less," a study of the tragic ebb and flow of popularity, tests out the proposition that women are always either ungrateful or in the way. We very much admired Miss Godfrey's deft handling of the lover-as-fumigator motif in "Today Is Your Lucky Day." And we thought that having Kristine Sutherland double as Isabel (the girl who plants the germ of wheat, played by John Pankow) and Helen (the deer who threatens to devour it) in Miss Vamvoukakis's "The Spring Plant" got nicely at the twin-born impulses to create and to destroy. (The play examines some of the moral dilemmas implicit in subsistence farming.)

This week and next, the Project is presenting "The Bedtime Zone" at Ensemble Studio Theatre, a program that will feature some children performing the work of grownups.



"What the Butler Saw"

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

Amulets Against the Dragon Forces—A new play by Paul Zindel, the author of "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds." Preview April 4. Opens April 5 at 8. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting six benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's **GONDOLIERS**, April 4-8. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. For information about tickets, call 988-8823.)

Brimstone and Treacle—A play by Dennis Potter, based on his screenplay for the 1982 film of the same name. With Frank Lazarus. Previews begin April 6. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050.)

Early One Evening at the Rainbow Bar and Grille—An apocalyptic play by Bruce Graham. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Forbidden City—Gloria Foster and Frankie R. Faison in a play by Bill Gunn, which is set in West Philadelphia in 1936. Directed by Joe Papp. Previews April 4-5. Opens April 6 at 6:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Ghetto—A play by the Israeli writer Joshua Sobol, set in Vilna, Lithuania, in 1942-43. Donal Donnelly, Avner Eisenberg, Stephen McHattie, and Helen Schneider are in the cast. Previews begin April 7. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Shan Sullivan in the title role. Previews through April 11. Opens April 12 at 8, and will run through April 26. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Ladies—A theatre piece by Eve Ensler, based on her experiences working in city shelters for the homeless. Presented by Music-Theatre Group and the Women's Project. Opens April 4 at 8, and runs through April 22. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Starmites—A musical about a young girl who is transported to the world of her favorite comic-book characters. The score and lyrics are by Barry Keating, and the book is by Stuart Ross and Mr. Keating. In previews. (Stage Right at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Temptation—The American première of a play by Václav Havel. With Bille Brown and David Strathairn; directed by Jiri Zizka. Translated from the Czech by Marie Winn. Previews through April 8. Opens April 9 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Walkers—A psychological mystery by Marion Isaac McClinton, who co-directed with Steyen Ramay. Previews through April 8. Opens April 9 at 7. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Welcome to the Club—Avery Schreiber and Marilyn Sokol have the leads in a ten-character musical comedy that takes place in an alimony jail. Cy Coleman composed the score, A. E. Hotchner wrote the book, and they collaborated on the lyrics. In previews. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

A. Whitney Brown's The Big Picture (in Words)—A brief engagement by one of the commentators from "Saturday Night Live" 's "Weekend Update." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes April 8.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Born Yesterday—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Cantorial—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Chu Chem—A small Jewish delegation (2m, 1f) visits China in the fourteenth century and finds traces of another, larger delegation who went there a thousand years before that. This musical is probably harmless if you can manage to ward off the cutes. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis do well also. Starting April 11, Richard Backus replaces Mr. Davidson. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Don Juan of Seville—A new translation by Lynne Alvarez of Tirso de Molina's classic "El Burlador de Sevilla." With Jeffrey Nordling and Robert Langdon-Lloyd. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard

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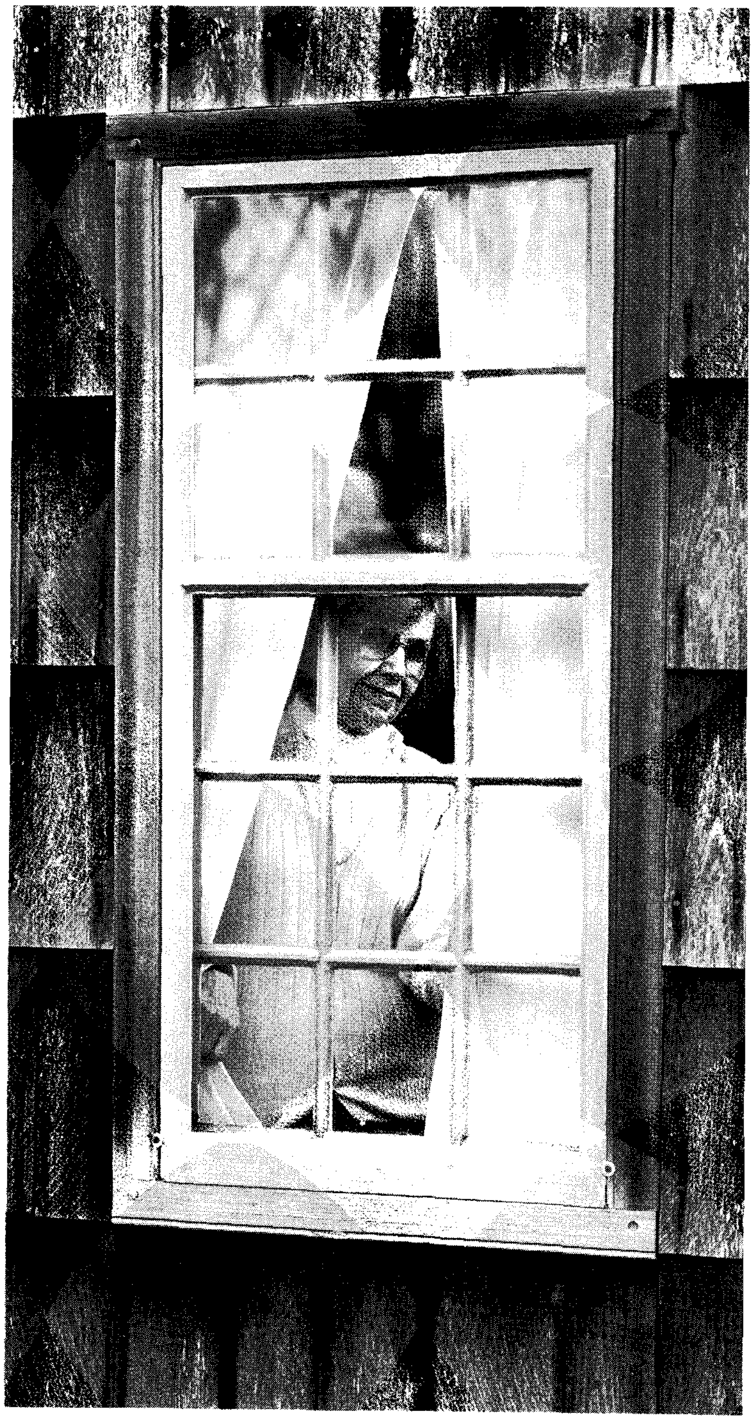

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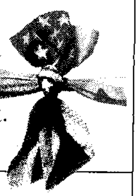

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baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this funny farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks's stunning direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **merry widow.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes April 16.)

Measure for Measure—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to realize them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' 1950 play, based on her novel of the same name. With Esther Rolle as Berenice Sadie Brown and Amelia Campbell as Frankie Addams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Darren McGavin, and Matt Mulhern. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Mercedes Ruehl is fine, too, as his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

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The Pajama Game—This musical seems as chipper as ever in its current revival by the New York City Opera, though at times it is overwhelmed by the imposing theatre. Even the familiar numbers—"Hey There," "Hernando's Hideaway," "Steam Heat," and "7½ Cents" among them—sound fresh and tuneful. With the ebullient Judy Kaye in the lead, and Richard Muenz, Avery Saltzman, and Brooks Almy in support. (3/20/89) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Closes April 16.)

Quintuplets—A comedy by Luís Rafael Sánchez, with Ivonne Coll and Roberto Medina. Presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. Some performances are in English; the rest are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

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*On the way out, you notice a sign over the 4562 instruction booklets that reads "*LIMIT 5 FORMS.*" You could probably make off with six or seven—there's no one around to stop you—but what would you do with them?*

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Rob Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Run for Your Wife!—Ray Cooney's sex farce about a bigamous cabdriver is vulgar, crass, and downright disgusting (also about fifteen minutes too long), but it has a certain camp appeal. Undeniably, its chief targets are women, wives, and homosexuality; you have to suspend all your finer feelings and better judgment in order to enjoy it. But it isn't really any more offensive than, say, an episode of "I Love Lucy." (3/20/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the good play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

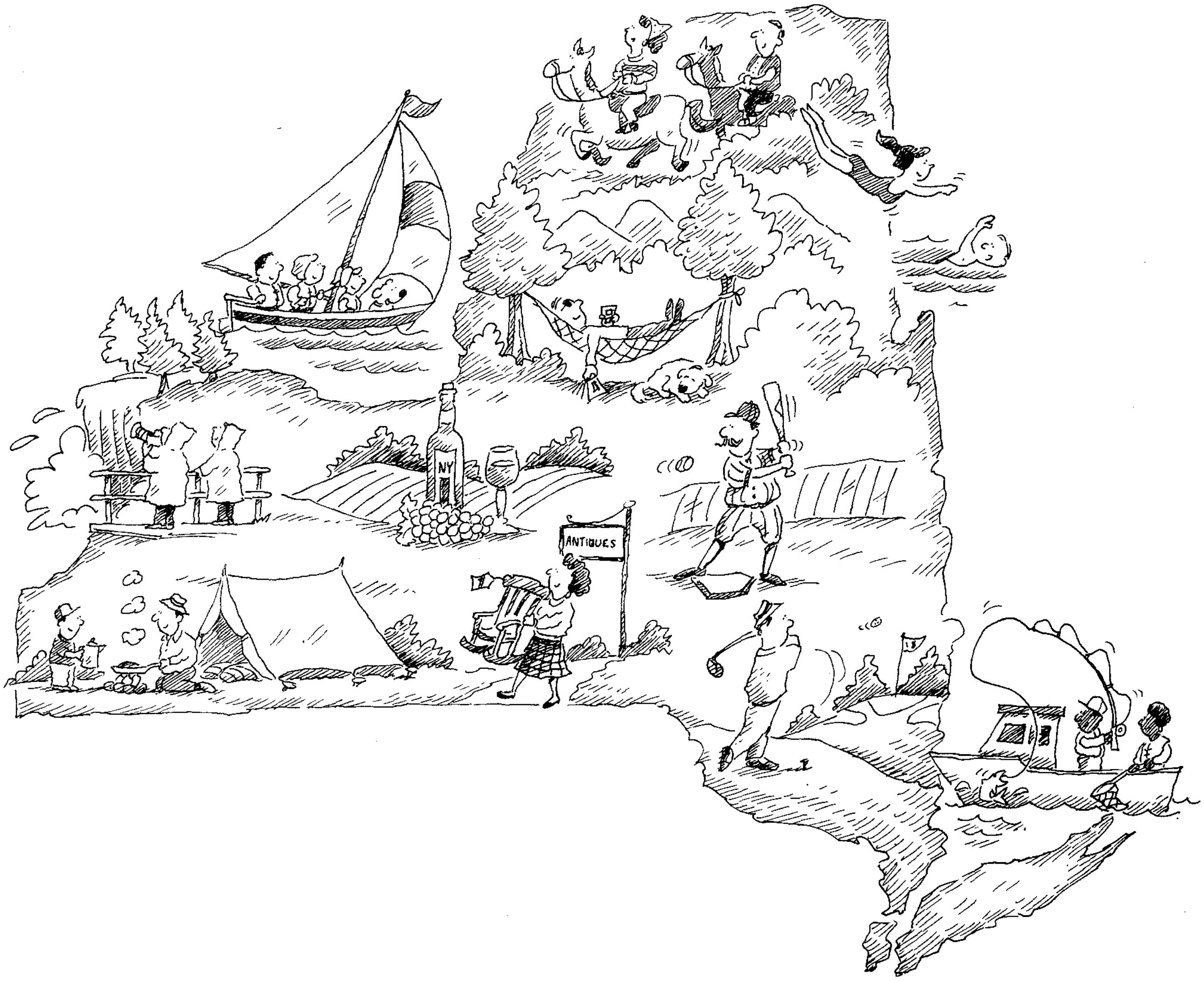
What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Angela Thornton in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

The Winter's Tale—Shakespeare's tragicomedy, one of his so-called "late romances," represents the poet at his most strangely moving and whimsical. Unfortunately, all the verbal and moral poetry is lost—swallowed up—in James Lapine's elegant staging, which, while it looks beautiful and uses a poignant score by William Finn and Michael Starobin to pull at our heartstrings, allows miscast actors in key roles to give inept or idiosyncratic performances. (4/3/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 9.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of Sondheim's **sweeney todd,** with Bob Gunton as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street and Beth Fowler as Mrs. Lovett, his cohort in crime. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

LONG RUNS

anything goes: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run, which turns twenty-nine in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin.



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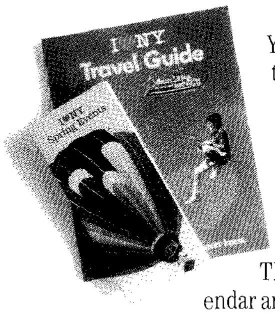

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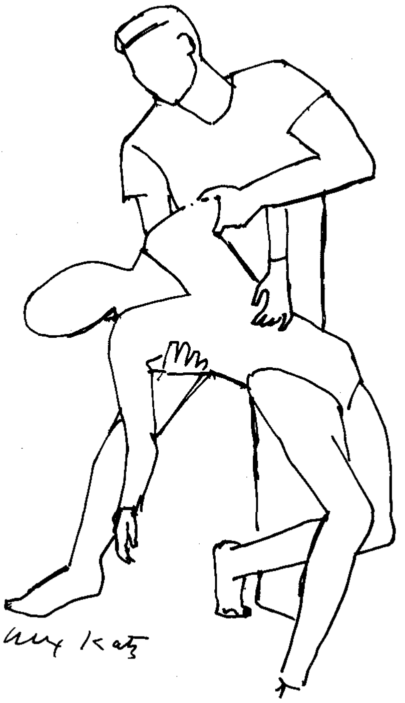
THE THEATRE—Cont'd

(Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE TAFFETAS:** Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.)



Paul Taylor and Bettie de Jong

DANCE

EVERY ten years or so, one of our most beloved yet dispassionate art forms—tap dancing—enjoys a resurgence. Each time it's rediscovered, the emphasis changes. During the crossover seventies, for instance, we saw a lot of what might be called fusion tap: tap and African dance styles, tap and narrative, tap and modern dance. This time around, the accent seems to be on the seriousness and sophistication, and especially the musical wisdom, that great tap dancers can achieve.

Musicality and technical finesse link established hoofers with developing ones; the focus on these basic dance values encourages conversation. This week, several concerts with live music feature such interplay. At the Village Gate, Manhattan Tap—a quartet of precision tappers, plus three musicians—will perform with two of the country's most highly regarded hoofers, Charles (Cookie) Cook and Buster Brown, who are former vaudevillians and longtime members of the Copasetics. (April 3rd at 8, and with other guests on the three following Mondays.) At Symphony Space, the second N.Y.C. Festival of Percussive Dance will present Keith Terry, the American Tap Dance Orchestra (a dance company founded in 1986), and Ira Bernstein. Terry specializes in hambone, or body percussion. The American Tap Dance Orchestra—nine dancers and three musicians—is directed by Brenda Bufalino, a protégée of Honi Coles. The company will perform three Bufalino suites, including a première. Ira Bernstein, who single-handedly produces the annual percussive-dance festival, is an expert in Appalachian clog and step dancing and a member of the American Tap Dance Orchestra. Last year, he brought together virtuoso hoofing, clogging, Irish stepping, and flamenco. He knows purity of style and has an international ear. (April 8th at 8.)

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Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through May 7. April 11 at 7: "Airs," "Sunset," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues" (New York première), and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Dancers and Musicians of Bali—A troupe of forty-five, including a gamelan orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. April 4 at 7:30, April 5-7 at 8, April 8 at 2 and 8, and April 9 at 3.)

Pilar Rioja—¡Flamenco! Y otros bailes españoles. At the Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. April 5 at 8. . . . ¶ At the Equitable Center Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. April 9 at 3. For information about tickets, call 889-2850.)

Kathryn Posin Dance Company—The premières of "Terrain," "Harmony of Leaves," and "Hurts Too Much to Stop." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 5-7 and April 9 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—New and repertory works by a twelve-member group. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. April 5-7 at 8, April 8-9 at 2 and 8, and April 11-12 at 8. Through April 16.)

Chiang Ching—In a solo dance-theatre piece, "An Evening of Contemplation of an Ancient Chinese Poetess." A discussion between Chiang Ching and Anna Kisselgoff will follow. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. April 7-8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 360-3558.)

Mazowsze—A company of more than a hundred Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. April 8 at 8. . . . ¶ Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing. 1-718 793-8080. April 9 at 2.)

"The Imperial Bells of China"—A program of ancient Chinese music and dance, performed by the Hubei Song & Dance Ensemble. With a taped narration by Gregory Peck. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 11-12 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

THE other night, we spent a few hours on Bleecker Street, the Village's main tourist strip, looking for a good time. We had an O.K. time at the Village Corner, a dowdy, high-ceilinged bar with a piano, a waitress in a red mini and spike heels, and darkness to meditate in. Somebody at the bar, making a little joke, said, "Remember beatniks?" On the jukebox, Sinatra sang "You Make Me Feel So Young," and we went across the street to the Bitter End.

The Bitter End looked like a once-prominent folk club, its tatty walls papered with the names of people who played there in the sixties and seventies. Tracy Chapman sang there last spring, but most of the performers who pass through don't have wings on their feet. The room was about three-quarters full; some customers were listening to a young woman in black boots and a flowery skirt sing songs about the road and relationships, and others were working on a buzz.

At the Back Fence, a forty-odd-year-old bar a few doors west, we heard a guy who looked as if he had just fallen out of bed sing Dylan, Chuck Berry, and John Prine. He had a low, husky voice, and he was well amplified, but we couldn't always hear him above the junior executives in suits who were standing next to us, regaling their dates with stories about their drinking abilities.

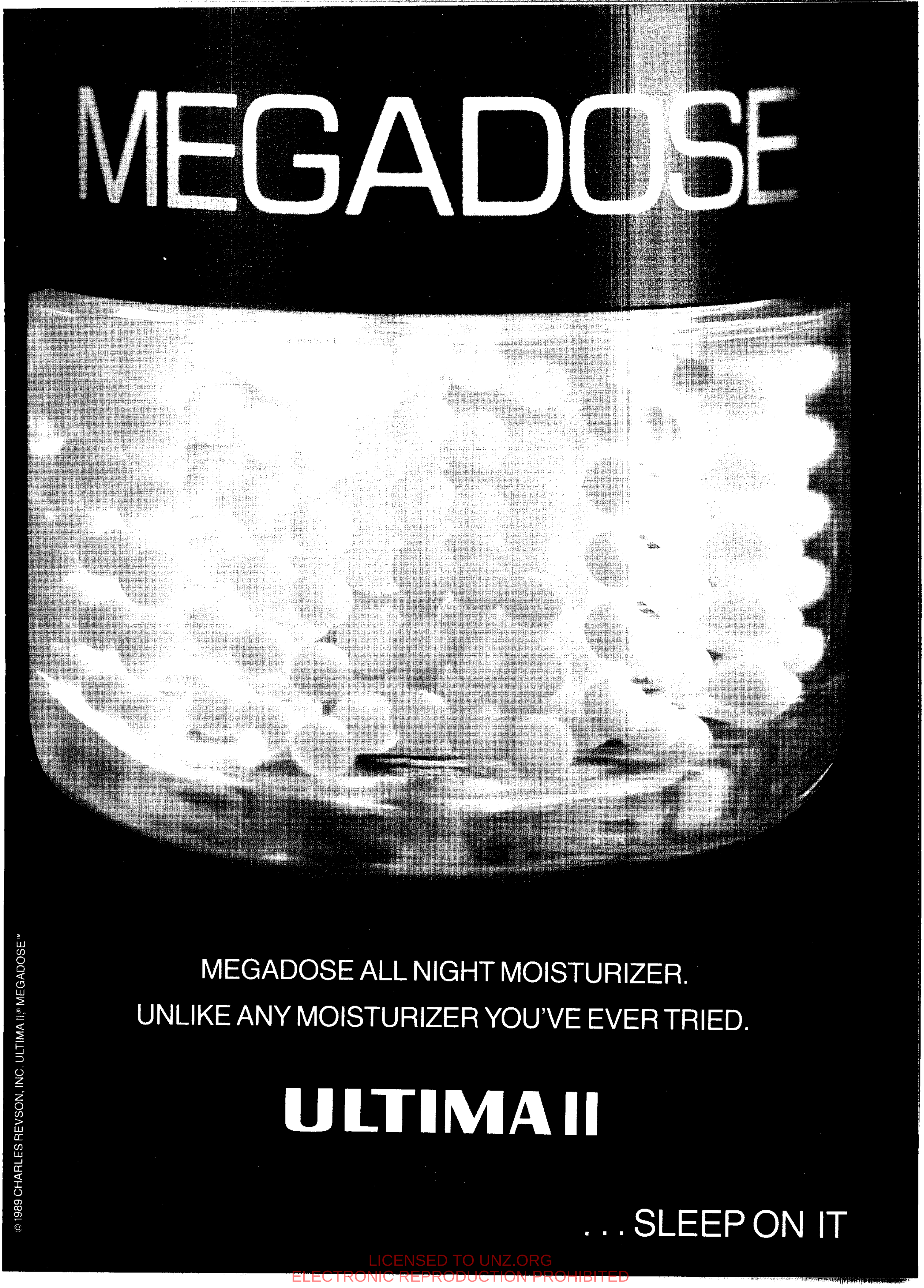
On the street, we met a panhandler who said he was Bob Hope's brother, No Hope, and then we went to Kenny's Castaways, where we saw some of the same people we had seen at the Bitter End and the Back Fence. We sat next to three young Japanese men, who observed almost perfect silence for an hour, while a muscle-bound rock group called the Red Eye Rose Band did songs by the Stones and itself, and then while we all waited around for the next band to come on. The Japanese guys looked as if they knew what they were waiting for.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Karen Mason sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **LITTLE ANTHONY,** whose high, excitable voice was just right for all those teen love songs he did with the Imperials, performs at nine and eleven April 4-8. La Gran Scena Opera Company, an all-male operation, tackles Verdi starting April 11. At seven Wednesdays through Saturdays, the dapper, bespectacled **JOHN WALLOWITCH** sings a lament for pre-Lloyd Webber Broadway and a song in praise of his expensively jacketed teeth and his celebrated number about a transvestite ("Bruce").

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. **CARMEN MC RAE,** a tough, no-sentimental-bull kind of singer, has the floor April 4-9. **BILLY ECKSTINE,** whom Duke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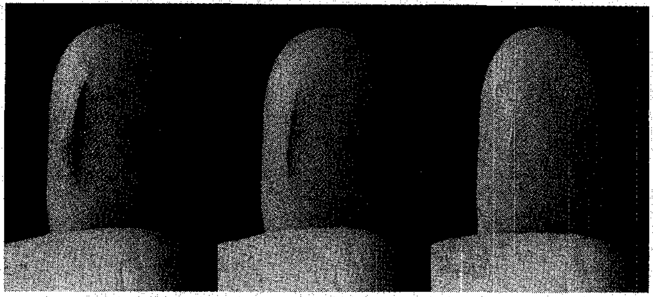

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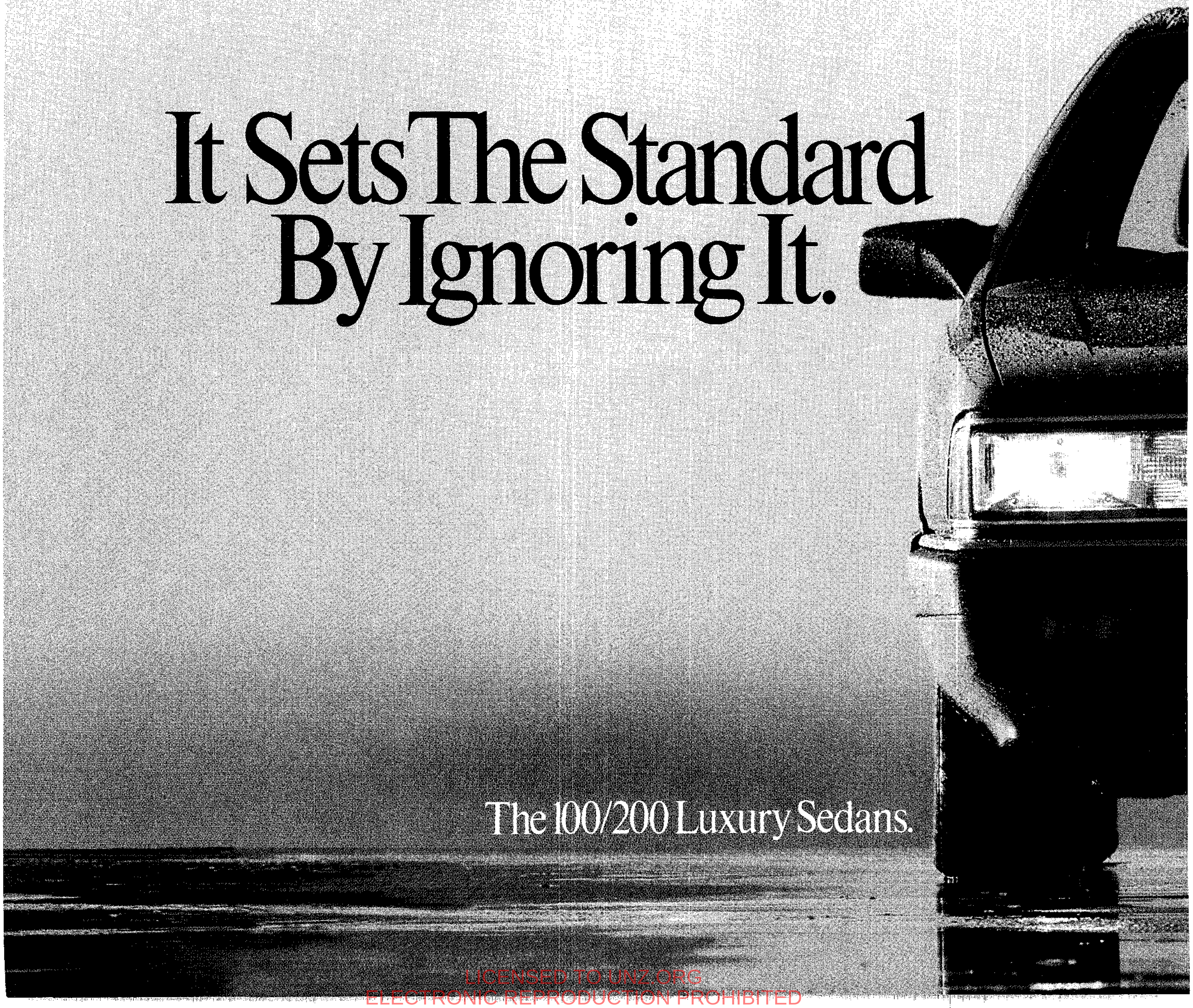

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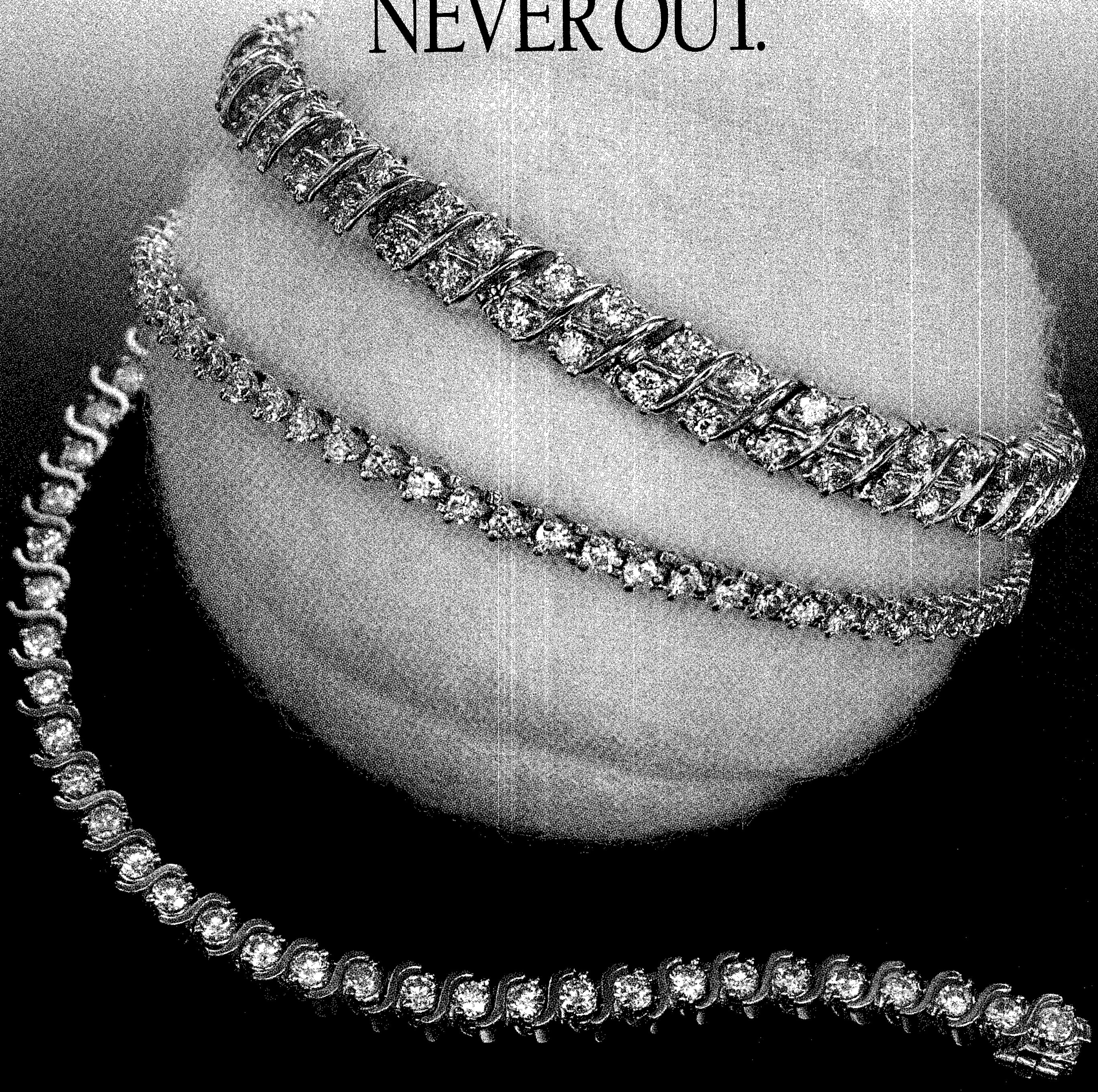

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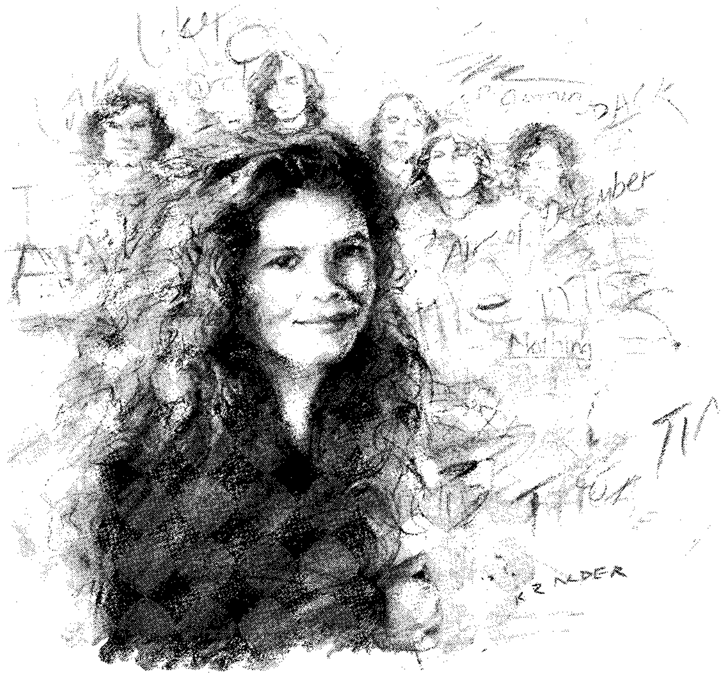

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians at the Ritz

Ellington called "the sonorous B," and whose voice still rumbles impressively, commences a week-long visit on April 11. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. **SIMPLY RED,** a British R. & B. band led by a red-haired singer named **MICK HUCKNALL,** performs April 5-7. **RIDERS IN THE SKY,** three gentlemen in Western wear who do well-known songs of the range and bunkhouse ("Cool Water," "Back in the Saddle Again") and material of their own devising, will be here on April 10. The Riders are **RANGER DOUG GREEN** (a.k.a. the Idol of American Youth, and a yodeller of note); **WOODY PAUL CHRISMAN** (a fiddler who also does rope tricks, including the "dangerous vertical loop" and the "quantum leap through the quantum loop"; Woody Paul has a doctorate in physics from M.I.T., and knows his quanta); and **FRED (TOO SLIM) LA BOUR** (who plays bass fiddle, has a bandit's mustache, and does swell imitations of bunkhouse cats, bunkhouse dogs, and bunkhouse jackasses). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features horn players, Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. **RONNIE MATHEWS,** a bop-oriented pianist who has played with Art Blakey, Frank Morgan, and Max Roach, works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through April 8. Trumpeter **TEX ALLEN** leads a trio on April 9. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **LOU DONALDSON,** a genial hard-bop tenor man, leads a quartet April 4-9. **JIMMY HAMILTON,** who played impeccable clarinet for Duke Ellington from 1942 to 1968, brings in a foursome on April 11. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa called the Café Carlyle is home to a thrush named Dixie Carter (better known as Julia Sugarbaker in "Designing Women") Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the collection of hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music every night; **LOUP GAROU,** a New York-based zydeco band, plays shuffles and two-steps on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Dinin'.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back room of this Irish bar, you can drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to fiddlers and uilleann pipers and sweet Irish voices; on Saturdays, you can drink from the cup that cheers and listen to bluegrass and old-timey music. Laurie Lewis & Grant Street, a West Coast bluegrass band, performs on April 8.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **BILL EVANS,** a young saxophonist who has served with modernist heavies like Miles Davis and John McLaughlin, leads a quintet April 6-9. **WALLACE RONEY,** a young trumpeter and hard-bop revivalist, comes in with his quintet on April 11. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some expensive Gotham real estate as well as a few untenanted patches of sky. The Steinway is in the skilled hands of **JOHN EATON,** one of Washington, D.C.,'s best-kept secrets, April 4-9. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who has long, striding fingers and a lively, pre-modern repertoire, works with alto saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** and guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** for three nights starting April 11. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. The lineup, in part: April 6, saxophonist **ODEAN POPE'S** trio; April 7, the **ORDINAIRES;** April 8, bassist **MELVIN GIBBS** and his nouveau-funk group; and April 11, Chunk, a percussion-and-electronics group. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's draped with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and bumper stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their long-neck Coronas around and say things like "Woo-wee" and "I need an I.V. to rock and roll right now." (As it happens, the club is on its last legs; it shuts down April 16.) **LONNIE BROOKS,** a Louisiana-born guitarist and singer who worked with Clifton Chenier and Sam Cooke before settling into the blues lounges of Chicago, will be here April 7-8. Music after nine. Dining.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **RUTH BROWN,** the rhythm-and-blues diva, spends her night off from the Broadway show "Black and Blue" here; Monday is the night. **DR. JOHN,** the paunchy New Orleans piano thumper and gravel-throated, world-weary singer, holds forth April 7-8. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear the sophisticated voice of **JULIE WILSON.** Miss Wilson is concentrating on the proper nouns and risqué verbs of Cole Porter—something she's been doing off and on since the late forties, when she sang in "Kiss Me, Kate." Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator.) On clear nights, you can see the lights of Tenafly and Yonkers. The Broadway songs of **JERRY HERMAN** ("Mame," "Hello, Dolly!") are the subject of a show that stars Lee Roy Reams, Karen Morrow, and the songwriter himself. Sets at nine and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (307-7171)—This very large rock concern moves uptown this week, to the former premises of Studio 54. It brings its very large video-projection system with it, so that the MTV generation will continue to get what it requires—large doses of retinal stimulation plus a zillion decibels of sound. The opening-night show, on April 6, features the **RADIATORS,** a New Orleans sextet that recalls Little Feat, and Jeff Healey's blues-rock operation. The **NEVILLE BROTHERS,** the New Orleans R. & B. fraternity, hold forth on April 7. **EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS,** a Texas-born heartthrob and her pop band, play on April 11; **STEVE FORBERT** opens. Shows Sundays

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FORE!

Since the Dutch bought the Island of Manhattan for that ridiculous sum of money, we haven't heard of anyone savvy enough to open an indoor miniature golf course on it. Until now. Putter's Paradise, a par-42 course at 48 West 21st Street, has been open for about a month, and business is hot. During the day, children call each other names and chase each other around the pink columns and the potted palms; at night an older crowd, usually wearing black, slinks in to gaze at the surfboard on display and to play a quick round before achieving total heaviosity at the Limelight, just around the corner. Anyone can play—you don't have to attend P.S. 11 or look as if you're about to pose for an Amaretto ad. Watch out for the twelfth hole, though. Not long ago, we spent a good five minutes there, trying to putt the ball into the alligator's mouth, until we finally picked the damn thing up and dropped it in, scandalizing a couple of preschoolers.

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffee-*house on the beaten path; nowadays, it's* home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **BOB NEUWIRTH,** who roamed the Village with his pal Bob Dylan back during the Golden Age of Folk, sings some of his country-style songs on April 8. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A Village jazz room made of pine and brick and other solid elements. A little smoke, but no mirrors. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the expatriate South African pianist and composer who was known as Dollar Brand when Duke Ellington took him under his wing in the early sixties, will be here with his septet April 4-9. Ibrahim, whose recent music has tended to be quiet or quietly exultant, is a picture of calm on the bandstand. **ART BLAKEY,** the drummer and hard-bop kingpin whose group takes over the bandstand on April 11, is all muscle and manly energy. First set at ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the basement, which features a thrust stage and seats four hundred and fifty, Latin-jazz bands hold forth on Mondays after nine. Two Newark-born bards, **ALLEN GINSBERG** and the fierce black nationalist **AMIRI BARAKA,** read and declaim, to musical accompaniment, at eight on April 6. **OTIS RUSH** plays the blues April 7-8 at nine and eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. *(255-4037)—This house of worship* opened fifty-five years ago in a Charles Street basement that was equipped with a twenty-five-dollar upright piano, a four-burner gas stove, and plank-and-barrel furniture. Poets were the opening-night entertainers—or non-entertainers, as the proprietor, a Columbia Law School dropout named Max Gordon, explained the next day to a Village judge who wanted to know why the Vanguard was operating without an entertainment license. A year later, Mr. Gordon moved his business to another basement, and here he and it have remained ever since. **LARRY CORYELL,** once a whiz-bang jazz-rock guitarist and now a flashy jazz guitarist, leads a quartet April 4-9. A foursome run by **FRANK WESS,** a saxophonist and flutist who played with Count Basie from 1953 to 1964, comes in on April 11. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

INSIDE a two-story structure on 3rd Street between Avenues B and C are several hundred people who have a commitment that would make Terpsichore blush. The Choice is a club aptly named. People come here for one reason only—to dance harder than they would if they were getting paid for it.

This is not another video-strobed palace for Sea Breeze drinkers in Japanese funereal wear. Those who make the choice (and the breakdown of those who do could teach the U.N. a beat or two about what brings people together) come dressed as if a triathlon were their other option. The club, which has a membership but is not private, is deliberately, eerily, and affectionately reminiscent of the original after-hours "dance party," the Loft, whose fellowship was so devoted that the management gave out Christmas presents. The music, likely to be stuff you've never heard before—and, unfortunately, are not likely to hear again—is transmitted by speakers of such clarity and volume that you couldn't tingle more. "I don't know if I like it here. Everyone is *very* serious," whimpers a darting-eyed newcomer. He and his bewildered date are positioned between two dancers possessed. After fifteen minutes, the poor couple are soaked, spent, Hyundais on a track full of Firebirds. The dervishes do not look up, but as the newcomers leave they silently step toward each other. Then, for one beat only, they grin. "Dancing is a sweat job," said Fred Astaire. And sometimes its most coveted reward isn't money—it's more space.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-nineteenth edition—the last with lion, tiger, and elephant trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Through April 23.)

Perry Street Theatre—Leo Bassi, a performer who will put a cream pie in the face of an unsuspecting audience member. April 4-7 at 8, April 8 at 7, and April 9 at 3 and 7. . . . ¶ April 8 at 10: Alien Comic, Stan Baker, and Carmelita Tropicana. April 8 at 10. (31 Perry St. Tickets at the door.)

David Cale—An English-born monologuist, whose main subject is coming of age. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Equitable Center, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. April 6 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Tony Brown and Kari Margolis's Adaptors Movement Theatre—In "The Bed Experiment One": eight people moving about, horizontally and vertically, on a gigantic bed. No dialogue. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 6-8 at 8, and April 9 at 3. Through April 16.)

Holly Hughes—Her monologue, "World Without End," is about sex and death. What else? (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. April 6-9 at 9:30. Through April 30.)

Deborah Margolin—In a performance of several short monologues whose topics cover love, lawyers, the letter "N," and other things. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. April 8 at 11. For information about tickets, call 226-5620.)

ART

THE baby-faced and dapper Julio Galán was born in Múzquiz, Mexico, in 1958, and his recent work—paintings, along with some marvellously high-flown rococo ceramics—is on view at the Annina Nosei gallery through April 12th. Though his imagery is fetish-ridden and dreamlike, Galán is not exactly naïve; nor is he quite the sophisticate that his knowing sexual content, fluent style, and jazzy sense of fashion might make him out to be. Galán's paintings quicken the appetite for something torrid without quite being torrid themselves. "Relámpagos-Naranjas" ("Lightning-Oranges"), for example, with its Edenic setting and improbable phallic motif, is a surreal fairy tale with a homoerotic, Duchampian twist. A hazy, purplish view of the artist's home town, "Múzquiz, 1997," composed of feathers, could be a post-apocalyptic rendition of an ancient Mayan pillow fight, while the mortification—the rips and stains—of paintings such as "My Parents One Day Before They Were Going to Have Me" and "No Te Has Dormido?" manages to suggest the stuff both of dreams and of bedsheets. Galán has a crazy way with folklore, and his useful perversities are on the mild side, not to say studied. The orchidaceous effects, for instance, of Balthus and Frida Kahlo and Francesco Clemente may be noted in his work. But—sweet, hot, and just a little bit tainted—they lure a viewer like a light sirocco wind.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Photographs from William Henry Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature." (See Photography.) Through April 9. . . . ¶ "The Masterworks" of Frederic Remington. Through April 16. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era. Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. . . . ¶ A show of architectural design—models, drawings, and photographs of buildings—by Emilio Ambasz and Steven Holl. Through April 4. . . . ¶ Walker Evans' works. (See Photography.) Through April 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Refigured Painting: The German Image": A haphazard onslaught of Expressionism which attempts to make sense of German painting today but desperately needs editing in some areas and amplification in others. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An eye-opening retrospective of the work of Frederick Kiesler, including a reconstruction of the Surrealist room in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. Through April 16. . . . ¶ A selection of sculptures from the sixties by Yoko Ono. Concurrently, films and videos by Ono are on view on the second floor. (See Film Libraries, below, for schedule.) Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and

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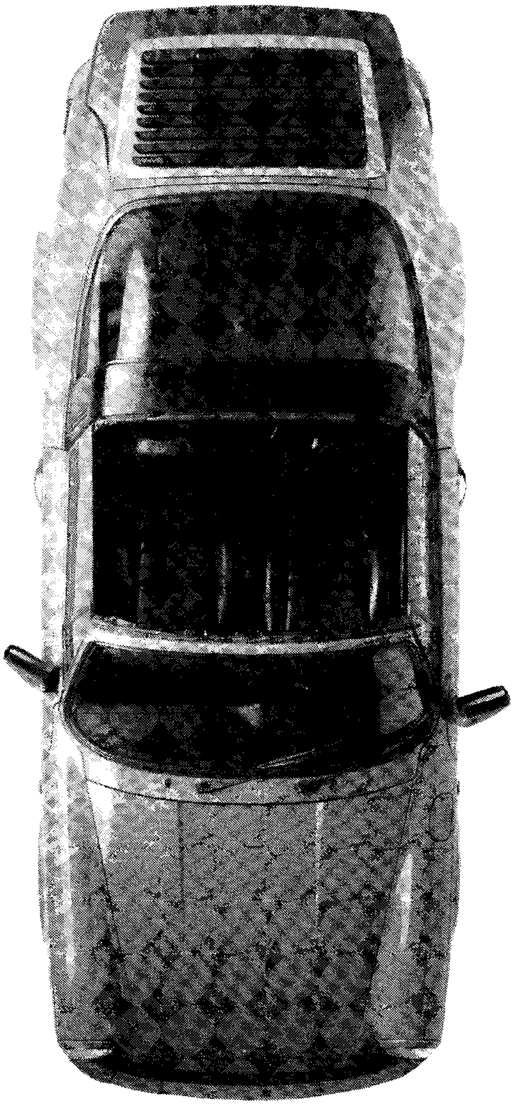

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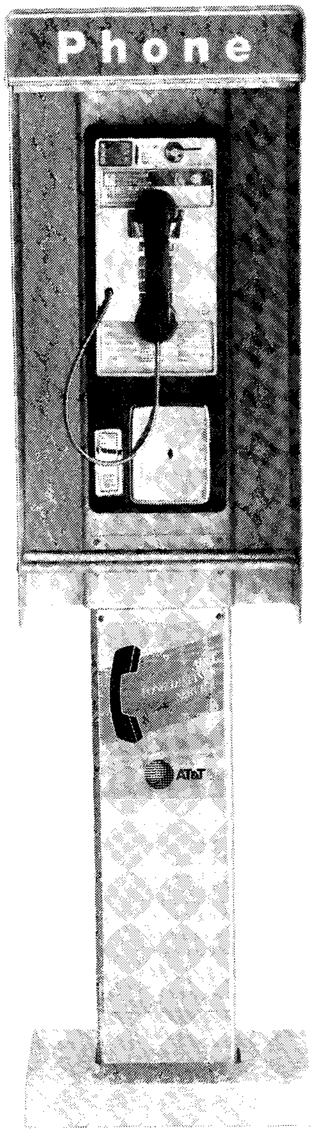

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ART—Cont'd

John Newman. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the often overlooked island of Madagascar. Blending influences from Africa, Indonesia, and Europe, the people had rice spoons with handles carved in the shape of naked men, and they wore cornrowed wigs in battle. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Finnish art objects made of wood; a loan show from Helsinki's Museum of Applied Arts. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of two hundred years' worth of French design, mounted in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Furniture, fashion, silver, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper, and jewelry are included. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

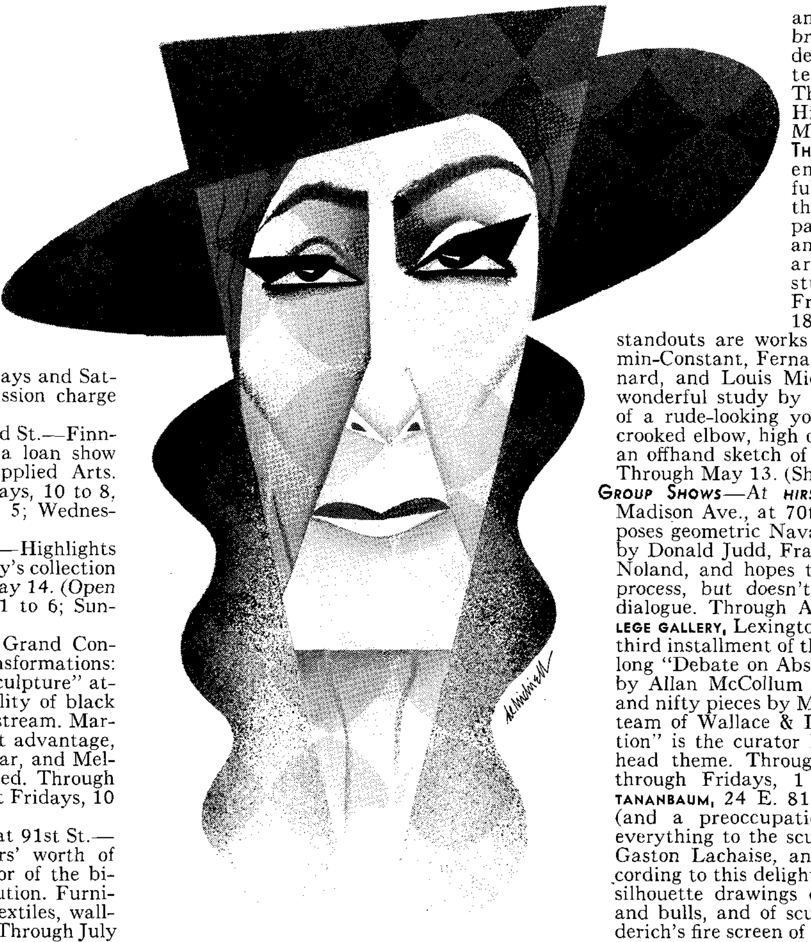
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This exhibition purports to represent the best Latin-American art being made in the United States today, but it looks discouragingly like a college art show. There is, however, good work by Enrique Castro-Cid, Jorge Tacla, Alfredo Ceibal, and especially Liliana Porter, whose combination of real and painted objects on a large white triptych is both fragile and strong. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Robert Colescott is one of the few black artists to take on the mainstream (white) art world successfully. His parodies of art history, in which he interprets landmark paintings by substituting black figures for white ones, are acerbic and entertaining attacks on racism and sexism. Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The role of the newly free press in the French Revolution is explored in an exhibit of pamphlets, books, broadsides, playing cards, and an early printing press, along with a working press of similar design manned (from 2 to 3 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) by printers turning out bilingual copies of "The Declaration of the Rights of Man." Through April 29. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum," a show of works by contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



Louise Nevelson

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Sixteen tiny works on paper made in 1947 for the magazine *Verve.* They are sweet and low-key, but convey little of the vibrant sensuality of this artist's paintings. Through April 29. (Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St.)

Fritz Bultman (1919-85)—Like many of his peers in the fifties, Bultman delighted in applying paint, mushing it around, and scratching into it. These paintings are exuberant, but don't add significantly to the history of abstraction. Through April 8. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael David—Crusty midnight-blue paintings incised with circles and diamonds suggest the cosmos; small panels set into them are like windows into other zones. A few gimmicks, but mostly powerful paintings. Through April 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Delaunay rarely strayed from her narrow vocabulary of colorful swirling arcs and circles within circles—and the world is richer for it. From large canvases to small commercial designs, this selection displays her talent successfully, if somewhat haphazardly. The small watercolors, including designs for costumes and advertisements, are gems. Through April 15. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

William Trost Richards (1833-1905)—Pristine watercolors by an American landscape artist. Richards' attempts at misty Whistlerian monochromes were stymied by his compulsion to render distant forms precisely, but occasionally he mustered a brilliant palette and an engaging, looser brush, particularly in his depictions of choppy water and rocky coasts. Through April 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

The Julian Academy—An entertaining, thoughtful salon-style exhibition that assembles scores of paintings and drawings and a few sculptures by artists who taught or studied at the famous French art school from 1870 to 1930. Among the standouts are works by Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Khnopff, Emile Bernard, and Louis Michel Eilshemius, and a wonderful study by Henri-Georges Charrier of a rude-looking young male model whose crooked elbow, high on the left, rhymes with an offhand sketch of Paul Gauguin's profile. Through May 13. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Group Shows—At **Hirschl & Adler Folk,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: This show juxtaposes geometric Navajo blankets with works by Donald Judd, Frank Stella, and Kenneth Noland, and hopes to make a point in the process, but doesn't provoke much visual dialogue. Through April 15. . . . **Hunter College Gallery,** Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: The third installment of the worthy, tedious year-long "Debate on Abstraction" includes work by Allan McCollum and Louis Lo Monaco, and nifty pieces by Maren Hassinger and the team of Wallace & Donohue. "Anti-Simulation" is the curator Maurice Berger's dead-head theme. Through April 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Vanderwoude Tananbaum,** 24 E. 81st St.: A sense of style (and a preoccupation with virility) was everything to the sculptors Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, and Reuben Nakian, according to this delightful display of Art Deco silhouette drawings of bullfighters, women, and bulls, and of sculptures, including Diederich's fire screen of prancing horses nipping each other's tails. Through April 15.

Short List—**Henry Moore,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through May 27); **Robert Ohnigian,** Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. (through April 8).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Erik Andriesse—A first one-man show in New York for this younger Dutch artist reveals lurid paintings of flora and fauna which want to create a perverse hothouse atmosphere and manage to suggest the work of Lowell Nesbitt. Through April 8. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—A stunning installation of new sculptures. The title of the show, "Progressions and Regressions," refers most obviously to two big staircase pieces, "No Exit" and "No Escape," but also to the fact that in the enormous, symphonic "Clouds and Caverns" the artist has amplified one of her best-known older motifs. The emotional pitch here is very grand, almost Lear-like. This work, it seems, addresses mortality. Through April 22. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Another show of new work by Bourgeois is at Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—These abstract paintings have an accomplished, if somewhat hackneyed, vitality when viewed from afar, but up close they look noisy, with lots of scatological globs and gooey spills of paint in every color imaginable. Through April 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Konrad Cramer (1888-1963)—Paintings, drawings, and prints from the nineteen-thirties. Still-lifes and flower paintings with Cubist tendencies, they seem to have been inspired by Juan Gris, but are so flat and sere that they also seem to be High Plains Midwestern. Through April 29. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Jensen—Recent abstract works on paper, made with egg tempera and gouache. This artist's strong biomorphic forms and lapidary palette-knife painting technique have been very influential. He seems now to be trying to loosen up his surfaces and liberate his shapes, but these works, unfortunately, seem somehow depressed. Through April 22. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

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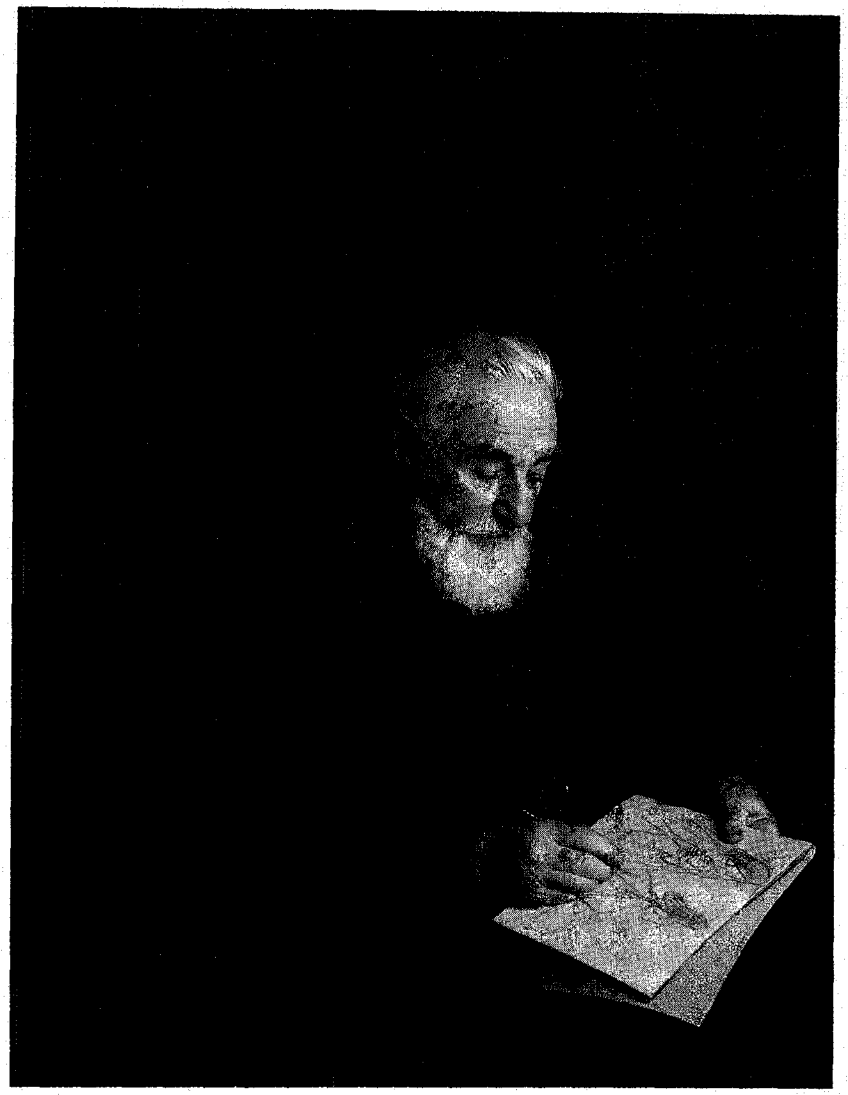

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

Thomas Schütte—This mixed-media installation is a rumination on architecture and, perhaps, on the past and future of cities. It includes drawings; several large, stacked constructions out of raw plywood (a now ubiquitous material); and one little male doll that resembles Luke Skywalker. Through April 8. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

George Segal—Several of these heavily painted relief sculptures provide a compassionate portrait of an overlooked theme: the elderly. A series of large pastel drawings of lonely people emerging from dark grounds make their point most directly. Through April 22. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chuck Walker / Robert González Fernandez—Realist paintings whose varied subjects are in bizarre, somewhat ominous closeup. / Extremely realistic drawings, mostly in red and black tones, of young men in the midst of highly specific yet inscrutable actions and situations, by a Spanish artist whose sensibility is tough and a bit dire. Through April 8. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**NELL BLAINE,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 26); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through April 22); **ROBERT HUDSON,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 29); **LOUISE NEVELSON,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through April 29); **ELAINE REICHEK,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 22); **KIMBER SMITH,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 8); **TIMOTHY WOODMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., open Mondays (through April 29).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siah Armajani—These large sculptures, called "Elements," are composed of what look like painted metal trusses, storage bins, upturned tables, and piles of bricks supported by metal wheels and aluminum sawhorses. Many resemble bridges (recalling the artist's distinguished public art); all evoke a somewhat anachronistic industrial America. Through April 29. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Bordo—Small oils on linen, several of which depict airmail envelopes. Pleasant-looking and very, very faint. Through April 15. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Gregory Botts—Three huge new paintings, with insets and flower motifs. This artist may be a late bloomer. His work is hardy and good-natured, but covers a well-worn beat. Through April 15. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Large watercolors of delphiniums and lupines in the landscape are traditional and luscious—a pleasant burst of spring. Through April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Chuck Connelly—The paint is applied so thickly to these dark narrative canvases that it is sometimes difficult to make out the images of heroic myths and suburbiana. Through April 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Jessica Diamond—Big wall drawings, including one of dollar signs having graphic sex. Also, a series of framed, gold-embossed bons mots. One, titled "Self-Portrait," reads "Kitten Rasputin Einstein," and another, titled "New Hollywood Squares," says "Edwin Newman to Block." There is material here for late-night TV—David Letterman, maybe? Through April 8. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Julio Galán—New paintings. Through April 12. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Dick Higgins—Schematic paintings of old maps and other historical artifacts paying tribute to the way early geographers and explorers, from Ptolemy to Stanley, expressed their perceptions of the world. They are not nearly as engaging as the thinking that inspired them. Through April 15. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Dennis Kardon—It is unclear whether some of these oddly cropped paintings were intended to be difficult or the artist simply had trouble rendering ordinary images, like a gourd and the nape of a neck. Through April 22. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Dona Nelson / Archie Rand—Intensely lyrical, often luminous figurative paintings with a strong American flavor and a highly idiosyncratic poetic voice. / Energetic but heavy-handed, Rand's paintings create some interesting fantastical montage effects. Through April 29. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Whenever we visit the Museum of Modern Art, we can't imagine leaving without reacquainting ourself with the Brancusis. This week, the Modern is taking down the American paintings in Gallery 23 and handing the room over to Scott Burton—the artist who makes rigorous and beautiful sculptures of tables, chairs, and other furniture which also function as tables, chairs, etc.—who will put together a special installation with MOMA's Brancusis and a few borrowed pieces. Burton dropped his gaze from the great sculptures to their bases, having developed a theory that the bases Brancusi designed are art in their own right—that, like Burton's own pieces, they are simultaneously tables and sculptures of tables. This kind of new perspective on works of art we think we know well is bound to be stimulating. And MOMA has other artists lined up to lend an eye to the permanent collection. (*On view April 7-June 27.*)

Cara Perlman and **Kiki Smith**—A creepy, unsentimental poetry informs Perlman's forest of defoliated concrete trees and Smith's delicate ink drawings, some of them on tissue-thin paper, of human anatomy. Through April 8. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Richard Phillips—Abstract constructions, including wall and floor pieces, made of a variety of upholstery materials, including suède and satin, along with cast iron and bronze. These are prime, perfectly produced exemplars of a genre, pervasive right now, that mixes the frigid composition of Neo Geo painting with homey or heraldic-looking patterns, in order to achieve the interior-design effects of automobiles and coffins. Through April 15. (Rubin, 155 Spring St.)

Pat Steir—New "Waterfall" paintings, in dripping silver and gold tones. Splashy and dazzling. Through April 15. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

B. Wurtz / (Art)^{N}—Rudimentary houses drawn in nails on junked-up wood boards, T-shirts painted on bits of canvas, cans scratched on metal sheets, and other juvenilia by Wurtz are cute, vibrant, and brain dead. / Brilliant-colored 3-D computer simulations of viruses and space-travel vehicles by the collaborative (Art)^{n} look like mini sci-fi movies and are at least as interesting as much of today's organ-obsessed abstraction. Through April 22. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Architecture—Many speak of the global community of art, but nowhere is the new internationalism more evident than in this show of drawings for architectural projects by some of the most interesting architects working today: Ricardo Bofill, Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Arata Isozaki, and Bernard Tschumi. And no wonder. The proposed projects include a sports complex for Abu Dhabi designed by an Iraqi living in London (Hadid) and a new airport for Osaka designed by a Swiss national residing in New York (Tschumi). Through May 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Wayfarers All—If Bruce Chatwin had been an artist, he probably would have been Richard Long. Some of this compelling artist's most recent wanderings have produced a circle handmade with mud from the River Avon and a long, undulating curve of arrows which documents the changing direction of the wind during a walk from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Coasts in Portugal and Spain. Through April 14. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Hamish Fulton, another peripatetic Englishman, went on a twelve-and-a-half-day walk on Baffin Island and brought back four words—"rock," "fall," "echo," "dust"—which are painted in sturdy red and black letters on a tea-biscuit-colored wall in the tower of The Clocktower. The piece is pleasantly evocative and suggests something ponderous, on the order of "If a tree falls in the forest . . ." The Dutch artist Stanley Brouwn is more of a conceptual wayfarer: he begins each day by measuring his first step. The Clocktower is marking the length of each day's step in pencil on the walls of its main gallery. By the end of the show, it is anticipated that Brouwn will have circumnavigated the room. Through May 7. (108 Leonard St., thirteenth floor. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**CAROL ANTHONY,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through April 29); **MEL BOCHNER,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 22); **CAROLYN BRADY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through April 19); **JAMES BROWN,** Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. (through April 29), and Castelli, 578 Broadway (through April 22); **THOM COONEY CRAWFORD,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 15); **GENE DAVIS,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through April 22); **DAN FLAVIN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through April 29); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through May 20); **GILBERT & GEORGE,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through May 5); **MARGARET ISRAEL,** Twining, 568 Broadway (through April 22); **ANISH KAPOOR,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through April 29); **KOMAR & MELAMID,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through April 29); **MATT PHILLIPS,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through April 8); **ARNULF RAINER,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through April 8); **DAVID ROW,** Good, 532 Broadway (through April 8); **ALAN SARET,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through April 22); **SUSAN SMITH,** Roeder, 545 Broadway, closed Tuesdays (through April 29); **MARY JOAN WAID,** Einstein, 591 Broadway (through April 8).

OTHER GALLERIES

James Lee Byars—For this, Byars' second installation this month, the gallery was painted a dense and velvety black, and the artist acted as his own docent during the opening. It includes some beautiful Japanese-style scrolls and miscellaneous mysterious magic stuff in vitrines. Through April 15. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Donald Deskey—Furniture and objects by the designer of the interiors of Radio City Music Hall. The sleek chrome-and-Bakelite tables, chunky upholstered chairs, and desk lamp and ashtray of stacked triangles seem to shout "Use me!" with Busby Berkeley gusto. Through April 29. (Upstairs rear at Fifty-50, 793 Broadway. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Holliday—Four big and zestful abstract paintings, titled "Zuzu," "Gloria," "Rumba," and "Madame B." This artist, who for a while limited himself to monochromes, has burst into color. Keeping his basic theme of zigzags, grids, and drips, his rhythmic variations now allude to a Josephine Baker-era Jazz Deco motif and to the woven geometric patterns of classic kimonos. Through April 15. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Annette Lemieux—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Using old postcards, Adirondack furniture, and antiquated objects like hat presses, Lemieux, in her light but penetrating way, makes a strong art about vulnerability. Through April 15. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

Gerry Morehead—New paintings. Weird, almost affectless, not quite surreal landscapes taken from highway vistas, down-at-heel English towns, empty swimming pools, and lush green forest paths. In some, there is the ineffable feeling that a carnival is about to appear en caravane. Through April 15. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Twilight of the East Village—When Gracie Mansion moves to SoHo at the end of April, the East Village can effectively be considered a closed chapter in the annals of recent art. The tone of her last show in the old neighborhood—seven artists' works on paper—is dark and labored, in contrast to her characteristic vigor. Even Rhonda Zwillinger, the queen of glittery kitsch, has switched to muted geometric paintings, perhaps in anticipation of the move. Through April 22. (167 Avenue A, at 10th St.). . . ¶ Everything that was trivial, sophomoric, and thoughtless about the East Village scene is alive and kicking in a show of artists whose work appears in the film "Slaves of New York." Mike Bidlo's etching appropriated from a Picasso Cubist etching—the most thoughtful piece on display—betrays the pretenders. Through April 9. (30 Bond Street Gallery. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD,** Bromm, 90 West Broadway (through April 29); **THERESE SCHWARTZ,** Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St., opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays (through April 16).

PHOTOGRAPHY

THESE past few years, Cindy Sherman has made a real mess of her image. She's gone from being a one-woman Hollywood—a chameleon of female roles—to a photographer whose repulsive pictures make exorcism look like a pleasant alternative. Much of the reaction to Sherman's switch from putting on a glamorous face to exhibiting a repertoire of ugliness and weirdness has a familiar ring—it reminds us of the "you're such a pretty girl, why are you doing this to yourself" school of criticism. To get out of a trap is one reason. Sherman's earlier portraits were brilliant in themselves, and also had resonance on the pages of fashion magazines, where her work was featured, and in texts on deconstruction, feminism, and appropriation art. But the series had run its course, and Sherman was smart enough and brave enough to move on.

Sherman has always been an intuitive artist, and in the pieces now showing at Metro Pictures this is transparent. These pictures have that not-yet-settled-into-the-world awkwardness which new art can have. The photographs are raw rather than slick, and certain of them give one the sense that Sherman is trying things out, like a cook inventing a recipe. In fact, one of the campiest images in the show is of food. It turns gourmet photography into gore, and is the contemporary equivalent of Arcimboldo's excessively mannerist fruit and vegetable portraits. All the work on view is witty as well as foul, and, as usual with Sherman's work, it is ripe for analysis. Shrinks haven't had this kind of opportunity since the Surrealists adopted the unconscious. Eyeballs alone have not had such a workout since Buñuel and Dali did "Un Chien Andalou."

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Zeke Berman—Set-up photographs that call upon drawing, sculpture, and perceptual insight and are never didactic, often poker-faced and witty. Through April 8. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Looking at Evans' work is always a pleasure. However, this exhibition feels like an extra pleasure—a homecoming. It includes most of the images in "American Photographs," the 1938 MOMA Evans publication that has now been reissued by the museum. Evans' "Torn Movie Poster" and his photographs of signs resonate with the work of his downstairs neighbor at the museum, Andy Warhol. Through April 11. (Museum of Modern Art.)

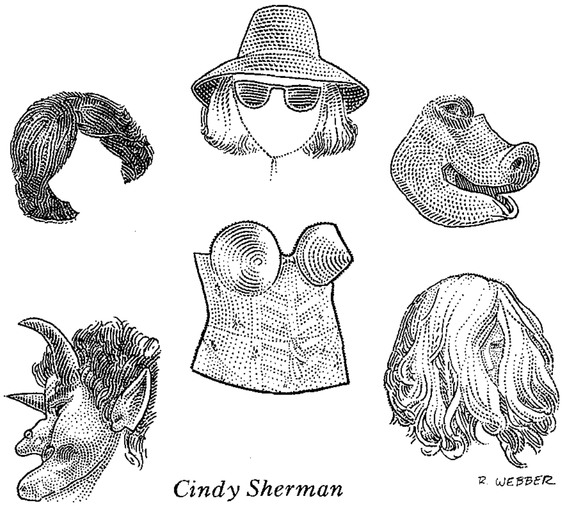
Lee Friedlander—A selection of works from four decades which shows Friedlander's consistently humanist perspective. He uses the camera so naturally that it seems connected to his body, and his body is sometimes connected to his photographs: those that include a trace of his presence, in shadows or reflections, are among his strongest. Through April 8. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Robert Heinecken—This is one of those shows that seem designed to prove the point that currently fashionable work was being done by the exhibiting artist years ago. No argument. No one can dispute Heinecken's role as an early postmodernist dissector of the mass media. Heinecken is also a master of photo processes, but ultimately his work is academic and disappointing, because it has very little transformative energy. Through April 22. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77)—Full of the excitement of a new invention, this exhibition of Talbot's "Pencil of Nature"—the first book ever to include photographs—is the place to go to celebrate the beginning of photography. Talbot's sense of the medium's impact on art, and more generally on how the camera affects the way we see the world, turns out to have been on the button. Through April 9. (Metropolitan Museum.)

"'Life': Through the Sixties"—Surely they had better pictures of hippies in the *Life* archives. This is a strong show despite the organizers' unsuccessful balancing act, which attempts to offset passages of tragedy with a bit of everything else, because it contains photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—that still break the heart. Through May 21. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**VICTOR BURGIN,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through April 22); **ROBERT CAPA,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **KONRAD CRAMER,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through April 22); **TODD EBERLE,** Allen, 560 Broadway (through April 11); **SKEET MC AULEY,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through April 29); **ROSAMOND WOLFF PURCELL,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through April 13); **CINDY SHERMAN,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through April 22).



Cindy Sherman

MUSIC

BEETHOVEN is the greatest of composers, but he has intimidated or discomfited all his successors in one way or another, and not a few performers as well. Stravinsky suggested at one point that Bellini was preferable. Ned Rorem finds life pleasanter without him. Brahms was past forty before he ventured a symphony in his shadow.

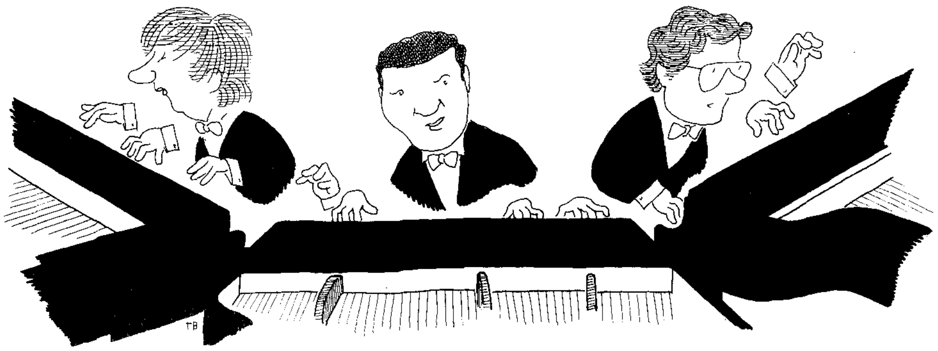
And there has been a feeling, especially among critics, that performers who do not thrive on Beethoven or who have nothing to say about him are wanting in *gravitas*, and not to be counted among the great. Some performers may believe this. Murray Perahia, for example, once, in the pages of the *Times*, admitted a resistance to Beethoven, but also said that he considered it his duty to overcome his prejudices. One might pardon Mr. Perahia if he thinks that his words have been used against him unfairly, because his subsequent tackling of the sonatas and concertos has met an unusually solid wall of critical dissent. He has persevered, though, and perhaps the very experience of sustained opposition could add a dimension to the character of an artist so regularly approved in almost everything he had done before. His new object of conquest is the monumental set of "Diabelli Variations," to be played April 8th at Queens College and April 10th at Carnegie Hall, along with the sonata called "Les Adieux" and music by other composers.

André Watts, meanwhile, better known for his Rachmaninoff, Liszt, and splashy concertos in general than for anything serious or German, is taking on all five Beethoven concertos with one of the most German of orchestras, that of the Leipzig Gewandhaus. Installments are to be heard April 8th (at Carnegie Hall) and April 9th and 10th (at Fisher Hall), and more will come later in the month. For the otherwise inclined, the Boston Symphony's concerts at Carnegie April 12th and 13th might be characterized as music by anti-Beethovenians: Cage, Stravinsky, and Debussy, under the direction of Seiji Ozawa.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**BILLY BUDD,** with James King, Thomas Allen, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Thomas Fulton. (April 3, first performance of the season, and April 7 and April 11, all at 8.) . . . **DIE WALKÜRE,** with Hildegard Behrens, Jessye Norman, Christa Ludwig, Gary Lakes, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 4 at 7, and April 8 at 12:30.) . . . **EUGENE ONEGIN,** with Mirella Freni, Jorma Hynninen, Neil Shicoff, and Hans Sotin; conductor to be announced. (April 5 at 8, last performance of the season.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Sumi Jo, Leo Nucci, and Jerry Hadley; Nello Santi. (April 6 and April 10 at 8.) . . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY,** with Leona Mitchell, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Myung-Whun Chung. (April 8 and April 12 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through May 6.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Lou Rodgers and Robert Manzari directing three contemporary one-act operas, including a work by Ms. Rodgers based on the story of St. Joan. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, Eleventh Ave. at 23rd St. April 6-7 at 8, April 8 at 3 and 8; and April



Murray Perahia . . . André Watts . . . Emanuel Ax

9 at 3 and 7. For reservations, call 691-6105.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Presenting Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," through April 16. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. April 12 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony. With Benita Valente, soprano; Wendy White, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and others. (April 4 at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Shaw conducting Haydn's "Creation," with Sylvia McNair and Edith Wiens, sopranos; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Benjamin Luxon and James Michael McGuire, basses; and the New York Choral Artists. (April 6-8 at 8.) . . . ¶ Joseph Flummerfelt will conduct the same Haydn program on April 11 at 7:30.

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Raymond Leppard conducting, with Marianne Rorholm, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. April 6 at 8.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Gabriel Chmura conducting music by Mahler, Ravel, Serge Garant, and Beethoven. With Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. April 7 at 8.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting, with André Watts, piano, in the first of five concerts. At Carnegie Hall, April 8 at 8: Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. At Avery Fisher Hall, April 9 at 3: Beethoven and Mendelssohn. . . . April 10 at 8: Beethoven and Schubert.

American Composers Orchestra—Paul Lustig Dunkel conducting new works by George Perle, Rand Steiger, and Alfred Schnittke. (Carnegie Hall. April 9 at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting works by Mozart, Strauss, and Dvořák. With Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. April 11 at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. A New York première by John Cage is on the program. (Carnegie Hall. April 12-13 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting, among other works, the première of a symphony in one movement by Jan Radzynski. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 5 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program that includes the première of a work by Harold Shapiro. With Paul Tortelier, cello. (92nd Street Y. April 8 at 8, and April 9 at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—Paul Lustig Dunkel conducting a benefit concert, with James Buswell, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 9 at 7:30.)

Prism—Robert Black and Robert Stankovsky will share the conducting. With Dorothy Lawson, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 11 at 8.)

I Fiamminghi—Rudolf Werthen conducting, with Anton Kuerti, piano, in a Britten-Mozart-Tchaikovsky program. (Metropolitan Museum. April 11 at 8.)

Choir of the Salisbury Cathedral—A twenty-four-voice men's and boys' choir, who are on tour to raise funds for their ailing spire. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. April 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing works by Mozart, Brahms, Bach, and Ronald Roseman in an anniversary concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 12 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. April 5 at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—Beethoven piano sonatas concert six (of seven). (92nd Street Y. April 5 at 8.)

Tallis Scholars—A ten-voice choir from Britain. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. April 5 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.)

Music from Marlboro—Pamela Frank, violin; Scott St. John, viola; Colin Carr, cello; and Wu Han, piano. In works by Mozart, Ravel, and Brahms. (Metropolitan Museum. April 6 at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall. April 10 at 8.)

Gabriella Tucci—Soprano. (92nd Street Y. April 6 at 8.)

Concert Royal—With members of the New York Baroque Dance Company performing French music of the eighteenth century, mostly. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 6 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall, presenting, among other works, the première of Christine Berl's "Dark Summer," composed for piano quartet and mezzo-soprano. With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and members of the society. (April 7 at 8 and April 9 at 5.) . . . ¶ More chamber music, without the première. (April 8 at 2.)

Ridge String Quartet—Performing works by Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Dvořák, and others. (Metropolitan Museum. April 7 at 8.)

John O'Conor—Playing five Beethoven sonatas. (Metropolitan Museum. April 8 at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Playing Haydn, Dvořák, and Schoenberg. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. April 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Robert Stallman—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. April 8 at 8.)

Smithson Quartet—Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. April 9 at 4. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

Baird, Van Egmond, Lutzke, Tilney—Soprano, baritone, cello, harpsichord. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. April 9 at 5.)

Stuttgart Winds—With Dennis Russell Davies, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 9 at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. April 10 at 8.)

Raphael Trio—In the last of its four-concert series of all the Beethoven piano trios. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 10 at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With assisting artists. (Juilliard School, 65th St., between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. April 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Robert Shaughnessy—Flute and guitar, with Allan Jones, a baroque dancer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. April 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing a program of music by Argentine and United States composers. With Mark DeGarmo and dancers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. April 11 at 8. For reservations, call 633-8319.)

Kalichstein/Laredo/Robinson Trio—Presenting the New York première of Stanley Silverman's "In Celebration." (92nd Street Y. April 11-12 at 8.)

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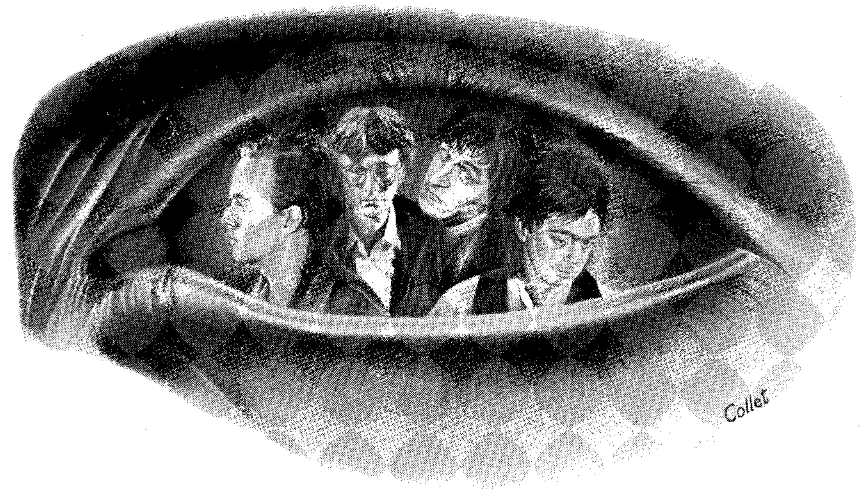


R.E.M.

USHIO TORIKAI—Performing her own compositions, with assisting artists. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. April 12 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—With Anne Azéma, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 12 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

AL GREEN—On his 1977 classic, "The Belle Album," the king of sexy soul music sang "Belle, it's you that I want but it's Him that I need." His struggle over the joys of the flesh and of the spirit is dramatically displayed at his concerts; in a baptism of sweat and soul, Rev. Green (he's the minister at the Full Gospel Tabernacle, in Memphis) sings his hymns to Him with a lyrical and religious intensity that would make Prince envious. His sensuous gospel music—some standards, but mostly originals—can work him up to a pitch where he may strip down and, shoeless and shirtless, sing the praises of the Lord in a voice that soars over the sultriest of arrangements. It is during his most spiritual moments that he is, amazingly, most sexual, and most triumphant. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 7 at 8.)

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS—Bono has called attention to this quintet from Ireland, which is unlike some other bands he has championed—that is, it's not just another clone of U2. The group's début album, "People," is filled with breezy melodies and confessional lyrics reminiscent of late-seventies Van Morrison. This propulsive Celtic rock—with mandolins, fiddles, and horns in the mix—is played with a great deal of finesse and is bracingly sung. On record, the songs may sound a bit too well crafted, but live, much like their fellow-countrymen the Pogues, the Hothouse Flowers play with wild enthusiasm. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 947-5850. April 7 at 8.)

R.E.M.—Arguably the best band in America (and at times certainly the most pretentious), R.E.M. has hit the big time with its first arena tour. Michael Stipe is a whirling dervish of energy onstage, and the band (guitarist Peter Buck, bassist Mike Mills, and drummer Bill Berry) pounds out faultless rock and roll. As performers, they've become friendlier —they seem to have hung up their hair shirts and to be enjoying life at the top. Although it's true that their lyrics add new meaning to the word "abstract," an essential message of hope gets through to the disciples in the audience. This is a band with an eye for the rising and falling tides of history, whose songs are filled with true feeling and, thankfully, a disarming sense of fun. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 10 at 8.)

MIKE & THE MECHANICS—With the Escape Club. (Beacon Theatre, April 4-5 at 8.)

THROWING MUSES—Palladium. April 5 at 8.

TODD WINKLER—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. April 5 at 8.

MAJOR HOLLEY—With Cecil Payne, Jack Wilkins, Akira Tana, and Jessie Davis. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. April 7 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RATT—Five more of Van Halen's illegitimate sons. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 587-9222. April 7 at 7:30.)

THE FIXX—Palladium. April 8 at 8.

JONATHAN BUTLER AND NAJEE—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 8 at 8.

ALHAMBRA—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 8 at 8:30.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT—Hayden Planetarium, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 81st St. April 11-12 at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 769-5907.

COMPOSERS/PERFORMERS—April 6: Jim Staley and Sally Silvers. . . . ¶ April 7: Jim and Mary Fulkerson. . . . ¶ April 8: David Simons. . . . ¶ April 9: Paul Panhuysen. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. Evenings at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

SPORTS

OPENING day at the ballpark means everything and nothing. If your team wins, you're in first place in the standings the next morning—well, in a tie for first, that is—with a clear shot at that one perfect hundred-and-sixty-two-victory season. If you lose, you're in the cellar but still in second place, only a game out. Last year, the Mets began their season in Montreal with a thunderous 10–6 win, marked by a monster Darryl Strawberry home run (he hit two, come to think of it)—a dandy preview of their coming season. The Yankees opened at the Stadium with Rick Rhoden's 8–0 shutout win against the Twins and Frank Viola (the Yanks won five straight, come to think of it, and nine of their first ten), but it didn't mean a thing. The Yankees finished fifth in their division; Rhoden went twelve-and-twelve for the year and got traded to the Astros; and Viola sailed home with the Cy Young Award in the league. Heigh-ho. The only opening day worth remembering came on April 16, 1940, when Bob Feller threw a no-hitter against the White Sox, thereby inflicting the same .000 batting average on every player on the other team.

The Mets open against the Cardinals at Shea at 3:05 on April 3rd, and the Yanks (who play their first games on the road this time around) open at the Stadium against the Indians at 1 on April 7th, and if you don't have a ticket by now, don't bother. Go the next day and bundle up. Dress for April baseball as you would dress for the Iditarod Dogsled Race. Baseball begins to mean something along about the third week in May, and what it means, almost always, is trouble. Let's go, Mets! Let's go, Yanks, too, but probably without the exclamation point, O.K.?

HOME TEAMS

KNICKS—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, April 12. (Game time: 8:30.)

NETS—Vs. the Knicks, April 7 at 7:30.

METS—Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, April 3 (opening day) at 3:05, and April 5-6 at 1:35.

YANKEES—Vs. the Cleveland Indians, April 7 at 1, April 8 at 7:30, and April 9 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, April 10-12 at 7:30.

(Home base for the Rangers and the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Nets, Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; for the Mets, Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

AMERICA'S EKIDEN—A marathon-length relay race, in which runners pass a sash instead of a baton. The course starts and ends at Tavern on the Green, in Central Park, with sash-passing in front of the United Nations and the World Trade Center, and twice in front of the aforementioned restaurant. The race begins at 9:30, and the winner should finish about two hours later. Look especially for the Irish team, whose members include Olympians Marcus O'Sullivan, John Treacy, and Frank O'Mara.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—HOCKEY & GOLF

STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS—The Rangers meet the Pittsburgh Penguins on April 5 for the first game in a best-of-seven series. Where they meet is, at press time, still up for grabs. If the Rangers end the regular season in second place, they'll play the first two games at the Garden, so Gunther Gebel-Williams and his tigers will have to make way.

MASTERS TOURNAMENT—Augusta, Georgia, April 6-9. Tune in to CBS for armchair spectating: April 8 from 3:30 to 6, and April 9 from 4 to 7.

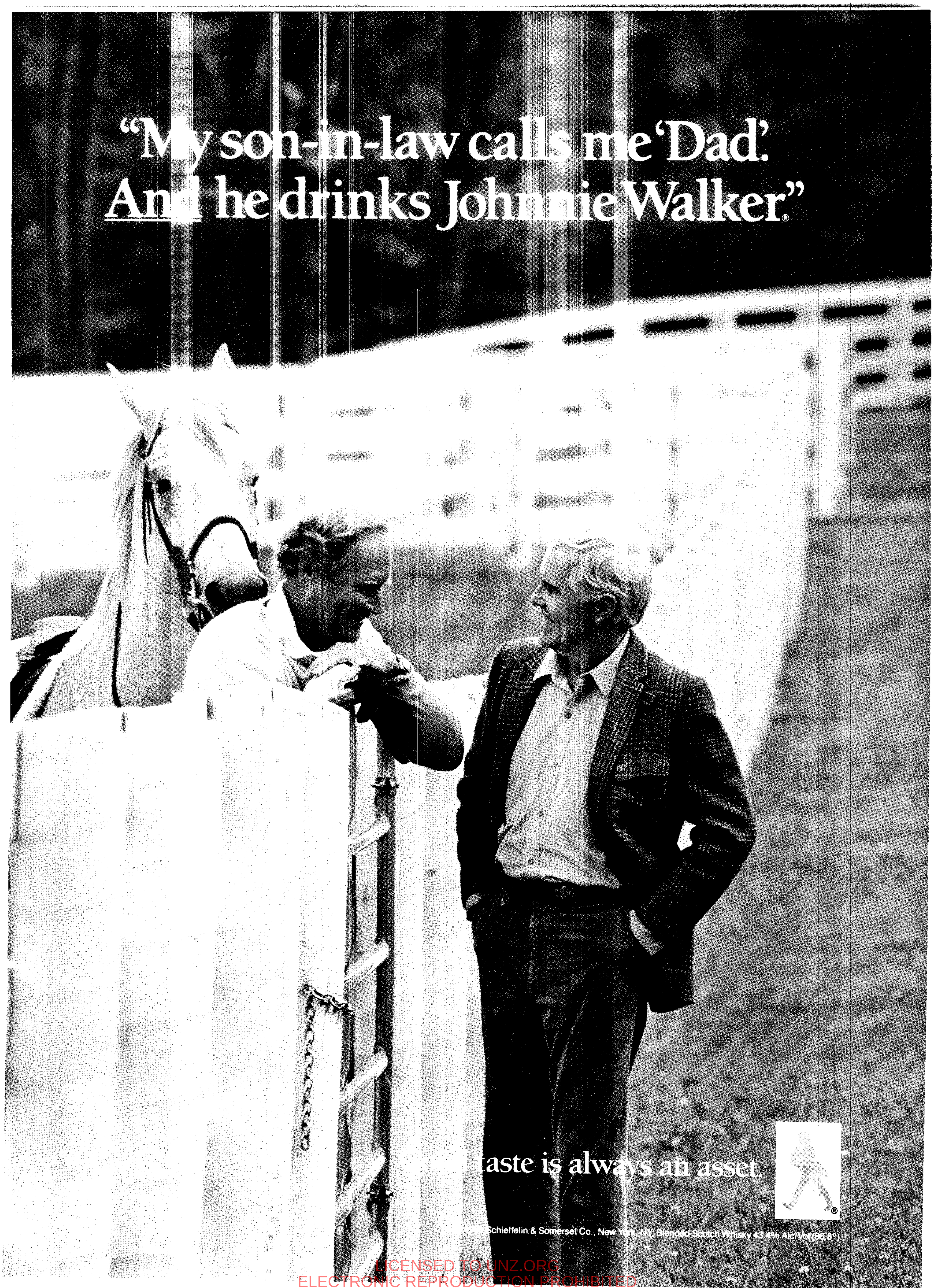
ABOVE AND BEYOND

POSTER SALE—After Guernsey's Auction this week, someone will likely take home a poster that reads "WARNING! The Monster Demands a Mate!" That placard—from the 1935 film "The Bride of Frankenstein"—is one of more than two thousand spanning the years from the teens to the forties. Movies aren't the only subject here (although Dracula and the Invisible Man do make appearances); also featured are advertisements, including those of Citroën and the P.L.M. railway. (Puck Building Ballroom, 295 Lafayette St., at E. Houston St. April 7 at 8, and April 8-9 at 10 A.M. For more information, call 794-2280.)

"STARVING ARTISTS"—A video series in which the camera follows artists not into the studio but into the kitchen. Among the hundred and forty artists featured are Louise Bourgeois (who cuts oxtails with her band saw), John Cage (who simmers some macrobiotic soup), and William Wegman (who makes popcorn—and why not?). (Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. April 7-15. Call 477-2714 for programs and times.)

TAKE A WALK—The Museum of the City of New York has recently begun its thirtieth year of rain-or-shine Sunday walking tours. Park Slope will be the site and the subject on April 9. Walkers will convene at the corner of Flatbush Ave. and Plaza St., at 10:45. Tickets then and there.

READINGS—John Irving, Erica Jong, Faye Moskowitz, Rand Richards Cooper, and Lynn Luria-Sukenick reading from their own work. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre. April 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Swoosie Kurtz and Dick Cavett, among others, reading from stories on the lighter side, including those of John Cheever, Grace Paley, and W. P. Kinsella. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 12 at 6:30.)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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through April 7: "Voyage to Cythera" (1984, directed by Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

April 8: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The six-and-a-half-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting.

April 9 and 11-12: "Voyage to Cythera."

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Theatre 3: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) "New York Stories" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through April 6: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Through April 6: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Heathers" (Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater. From April 7: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Working Girl" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through April 6: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Mississippi Burning" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Working Girl" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From April 7: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Theatre closed.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

Theatre 2: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through April 6: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long.

From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Heathers" (Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater. From April 7: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 2: "Cousins" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Rain Man" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson. From April 7: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Aidan Quinn in "Crusoe"

Theatre 2: Through April 6: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays. From April 7: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 6: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through April 4: "Lódź Ghetto" (directed by Kathryn Taverna and Alan Adelson).

From April 5: "Egg" (Danniel Danniel; in Dutch); and "Stones and Flies: Richard Long in the Sahara" (Philip Haas).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson), with Nilsson.

Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin; and "Exquisite Corpses" (Temistocles Lopez).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 6: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long. From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through April 6: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From April 7: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: "True Believer" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dark Habits" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dressmaker" (†).

Theatre 3: "Tapeheads" (Bill Fishman), with John Cusack and Tim Robbins.

Theatre 4: "In a Glass Cage" (Agustin Villaronga; in Spanish).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: Through April 6: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long. From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 3: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through April 6: "Powwow Highway" (Jonathan Wacks), with A Martinez.

From April 7: "Cameron's Closet" (Armand Mastroianni), with Cotter Smith and Mel Harris.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"84 Charlie Mopic" (Patrick Duncan).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson) with Nilsson.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Crusoe" (Caleb Deschanel), with Aidan Quinn.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through April 6: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

From April 7: "Working Girl" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Rain Man" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (Claire Denis; in French).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 6: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater.

Theatre 3: Through April 6: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson. From April 7: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 4: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 5: Through April 6: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson. From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with

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MOVIE HOUSES–*Cont'd*

Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long. From April 7: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

Theatre 3: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

Theatre 4: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).

Theatre 5: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.

Theatre 6: Through April 6: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr. From April 7: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "All's Fair" (Rocky Lang), with George Segal and Sally Kellerman.

Theatre 3: Through April 4: "Three Fugitives" (†). From April 5: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 4: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through April 6: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays.

From April 7: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From April 7: "The Dream Team" (Howard Zieff), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long.

WEST SIDE CINEMA I AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Theatre 2: Through April 6: "Lean on Me." From April 7: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

April 3: To be announced.

April 4: "Charlie Chan in Reno" (1939, directed by Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Mr. Moto in Danger Island" (1939, Herbert I. Leeds), with Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto.

April 5-6: "Midnight" (1939, Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Bachelor Mother" (1939, Garson Kanin), with Ginger Rogers, David Niven, and Charles Coburn.

April 7-10: "Wuthering Heights" (†).

April 11-12: "Stella Dallas" (1937, King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, and John Boles; and "Ball of Fire" (1942, Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dana Andrews, and Dan Duryea.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 4: "The Good Mother" (1988, Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton and Liam Neeson; and "Shoot the Moon" (1982, Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney.

April 5-6: "A Handful of Dust" (1988, Charles Sturridge), with James Wilby; and "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day Lewis.

April 7-8: "Pink Flamingos" (1974, John Waters), with Divine; and "Hairspray" (†).

April 9: "Two English Girls" (1972, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

April 10-11: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983, Godfrey Reggio); and "Powaqqatsi" (1988, Reggio).

From April 12: "The Lair of the White Worm" (1988, Ken Russell); and "Savage Messiah" (1972, Russell), with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through April 4: "The Baker's Wife" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu; and "Harvest" (1937, Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

April 5-6: "Letters from My Windmill" (1955, Pagnol; in French); and "Topaze" (1933, Louis Gasnier; in French), with Louis Jouvet.

April 7-9: "Le Schpountz" (1938, Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Démazis, and Charpin; and "Jofroi" (1934, Pagnol; in French).

April 10-11: "Fanny" (1961, Josh Logan), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, and Horst Buchholz; and "Topaze" (1952, Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

From April 12: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940, Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Fernandel, and Josette Day; and "Port of Seven Seas" (1938, James Whale), with Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Beal, and Frank Morgan.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 3: To be announced.

April 4: "Town Bloody Hall" (1971, D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary; and "One P.M." (1969, D. A. Pennebaker), with Rip Torn and the Jefferson Airplane.

April 5: Three films by Kenneth Anger: "Scorpio Rising," "Lucifer Rising," and "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome"; and two films by Maya Deren: "Meshes in the Afternoon" and "Ritual in Transfigured Time."

April 6: "Things Change" (1988, David Mamet), with Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna; and "The Big Easy" (†).

April 7-8: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

April 9: "Open City" (†); and "Paisan" (1946, Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.

April 10: "Imagine: John Lennon" (1988, Andrew Solt), a documentary; and "Don't Look Back" (1967, D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary about Bob Dylan.

April 11: "My Sister Eileen" (1942, Alexander Hall), with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair; and "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 12: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Nights of Cabiria" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 3: To be announced.

April 4: "Mildred Pierce" (1945, Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Daisy Kenyon" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda.

April 5: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef van Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, van Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.

April 6: "Whirlpool" (1950, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, José Ferrer, and Richard Conte; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950, Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill.

April 7-8: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

April 9: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.

April 10: “The Earrings of Madame de...” (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and “Le Plaisir” (1952, Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

April 11: “The Kiss Before the Mirror” (1933, James Whale), with Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas, Walter Pidgeon, and Frank Morgan; and “Laughter” (1930, Harry d'Arrast), with Nancy Carroll and Fredric March.

April 12: “Rififi” (1955, Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and “Shoot the Piano Player” (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: April 5 at 6:30: “The Chelsea Girls” (1966, directed by Andy Warhol). . . . ¶ April 6 at 2:30: “Comrades” (1970, Marin Karmitz; in French), with Jean-Paul Giquel and Juliet Berto; and “Comédie” (1965; Karmitz; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: “Blow for Blow” (1972; made by a collective of about a hundred people; in French); and “Nuit Noire Calcutta” (1964, Karmitz; in French). . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: “Masks” (1986, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Robin Renucci, and Bernadette Lafont. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: “Une Affaire de Femmes” (1988, Chabrol, in French), with Isabelle Huppert, François Cluzet, and Marie Trintignant. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: “Blow for Blow” and “Nuit Noire Calcutta.” . . . ¶ April 8 at 5: “Comrades” and “Comédie.” . . . ¶ April 9 at 2: “The Beekeeper” (1986, Theo Angelopoulos; in Italian, with French subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ April 9 at 5 and April 10 at 2:30: “Le Bon Plaisir” (1984, Francis Girod), with Catherine Deneuve, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Michel Serrault. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6 and April 11 at 2:30: “Looks and Smiles” (1981, Ken Loach), with Graham Green, Carolyn Nicholson, and Tony Pitts. . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: “Masks.”

THEATRE 2: April 3 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of 1988 award-winning films by college and university students. . . . ¶ April 4 at 3 and 6: “The Life of Juanita Castro” (1965, Andy Warhol) and “My Hustler” (1965, Warhol). . . . ¶ April 6 at 3 and 6: “Fine Food, Fine Pastries, Open 6 to 9” (1987, David Petersen), “Home: The Langston Terrace Dwellings” (1988, Barr Weissman), and “A View from the Street: The Art of Lilly Spandorf” (1988, Barr Weissman), all documentaries. . . . ¶ April 7 at 3 and 6, and April 8-9 at 2:30 and 5:30: Three different programs of films presented at the Clermont-Ferrand Short Film Festival, in France, over the past ten years. . . . ¶ April 11 at 3 and 6: “Lonesome Cowboys” (1968, Warhol), with Viva, Taylor Mead, and Joe Dallesandro.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Cecil B. De Mille films, made between 1919 and 1928, about sex and marriage. April 5 at 2:30: “Don't Change Your Husband” (1919), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ April 6 at 2:30: “Why Change Your Wife” (1919), with Swanson. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: “Forbidden Fruit” (1921), with Agnes Ayres. . . . ¶ April 7 at 7:30 “The Affairs of Anatole” (1921), with Swanson. . . . ¶ April 8 at 1: “Fool's Paradise” (1921), with Dorothy Dalton. . . . ¶ April 8 at 4: “Saturday Night” (1922), with Leatrice Joy. . . . ¶ April 8 at 7:30: “Manslaughter” (1922), with Joy. . . . ¶ April 9 at 1: “Adam's Rib” (1923), with Anna Q. Nilsson. . . . ¶ April 9 at 3:30: “The Ten Commandments” (1923), with Edythe Chapman. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: “The Affairs of Anatole.”

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** April 3 at 8 and 10: Two different programs of recent short Soviet documentaries. . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: “Spanish Earth” (1937, Joris Ivens) and “The Good Fight” (1984, Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills). . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: New films from the Film-Makers' Cooperative; titles to be announced. . . . ¶ April 5 at 8: “Menilmontant” (1924-25) and “Rapt” (1934), both by Dimitri Kirsanoff. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: “The Last Command” (1928, Josef von Sternberg). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8: “Heart of Spain” (1937, Herbert Kline and Geza Karpathi) and “Viva la Muerte” (1971, Fernando Arabal). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: Two films by George and Mike Kuchar and eight by George Landow. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: “The Docks of New York” (1928, Josef von Sternberg). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: Four films by Peter Hutton. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: Films by Len Lye, Willard Maas, and Christopher MacLaine. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: “The Wind” (1928, Victor Seastrom).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 3-9, showings at 8: “Surname Viet Given Name Nam” (1989, Trinh T. Minh-ha). Miss Minh-ha will be present on April 3. . . . ¶ April 7-8 at 11: “Alice” (1988, Jan Švankmajer), an animated film, with Kristýna Kohoutová. . . . ¶ April 10 at 8: “The Big Combo” (1955, Joseph H. Lewis), with Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte, and Jean Wallace. . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: “La Habañera” (1937, Douglas Sirk; in German). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: “White Heart” (Dan Barnett), and “Endless,” a work in progress by Barnett.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 7 at 7:30: “The Gate of Flesh” (1964, Seijun Suzuki, in Japanese), based on the novel by Taijiro Tamura.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films from Vietnam. April 7 at 3: “Fairy Tale for 17-Year-Olds” (1986, Nguyen Xuan Son). . . . ¶ April 7 at 7: “When the Tenth Month Comes” (1984, Dang Nhat Minh).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The film section of “Yoko Ono: Objects, Films” is showing in the Film/Video Gallery on the second floor. April 4-9: “Imagine” (1971), a feature-length film Ono made with John Lennon; and four short films and videos. Tuesday at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15; Wednesday through Saturday at noon and 3; and Sunday at 1 and 4. . . . ¶ From April 11: “Rape” (1969). Tuesday at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15, and Wednesday at 11:30, 1:30, and 3:30.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—April 5 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: “The Big Blue” (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette, Jean-Marc Barr, Jean Reno, and Paul Shenar. . . . ¶ April 12 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: “Baton Rouge” (1985, Rachid Bouchareb; in French), with Jacques Penot and Pierre-Loup Rajot.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., movies. Before the show, at 8, Mr. Fairbanks himself will give a short talk about his life and films. April 4: “State Secret” (1950, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat), with Fairbanks, Glynis Johns, Herbert Lom, and Jack Hawkins.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Accidental Tourist—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin. Evening performances only.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of “The Wizard of Oz” and “Pinocchio” and the 1940 “Thief of Bagdad”; the Baron and the ten-year-old girl (Sarah Polley) who accompanies him voyage to a city on the moon, fall into the fire god Vulcan's foundry inside the belching Mt. Etna, and are swallowed by a monster fish. Yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. Gilliam's hip silliness is deflating; his gifts—his gagster's prankishness and his sense of beauty—don't harmonize. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, Sting, Valentina Cortese, Bill Paterson, Winston Dennis, Jack Purvis, Alison Steadman, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (4/3/89) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; starting April 7.)

“Hairspray”

The Big Easy (1987)—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrived on broadness. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran.—P.K. (9/7/87) (Thalia SoHo; April 6.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated by thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 7-8.)

Cousins—Bland, dreamy effervescence is what's being sold in this canny Americanization of the celebrated French makeout movie "Cousin, Cousine" (1975). As the picture goes on and on, and you get its box-office formula—sex without messiness, family without oppressive closeness—you may begin to feel as if you were in a carefree pink padded cell. As honest, free-spirited adulterers, Isabella Rossellini and Ted Danson are at the still center, smiling serenely while the others in the cast busily bang away at their joie de vivre. Rossellini's unforced expressiveness has a grace—it's as if she were too friendly and sensible to do what we think of as "acting." Joel Schumacher directed; Stephen Metcalfe did the adaptation. With William Petersen, Sean Young, Norma Aleandro, George Coe, and Lloyd Bridges.—P.K. (3/6/89) (Loews New York Twin.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dark Habits (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar, who made the 1987 "Law of Desire," shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura, of "Law of Desire," on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. Maura is a dadaist clown—which, of course, is what Almodóvar himself is; we're witnessing the director and his star finding each other. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

The Dressmaker—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers.—P.K. (12/12/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming.—P.K. (10/17/88) (Manhattan Twin; through April 6.)

Hairspray (1988)—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. (3/7/88)—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 7-8.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

In Max Ophuls' best films, the camera moves to a seductive waltz rhythm and seems unable, or unwilling, to stop. His work expresses, in the purest form, a certain kind of fatalistic, hyper-romantic, "worldly" European sensibility—the masked-ball ambience of tragic misunderstandings, lovers' betrayals, and desire turning to disillusionment. Ophuls' wit and conviction transform the often novelettish material he based his movies on. "The Earrings of Madame de . . . ," showing this week at Theatre 80 St. Marks, is an unlikely masterpiece: a drama about a triangle of shallow aristocrats which is so intricately detailed that it becomes something more, a jewelled lyric on the pain of romantic love. It doesn't hurt, of course, that the triangle consists of Danielle Darrieux (as Madame de . . .), Charles Boyer (as her husband), and Vittorio De Sica (as her lover), or that they have been photographed—by the great Christian Matras—in such a way that we seem to be looking straight through their mature faces and into their too experienced hearts. Also on the bill is the less successful "Le Plaisir," an anthology film based on three stories by Maupassant.

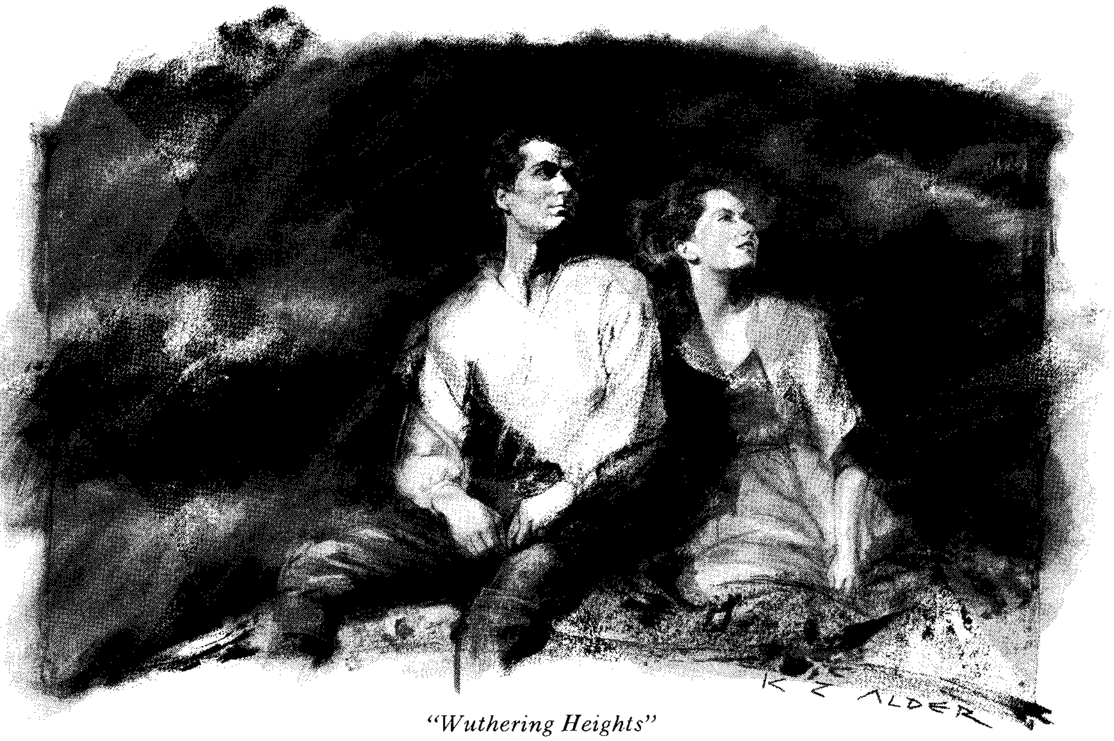
Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, and Olympia.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) This short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the Broadway musical—and the movie musical—"Sweet Charity.") In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 12.)



"Wuthering Heights"

Open City (1945)—Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with this film, made just after the Allies took Rome. The fame of his brutal, melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the Nazi occupation rests on its extraordinary immediacy and its rough, documentary look; at its most startling, it seems "caught" rather than staged. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted to it as if it actually were caught, documentary footage, and mistook the great Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for nonprofessionals—this despite such stock elements as a rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and a Hollywood-and-Vine-type Gestapo chief. The plot devices are often opportunistic, but there's a unifying fervor: shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, and showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie gave us a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. Script by Sergio Amidei, with assistance from Federico Fellini. In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 9.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

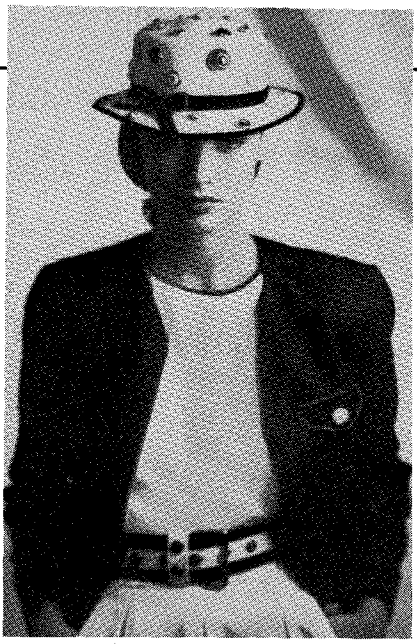
Three Fugitives—A crumbum farce by the French writer-director Francis Veber, working in this country. (It's a remake of his "Les Fugitifs.") Nick Nolte plays a veteran armed robber who goes to a bank to open an account and is taken hostage by Martin Short, a terrified twerp of an amateur holdup man. He needs money to keep his six-year-old daughter in a special school. That's the setup: the three are variously chased, and chase each other. Nolte keeps whamming Short on the head, and the tot ignores her devoted father. He's too small for her. She's smitten by big, blond, blue-eyed Nolte; queasy pedophiliac overtones hover in the air.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Embassy; through April 4.)

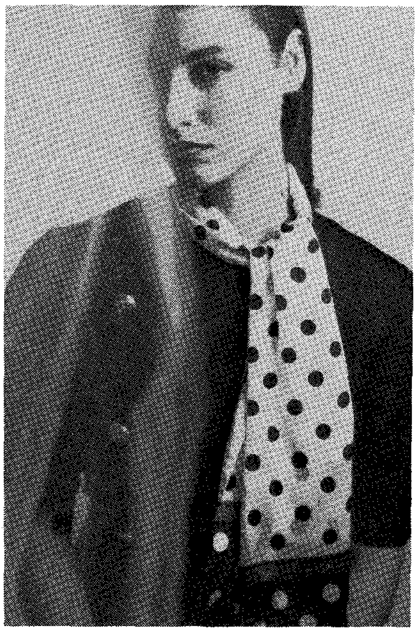
True Believer—A nifty thriller—fast and tense—about a Manhattan lawyer (James Woods) who was a hero of the counterculture but is now defending drug dealers and getting paid in cash. When he's goaded by his new law associate (Robert Downey, Jr.) into taking on a murder case, his eyes widen at the bare possibility that the man he's defending might be innocent. The movie makes us share the lawyer's energy and charge as he investigates the crime. He doesn't want to sleep; he lives off the excitement of having a cause. It's a pick-me-up of a movie. Nothing great, nothing terribly distinctive, but the aliveness of the texture can quicken your senses and keep you fascinated. Directed by Joseph Ruben, from a script by Wesley Strick. With Yuji Okumoto, Margaret Colin, Kurtwood Smith, Tom Bower, and Miguel Fernandes.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

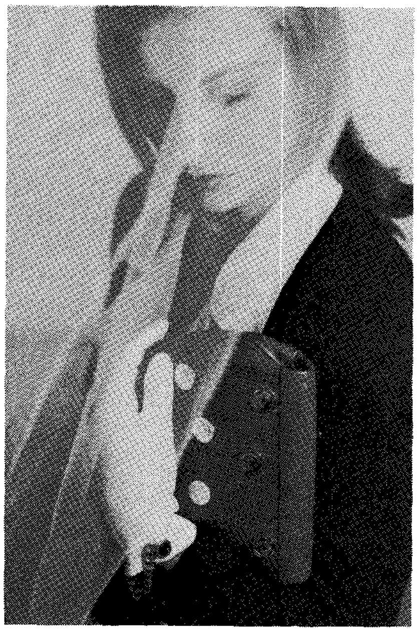
Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, and Alec Baldwin. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Waverly, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 7.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that as Heathcliff he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 7-10.)







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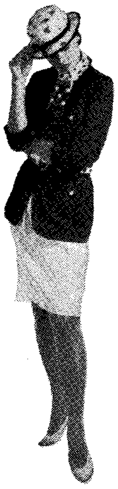

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

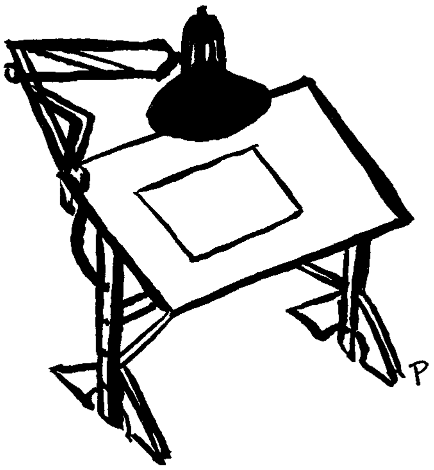
Notes and Comment

A FOREIGN-CORRESPONDENT friend of ours writes:

If you're persuaded that peace is a desirable condition in the Middle East (not a universally held position, it might be noted), the prospect of American diplomats talking with the Palestine Liberation Organization is a welcome one. So when I learned last month that Robert Pelletreau, the American Ambassador to Tunisia, had scheduled a meeting with a P.L.O. delegation I went to Tunis to witness what I could of the event. Mr. Pelletreau is the only American official authorized to make contact with the P.L.O., and he talked with some of its members last December, shortly after George Shultz, the outgoing Secretary of State, ended a diplomatic boycott that had been invoked in 1975. That December session was an exchange of courtesies, and was followed by a few "informal" encounters in both the American Embassy and a P.L.O. office in Tunis. (One took place after Mr. Pelletreau received instructions from Washington to ask for the P.L.O.'s help in solving the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103.) The meeting in Tunis was meant to have more substance; it would be a major step, both sides hoped, in a diplomatic process aimed at ending the Arab-Israeli conflict.

On the morning of the meeting, which was scheduled for noon at a government guesthouse in Carthage, an official who agreed to be identified as "a U.S. Embassy source" briefed members of the international press in the library of the Embassy. He said that the purpose of the three-month interval between the two conversations was to give President Bush—who, when he was Vice-President, had approved the Shultz decision—time to set a direction for United States policy in the Middle East. Ambassador Pelletreau's plan, the official said, was not to ask the P.L.O. to end the *intifada*—the popular uprising in the West Bank and Gaza—but to explore practical steps for reducing suffering and tension. He said that the United States intended to hold the P.L.O. to a pledge made by its chairman, Yasir Arafat, to refrain from terrorism, but he declined to offer a definition that would distinguish terrorism from acceptable resistance to the Israeli occupation. He went on to say that the Bush Administration continues to oppose the P.L.O.'s objective of establishing a Palestinian state, but that Washington would nonetheless entertain the prospect if, as is expected, the question is placed on the agenda. He denied that the dialogue with the P.L.O. was a rebuke to Israel, and said that the United States would work further with the P.L.O. in the pursuit of peace.

About two that afternoon, I took a cab to Carthage, today an elegant suburb of white stucco villas. The weather, rainy in the morning, had turned sunny (a positive omen, I thought), and the early bougainvilleas were in bloom. A few hours before, Mr. Pelletreau and his delegation had disappeared with the P.L.O. team—both teams were three men strong—into a low-lying building adjacent to the town hall. Now journalists were lounging on the grass, and, as the hours rolled on, a consensus grew among them that the two sides must be getting along, since they had so much to say to each other. It was after five when the doors opened and the delegations emerged.



Both parties had consented to make statements, but it turned out that they were pledged to reveal nothing about the substance of the meeting. The head of the P.L.O. delegation was Yassir Abd Rabo, a small, dark man with a neat mustache, and he made the opening remarks. First in Arabic, then in English, he repeated the familiar P.L.O. positions on a Palestinian state and on self-determination, and he expressed strong disappointment that the Americans had not seen fit to denounce Israel more vigorously for oppression within the occupied territories. But he made it clear that the P.L.O. was prepared to pursue the dialogue for as long as it took to achieve peace, and he added—though only in Arabic—that he was optimistic about the outcome. Then Ambassador Pelletreau spoke. He said that the United States and the P.L.O. had met "within the context of a common objective, comprehensive peace," and he characterized the talks as part of the "new dynamic in the Middle East"—presumably a reference to the renewed quest for an Arab-Israeli settlement which the *intifada* had generated.

The following morning, I visited with an Embassy official, and he provided a glimpse of what had actually gone on in the meeting. The P.L.O., which is not known for a high degree of organization, had prepared very extensively, he said, with well-drafted position papers, thoughtful questions, and careful, informative answers. After two decades of animosity, it would have been surprising had its delegates not been distrustful, and they probed diligently for assurance that the talks were not an American ruse designed to undermine the P.L.O. or end the *intifada*, and asked why the United States, having decried oppression in the occupied territories, had nonetheless vetoed a Security Council resolution in February that denounced Israel for oppressive practices. But they listened seriously to the Ambassador's explanation, the official said, and seemed to be trying to grasp the intricacies of the American-Israeli relationship. That relationship is not in jeopardy, the Americans told the P.L.O., but the official said that Washington was trying—through such "shock treatment" as a five-hour meeting with the P.L.O.—to convey the message to Israel that things in the Middle East have changed.

Later that day, I met with Yasir Arafat at a suburban villa used by his information office. He arrived in the midst of a caravan of limousines and surrounded by bodyguards, and he was wearing his usual green fatigues, kaffiyeh, and three-day growth of beard. He spoke in Arabic, but frequently corrected his English interpreter, even on nuances of translation. Clearly in an upbeat mood, Arafat said he was elated that the meeting with the Americans had gone so well. They had treated the P.L.O. delegation respectfully, as equals, he said, and he was confident that the long period of hostility was over. He conceded that serious differences with the United States remained, on both the objectives and the procedures of peacemaking, but asserted that they would be overcome "by our mutual interest in seeing that the talks lead to success."

It occurred to me afterward that the P.L.O. in Tunis may have made a calculated decision to convey an air of optimism—perhaps more optimism than the circumstances merited—and that the Americans may have been in some measure collaborating. Both sides no doubt reasoned that their still fragile relationship would respond more positively to smiles than to scowls. Both were certainly conscious of the influence that appearances would have on Israeli Prime Minister Shamir, the third party in the negotiating process, who is due in Washington this week for talks with President Bush. Besides, Arafat had organizational concerns. Within the P.L.O. are radical factions that have a vested interest in the failure of peacemaking and are waiting to pounce on him and his supporters for delivering illusions; and creating the impression that peacemaking is moving forward buys time. But the time has a limit. For all the good feeling, I discerned in Tunis a sense of urgency, among Palestinians more than among Americans, based on the understanding that the *intifada* had created a unique moment, which had to be seized or lost.

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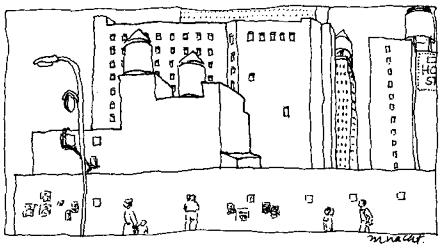
Ancestral Seat

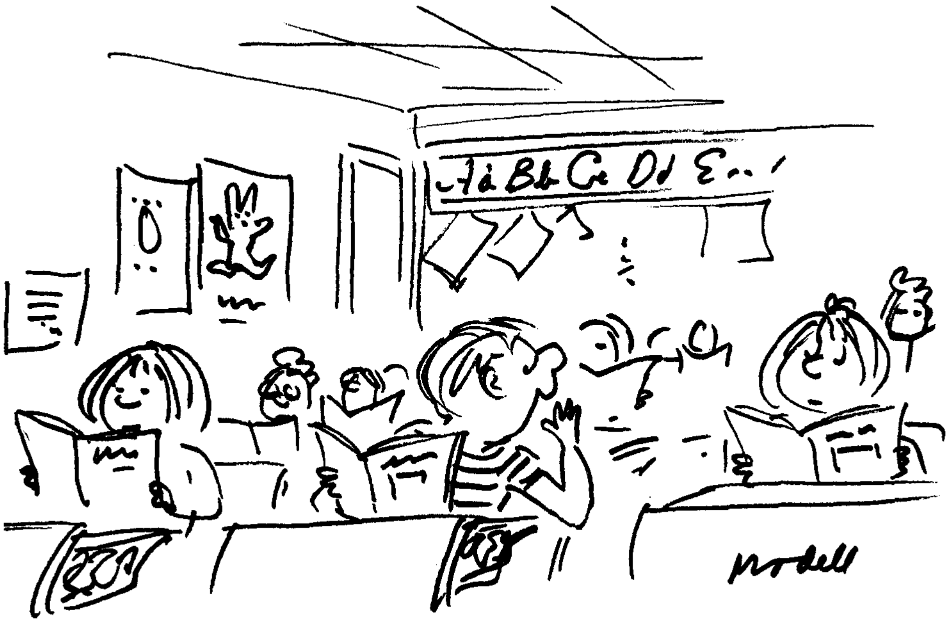
George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States in April of 1789. That was just two hundred years ago, and recently we decided it was time to pay a visit to his home in Mount Vernon, from which he set out for New York to take the oath of office. We made the trip to Washington by train, then drove the sixteen miles from Washington to Mount Vernon, and were met at the gate by Ann M. Rauscher, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which runs the place. "Before we go into the mansion," Ms. Rauscher said, "I want you to try one of our specialties, peanut-and-chestnut soup, in the tavern right here by the gate." We jumped at the idea. Over our soup, Ms. Rauscher told us that visitors to Mount Vernon seemed possessed by two persistent legends: that the General wore wooden false teeth, and that he chopped down the cherry tree. "We keep pointing out that the General's false teeth were cows' teeth and ivory from walrus tusks, and that one set even included a tooth of his own," she said, with a sigh. "And thousands keep asking us to show them the site of the cherry tree." She laughed a hollow laugh. "Then, there's the one about his tossing a coin across the Potomac," she said. "At certain points along the property, the Potomac is a mile and a quarter wide. Some toss! And another legend has it that someone once tested his famed reticence by slapping him on the shoulder and calling him 'my dear General.' Heavens! If such a preposterous thing ever happened, you can be certain it never happened again."



Then Ms. Rauscher said, "Time for the house." She explained that Washington, who had never been to England, nonetheless admired the stone houses of that country, and had the Virginia-pine exterior of his Mount Vernon house bevelled, painted, and sanded so that from even a short distance it gives the appearance of being made of stone.

Outside the mansion, hundreds of people were waiting in line to enter. "We're open every single day of the year unless there's some emergency," Ms. Rauscher said. "We get six to eight thousand on a summer day—they just keep coming. Thirteen thousand on his official birthday this year. Over a million annually. Fifty thousand by boat alone during the summer months, down the Potomac from Washington. This would undoubtedly have pleased him, as the Washingtons loved to entertain. One year, they had more than four hundred recorded guests. Almost anyone who arrived with a letter of introduction was received with warm hospitality." Ms. Rauscher quoted a 1797 letter from the General to a friend: "Unless some one pops in, unexpectedly, Mrs. Washington and myself will do what I believe has not been within the last twenty years by us, that is to set down to dinner by ourselves."

With Ms. Rauscher, we joined a group for a brisk tour of the house. Visiting Monticello and other historic houses, we have found that there is a consistent pattern: people are respectful, hushed, somewhat awed, as though they felt that the original owners were still on the premises. One minds one's manners. At Mount Vernon, we noticed a beatific smile on many faces as we peered into room after room; it was as though the visitors were attempting



"Pass it along. Apples are back."

to make a connection, however tenuous, with the idea of a heroic past. "I feel uplifted," said the man next to us, who was clutching the hands of two small children.

We saw the key to the Bastille, a gift of General Lafayette, hanging in the foyer. We saw the small dining room, set for sweetmeats, with candied fruit, nuts, and raisins. We peered into a bedroom that had been occupied twice by Lafayette and into the room where General Washington died. A very big bed. We heard the voice of a tour guide speaking to another respectful group in the hall outside: "The General's room did not overlook the piazza on the Potomac, but he did look downriver from two windows, and had a pleasant cross draft." The whole place was simple, elegant, high-ceilinged; filled with fine china, lovely draperies, bright colors. We walked onto the white-pillared piazza overlooking a broad sweep of Potomac. A stirring sight. Then back into the house, and through the General's study. Ms. Rauscher said that it was his custom to rise very early, reach this room by 4 A.M., and work on his papers until breakfast, at seven. He then rode around the place, visiting the farms that constituted much of Mount Vernon, and supervising everything in sight, until dinner was served, at three. In all, the property consisted of eight thousand acres, with thirty-two hundred under cultivation. Washington abandoned tobacco in 1765 as unprofitable and soil-exhausting, and thereafter specialized in wheat, root crops, and flax.

"Time for the tombs," Ms. Rauscher said. Mount Vernon had been forced to close for one day the previous week, because of a severe ice storm. Now the melted ice had turned into thick mud, and, slogging through, we couldn't help thinking of coaches stuck deep in mud-rutted roads. The feeling of the past was strong as we cautiously made our way down a slippery path to the Old Tomb. ("And it is my express desire," Washington said in his will, "that my Corpse be Interred in a private manner, without —parade, or funeral Oration.") The Old Tomb, a simple vault, was abandoned in 1831, Ms. Rauscher said as she led us to the New Tomb, which is enclosed by an imposing wall of red brick with an iron gate. A stone tablet reads, simply, "Within this Enclosure Rest the remains of Gen.^{1} George Washington." Behind the gate are two marble sarcophagi, one inscribed "Washington" and the other "Martha, Consort of Washington." Pretty modest for the father of his country.

Leaving Mount Vernon, we were reminded of the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who greatly admired Washington, and wrote after Washington's death:

> Tranquil and firm he moved with one pace in one path, and neither vaulted nor tottered. . . . Among a people eminently querulous and already impregnated with the germs of discordant parties, he directed the executive power firmly and unostentatiously. He had no vain conceit of being himself all; and did those things only which he only could do.

Northeast Rat and Mouse Club

ELIZABETH FUCCI has created a new rat. She named it the Funny Fur, because it is born hairless but soon grows a coat of curly fur that straightens and takes on a satin sheen. At three months, a Funny Fur has a kitten-soft coat, and a long pink tail that is as supple as velvet. Ms. Fucci is breeding Funny Furs as fast as she can now. "Everybody wants one," she says. "People who have rats just want more and more."

Ms. Fucci lives in a three-room apartment in Ossining, and so does a steady population of about two hundred rats and two hundred mice. She has been a rodent enthusiast since 1983, when she went looking for the perfect pet. She tried gerbils, guinea pigs, and hamsters, and they were all cute but didn't have enough personality to suit her. She got some mice and liked them but felt they were too small to play with. Rats were the fulfillment of her quest. "Rats are very emotional animals," she says. "They make much better pets than mice, although it is true that the stores stock mice in more colors."

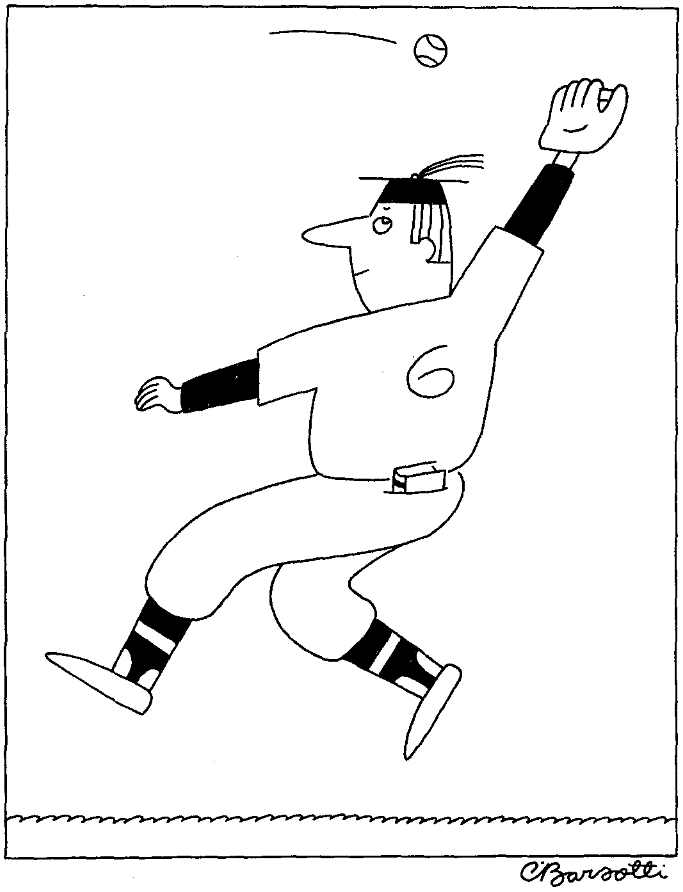
Three months ago, Ms. Fucci founded the Northeast Rat and Mouse Club, as a way of sharing her passion. On April 16th, the club will have its charter meeting to elect officers and set standards for rat and mouse judging in shows. Ms. Fucci says the gathering will be "an opportunity for rat and mouse people from all over the East to come out of their holes and join the fun." So far, the club has twenty members. Many of them already belonged to the California-based American Fancy Rat and Mouse Association, but had felt frustrated because A.F.R.M.A. shows are so far away. Also, California law forbids the breeding of certain kinds of rodents, because of their destructiveness to agriculture, and one of them is the Egyptian spiny mouse—a plump, brittle-tailed variety at which Northeast breeders have excelled. Another reason for a new club is a current invasion of

English-bred mice developed by England's National Mouse Club, which has been perfecting them since 1895. These mice, which Ms. Fucci describes as "a house mouse taken to extremes," are long and streamlined, with huge, nearly transparent ears. American-bred mice look paunchy by contrast, and are beaten by British mice in most shows. Many members of the Northeast Rat and Mouse Club have come to believe that American-bred mice have their own fine points, which ought to be recognized in a separate standard.

"Have you ever seen such a laid-back rat?" Ms. Fucci asked us the other day as she removed a brick securing a mesh cage top, reached in, and lifted out a rat, whom she introduced as Flakey. He had ruby eyes and luminous dusky-lilac fur, with a white tummy, and instead of squirming he hung almost limp in her hand, then pressed against her chest to snuggle. "Everybody loves Flakey," she said, depositing him on our shoulder. His whiskers, twitching furiously, tickled like ghost fingers; his breath was warm and pleasant. Ms. Fucci grabbed him before he could disappear down our back.

"A lot of people claim they are being bitten when really all the rat is doing is tasting them," she said. "I had one who used to hold on to my finger with her teeth and try to pull me into the cage with her. To her, I was just another rat. I've been bitten three times in six years, and each time I deserved it. My first rat I mugged. I came at him from behind and grabbed him. So, of course, he bit me. I would bite, too, if you grabbed me from behind. Rats are really full of love."

THE GIAMATTI ERA



There are rats everywhere in Liz Fucci's apartment—cages all around her bed and in the kitchen, for instance—but the majority of the population lives in what she calls the rat room, which provides the same lofty view of the Hudson River as the one you might get from a top-floor cage at Sing Sing prison, just around the corner from her apartment. The rat room is filled with cages of rats and mice stacked floor to ceiling along two walls and in the center. There is barely space for someone to walk among them. At twilight, it is quiet: just the sounds of rats sucking on the pipes of their water bottles and of a few of them running in exercise wheels, the occasional squeals of a fight for dominance among young adult rats, and the hoarse squeaks of mating mice.

Liz Fucci's rodents eat well. Each day, they get a meal of sunflower seeds, cracked or whole corn, corn bran, fresh carrots, dog biscuits, birdseed (the mice), dog kibble (the rats), and, in the case of hairless rats, whose accelerated metabolism demands extra calories, Hi-Pro dog kibble. They also get a supplement of table scraps such as corncobs, toast crusts, and apple cores. Rats can eat anything people eat, but these rats get no sweets, lest they develop dental problems. "If a rat is very old, I might give her a cookie," Ms. Fucci said. "I know she'll die of old age before she gets tooth decay." (A rat's life expectancy is three years.) She added that when she lets the rats out, a few at a time, to play with her on her bed she gives them a special play-time treat of Fritos.

Ms. Fucci's respect for rats is evident in the constitution she has drafted for the Northeast Rat and Mouse Club. It asks that all members conduct themselves in a manner that reflects well on rats and mice, even though "our chosen creature is the least-loved of all creatures." She explained to us, "It isn't rats who are the problem in the cities. It's people. They are the ones who throw their garbage in the streets. The rats are just doing a service, cleaning up after them."

Lightning Rods

THE American Ballroom Theatre threw a tango party at the Winter Garden in Battery Park City one recent Thursday evening. Cocktail tables surrounded sixteen desert palms rising out of the marble floor, and the trees glowed pink from colored lights placed strategically throughout the atrium. Hundreds of people danced the mambo and the samba and the tango. It was possible to imagine stars twinkling beyond the Winter Garden's glass-and-steel dome, which arcs a hundred and twenty feet into the sky.

Ed Frey, the regional manager for Parker Interior Plantscape, of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, wasn't at the party, but he hated it anyway. The world may see the Winter Garden palms as a graceful architectural statement, as an oasis in the urban desert, or as a wonderful party prop. Ed sees them as sixteen giant lightning rods for trouble—trouble that he has to deal with. We caught up with Ed in the Winter Garden a couple of hours after the dancing had stopped, while he was making the rounds with Dennis Sopp, Parker's night-crew boss, and he said, "For the last special event, they brought in plants from the outside that were infested with bugs. A single mite can produce scores of offspring in twenty-four hours, and we're going on the premise that one mite can kill a palm."

Ed is the chief plant man for the Winter Garden and also for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Trump Tower, the Vista International Hotel, the Pan Am Building, and many other indoor gardens in Manhattan, which probably has the world's largest concentration of unnaturally situated flora. Keeping exotic and ordinary plants alive where light is sparse and humanity is dense is a constant struggle, we learned. "The biggest culprits are people cleaning the floors," Ed told us. "We've had serious ammonia incidents."

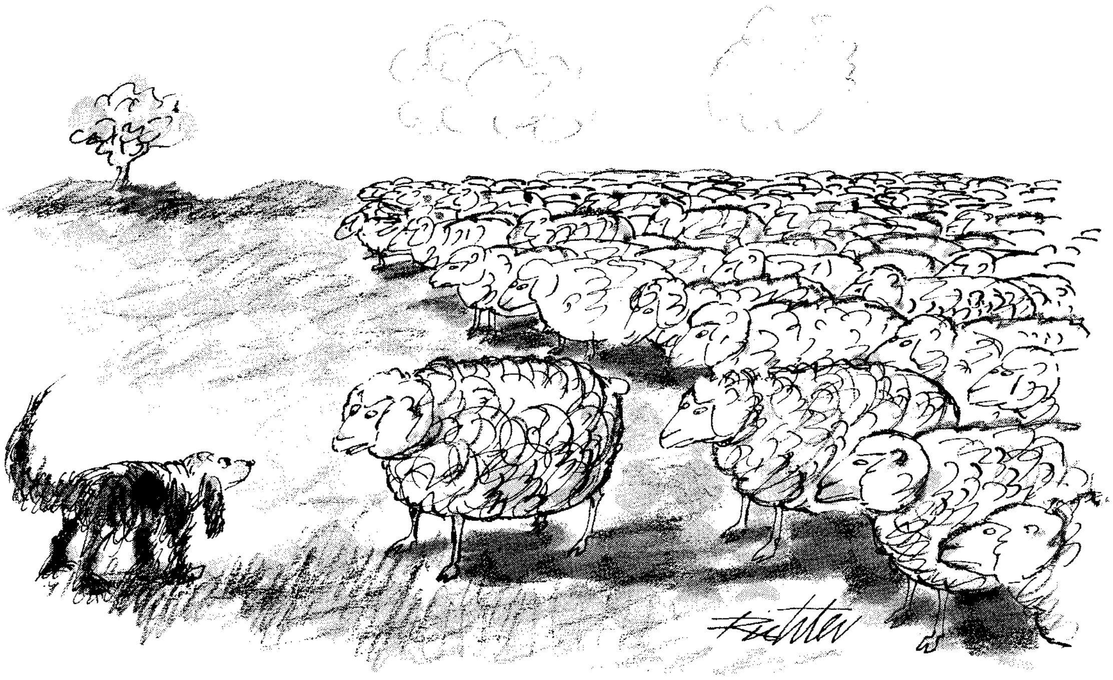
Ed is twenty-nine and husky. He talks, smokes, and drinks coffee very fast, as though anticipating a beeper alert that would propel him on to the next foliage crisis. He studied forestry at Penn State, but with the idea of going into the business of chopping down forest products, not nurturing them. Dennis Sopp is forty, chews on a pipe, and resembles Mick Jagger; he has a doctorate in horticulture from the University of Nebraska.

Ed and Dennis arrived at the Winter Garden at 11:15 P.M., having earlier checked the moisture in the soil under the pink azaleas in the Pan Am Building and yanked a dead stalk off a Massangeana cane in the Vista International. Now they were ready for the monthly trimming of the palms' fronds, or lower leaves, which were yellow and curling at the edges. If the trees had remained in Borrego Springs, in the Southern California desert, where they were grown, the fronds would have withered and turned brown while remaining on the trees, and the trees would look shaggy from top to bottom. In captivity, the trees are clipped to look like telephone poles capped by feathery wigs.

Dennis wheeled out a cherry picker, climbed in, rose forty-five feet or so, to the top of the trees, and began detaching the unwieldy yellow fronds, which are five feet long and have nasty thorns. They landed on the marble floor with a thud.

While Dennis trimmed, Ed talked. He spoke reverentially of Dr. Henry Donselman, the former State Palm Specialist of Florida, who finally figured out how to make creatures of the Southern California desert believe they were New Yorkers, accustomed to gray, filtered light. Just as a New Yorker about to be relocated in Southern California might prepare by spending some time in a tanning parlor, Dr. Donselman secluded the palms for eighteen months in a giant shed and kept the light very low. During that time, the trees grew an entire new complement of shade-friendly fronds. The trees emerged hardier but still delicate, so Dr. Donselman instructed Olympia & York, one of the owners of the Winter Garden, to turn it into a giant intensive-care unit. Accordingly, special lamps irradiate the trees with enormous doses of light during the night, the temperature is maintained at around seventy degrees, and there's an automatic irrigation system to keep the trees moist. But, despite these precautions, catastrophe struck not long after the palms arrived, Ed told us. He pointed to a tree with a faint line running up its side and said, "See that scar? That's from the one time we really thought we were going to lose the palms. Beneath all this marble is soil—more than six hundred cubic yards. You know how much a cubic yard weighs? A ton. So there's six hundred tons of soil under the marble. Beneath that is cement, and beneath that is the parking garage. When we were going to put the palms in, we made sure the temperature would be kept between seventy and seventy-five degrees, which is what the trees need to live. Meanwhile, the soil temperature was going down into the forties, because the garage wasn't heated. Below sixty degrees, the root system shuts down. This palm was using up the water in its trunk, and just collapsed on itself. We thought it would die. So we called Dr. Donselman back in."

Dr. Donselman spotted the trouble and ordered special therapy. For months, Ed and his crew sprayed and misted the palms to give the roots a chance to heal. Now metal cylinders containing electronic transmitters lie in the dirt next to the roots and constantly beam the exact soil temperature to a recorder in the basement. The palms are thriving, Ed assured us, but he added, "There are four spares waiting back in the shade shed in the desert, just in case."



"Speaking frankly, a number of us are worried about a serious leadership vacuum."

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LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING

IT is a truth universally acknowledged that everyone in Manhattan who matters came from somewhere else. This is because the only way to matter is to be connected, and only an outsider would realize that one has to connect. Natives think they're already connected just by being there—knowing where the deli is and having cousins in all the boroughs. This is not being connected: this is being alive. Being connected means you can get into this season's hot disco, for free, with five guests, on the night Liza Minnelli's expected.

New York is a tight city. When Peter Dillinger—an exceptional New York native—looked for his first apartment, he didn't even try the Important neighborhoods: the Village, the Upper West Side, the East Fifties. Important, he reminded himself, scurrying over to the far-east high Eighties, Tribeca, Hell's Kitchen. Important. It's what you try to be, Important. It's not what you do, it's how you look, Important. It's not how you feel, it's what you control. *Important*. Connected.

But New York is a suspicious city, hard to get into even if you were born here. Peter found himself a place far west on Forty-fifth Street. *How* far west? So far west that if he took about twelve steps to the left while chewing Sen-Sen and wearing polyester, he'd be a cracking plant in New Jersey.

He also found the right clothes (from the magazines), spiffed up his accent (from television), and smarted into a promising job (in a talent factory, the kind that deals for artists and writers as well as actors). Somehow the money never evened out. He was always in debt, always having to sweat out a swank shirt till it went on sale, always broke before payday, always late with the rent. But as Deborah the secretary from Staten Island put it, "So? Welcome to New York."

It is an unwelcoming city, not only abrasive but savage. Once, running an envelope from the office to a client, Peter was crossing the huge intersection at Twenty-third Street where the Flatiron Building stands when two men got into a fight. This was a weekday in spring at about one o'clock, High Lunch Hour, thousands of people passing, hanging out, watching, going into trances. It was the usual New York episode: someone knocks into someone else, someone calls someone rotten names, someone snarls, "Oh, yeah?" and gives a push, and someone charges and takes a swing and knocks someone flat on the sidewalk in front of the world.

This particular fight was not an even match. The assailant was a big roughneck, the prey stocky but short and, stylistically, all glasses and tie. He looked stunned to have been hit, as if lying on one's back on the pavement only happened to figures on the evening news. A third man came over to help him up, and now the big guy with the fist shouted, "That's buster for *you*, punk!" and then he socked the third man, too. The guy with the glasses and tie scrambled away, leaving the fighter hulking over the innocent third party—Peter, as it happened—who was down on the sidewalk and stunned himself.

"Get *up!*" said the bad guy, heaving and fisting, ragged and unshaven—a goon who lives on trouble. "Get on *up*, because there's some *more* buster now."

Peter stared at him.

"Buster *up!*" the man shouted, kicking Peter's foot.

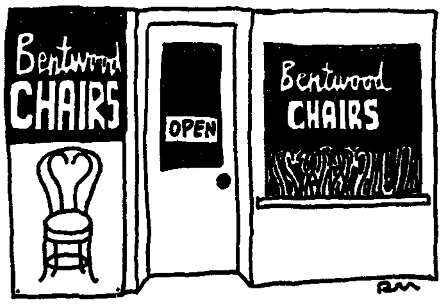
What most impresses you in such a moment is that a whole load of people are standing around watching, strictly construing. They know what's fair. Not everyone is fair, but everyone knows what his actions are worth. Everyone is responsible for his choices. Everyone is guilty of his life.

Peter turned away from the bad guy. Peter got up. He just got up and started walking, hoping that this would close up the scene, pull that whole thing off, finished.

The bad guy followed him, shouting for him to fight.

Peter suddenly veered off in another direction, still walking. Just moving away there, moving fast.

"You want *more* of the same?" the bad guy shouted. "You want some now *because?*"



It was pretty damn clear that Peter didn't want more of anything. He kept walking, and finally the man stopped following him, and Peter turned that angle around the Flatiron Building to get away from the crowd watching him. Maybe they were breaking up by then anyway. Mob coming apart. Only a very few stick around till the end is over. The pushy ones. Styleless. You're supposed to make your exit *before* the end. As if you didn't need it. In New York, you're only as big as what you don't need.

That's how you stay out of trouble: by looking as if you don't need it. Keep walking. Don't listen. Peter kept walking and didn't listen till he stopped shaking; and it was five or six blocks before he realized that he hadn't even noticed what direction he was walking in.

THE next day, Peter had dinner with his brother. He told his brother what had happened in front of the Flatiron Building, knowing, as he outlined it, that things like this never happened to his brother—not because his brother was a cop but because they just didn't. Cary looked like the man goons didn't start up with.

"The thing I want to know," said Peter, "is did I handle it right?"

"Well . . ."

"I didn't fight him because I would have gotten creamed. So that was the smart thing, right?"

". . . Sure . . ."

"No. *No*. No, O.K., no, *look*. Look. I'm not asking you what you would have done. So *no*, O.K.? I'm asking what you would have done if you were me."

Cary awkwardly touched Peter's arm and said, "The right thing to do is not to let it eat at you. You made a good choice in a tough spot, and it's over and out now. So you relax."

Peter shook his head. "It'll happen again on some other street, won't it? There's fights all over the world here. When you run out of your own, they make you take someone else's."

"Don't worry about it, Pete."

Peter started to speak, but he felt himself shaking, so he waited.

"Come on, Pete—"

"I don't want to be a coward."

"You did the right thing," Cary told him, confidently sturdy about it now. “Stop worrying about it. You’re not a fighter. So O.K., that’s it. Some guys are fighters and some guys are other things.”

“What am I, then? What other thing?”

“What are you?” Cary asked, scowling, restless. He exhaled heavily; suddenly he smiled. “Just put me on the spot here, Pete, O.K., well, thanks a lot.”

Peter said nothing.

“Maybe what you are,” said Cary, “is a good guy to know—how about that? The way you can always meet everybody.”

“Huh?”

“Well . . . yeah. I don’t know any guy knows as many people as you. Goes as many places. Every time I turn around—right?—you been to a restaurant or a show. Dancing places, cameras going off everywhere you look. All those parties. You’re a real New York Peter. Right?”

Peter made a face.

“Well, am I?” Cary asked. “Right?”

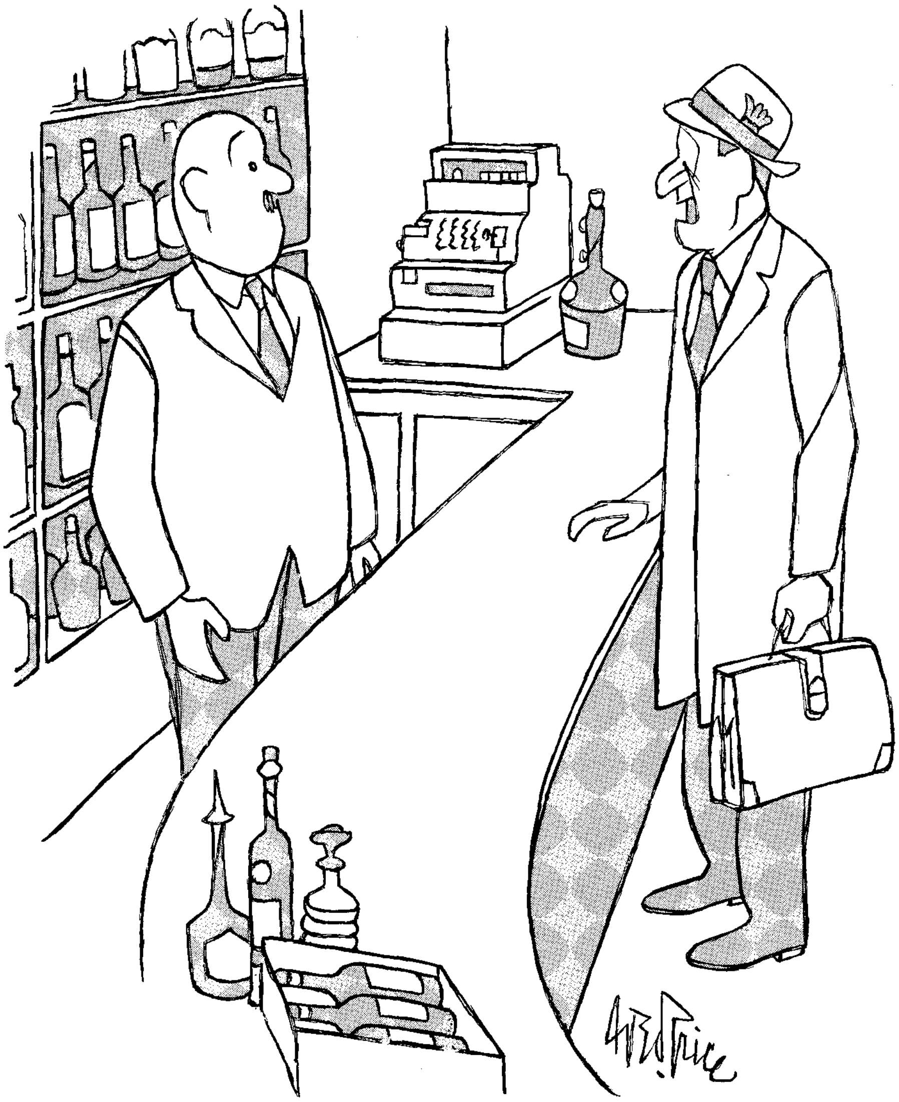
“What does that have to—”

“So fighting wouldn’t do you much good at a party, would it?” Still smiling, because he had figured out the angle here, Cary nodded at Peter. “Some guys’ talent is pushing their weight around. Your talent is having friends and getting around the block. You’re a born New Yorker, Pete.”

Or, translated into uptown lingo: You know how to connect. How to finesse a look, be agreeable, available, helpful, quick, knowledgeable. How to sell yourself, too. This is getting inside, getting on the free list, getting to the table of the persons with the expense accounts. This is New York. Look, people with money want company. They like spirited youth. You don’t have to give them anything but attention: they do other things for sex.

YOU make it happen. Here’s one way. Peter would wangle important phone numbers and hit the near-great for an interview. The great might easily turn him down, but those in sight of fame yet not in full possession of it . . . Well, they have to do the hustle, don’t they?

Peter would be vague as to his credentials—something about *Vanity Fair*, *Playbill*, or even something called *Show Biz Weekly*, which Peter simply invented; but then, who knows? There probably is one at that. A lot of the energy in this world is based on what you can get away with in the space between the gamble and the swindle. Authenticity is all visuals, and everybody hustles. They know you’re lying, but they’d rather believe you. Besides, a lot of interviews do get written and published because a venturesome kid bluffed his way in, cute and smart and just raw enough to please. Peter maybe felt guilty about coming on to the starlets, but they all gave in to him so briskly, right there in the hotel room, that he began to view blackmail sex as part of the scene, like having your hair spiked every now and then or letting quiet, stiff, wealthy older men take you to the theatre.



“What’s the right wine to go with severance pay?”

• •

Exactly what scene Peter was going to be in he wasn’t yet sure. He seemed to be heading for Communications, because he knew when to be silent, and when to be aggressive, and when to shoot off a little flash. He knew how to be nice to women, too. You think that comes naturally? Most men could take courses and they’d still be thugs.

Peter was no thug. Peter was a nice kid with a slightly crooked smile. One of his starlets, a host on one of the music-video shows, reflectively told Peter as she was buttoning up her blouse, “That was more fun than it’s supposed to be.” She called him up later that week, in a tone blending uncertain and spacey. There’s a message in that, you know. There’s a craft in hearing the words people aren’t able to say. Peter was always extremely observant of people. He got the starlet’s message, and he laughed so she could remember his crooked smile, and he invited himself over, and they were both happy.

That was when to be aggressive.

They dated on and off for a season, mostly late-night dancing with a crowd of friends—he thought they were hers and she thought they were his.

Well, so what? It's not how you met, it's who you meet. Who you charm. Who you collect, who you impress. Peter wondered if he was making an impression on his starlet, till she suddenly announced she was leaving for the Coast. Something about agents and a small role in a big movie, which, you know, is like *really* better than the other way around.

"If I'm ever in L.A.," Peter told her, wondering if he ever would be, because he was a born New Yorker but he was getting Connected in Communications, "I'll look you up, O.K.? Give it six or seven months. Maybe a year, outside."

"I'll be too famous then," she said, smiling as gently as the occasion allowed.

That was when to be silent, and Peter was.

He worked hard at being a true New Yorker; one has to. You make it happen. He was glad to be good at it. It gave him a turf, a sense of acceptance. As with so many others of his kind, so many other true New Yorkers in Communications, it was not the sight of the place he liked but the scene itself, the houses of connection. Peter knew what mattered: how to get in, how to dress, where the good cheap food was, where the streets were unsafe even in daylight. He was making it happen, sliding up in the agency from desk to desk, down the hall, up the department. He stopped writing interviews, partly because he was Important enough now to be pushing a conflict of interest between his job and his writing, and mainly because he didn't need to use the interview hustle to make connections anymore. He was there.

PRAYER FOR A SICK FRIEND

The wicked have too much power,
it would be enough for them to have the strength of rabbits.
Feed the weak one with mercy,
for here he lies: half man, half bedsheet.

I'm his prayer. His lips
have already lost the words.
They're despoiled seashells
without echo, without salt, without pearls.

He still needs to light up a sentence
in the temple of his dark burrow.
He must accompany the young
queen of the bees to her be-starred dawn.

I've seen a fish leap
from the sea-heart to the clouds
and carry the clouds with him—
is my friend less than a fish?

Instead of little red circles
in his veins, red fiddles
are swimming, mastered by you—
no one else can play them.

He must still hear how his pulse
is spring-rain running in his body.
He must still sip dreams, keep faith,
and—in late fall—putty the windows.

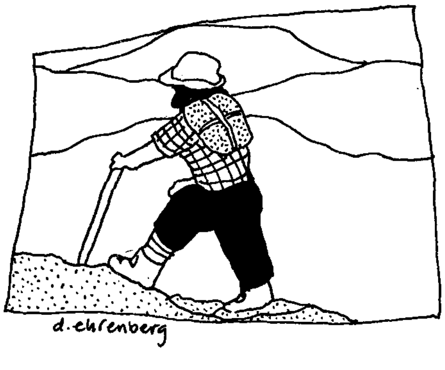
—Abraham Sutzkever

(*Translated, from the Yiddish,*
by Ruth Whitman.)

• •

He still had dinner with Cary from time to time. Peter wasn't clear on why two such different men had anything to say to each other, brothers or not. They usually met for a fast coffee-and, while Cary was on his break and Peter was between the office and the city night: the New Wave dandy and the cop in his blues greasy-spooning in the West Fifties amid a storm of prostitutes and browsers, tourists and trash, residents and professional intruders. Peter would talk about his career and Cary would talk about his love life. Cary was bound to say, "You've come a long way now here, Pete," sometimes more than once. And when some lost soul staggered past them, eying the slicker and the copper at their table together, Peter would look up, observant as always, and he would be tempted to say, "This nice man is my brother."

HE *had* come a long way now here. And he had the chance to go considerably farther; for quite suddenly his boss dangled before him a high-concept promotion, hooked up to a transfer to L.A.



"It's tricky," said the boss, head of Peter's department and second in line from the agency's head man. "It's very tricky."

Peter toyed with the possibility of saying "I work real well with tricky" through his crooked smile. But this wasn't when to shoot off a little flash; this was when to keep silent. Maybe just the smile? No. He tried a thoughtful nod. Anyway, *what's* tricky? Getting the L.A. job? Keeping it? There's a lot of turnover in Peter's line of work. In other businesses, people leave one firm for another. In Peter's business, people leave the business.

"It's tricky," the man concluded, shaking his head with a rueful smile, as if the vanity of the world were only just striking him in all its graceless majesty, "because everybody we send to Angel City, they go crazy."

"Crazy like how?" Peter asked.

"Crazy like they're bored ditsy. They can't walk anywhere and everyone they know is stupid and the menu is very limited. No hot dogs, I hear."

"How can a city that big not have hot dogs?" Peter replied, thinking, This is a very sophisticated New York conversation. Right.

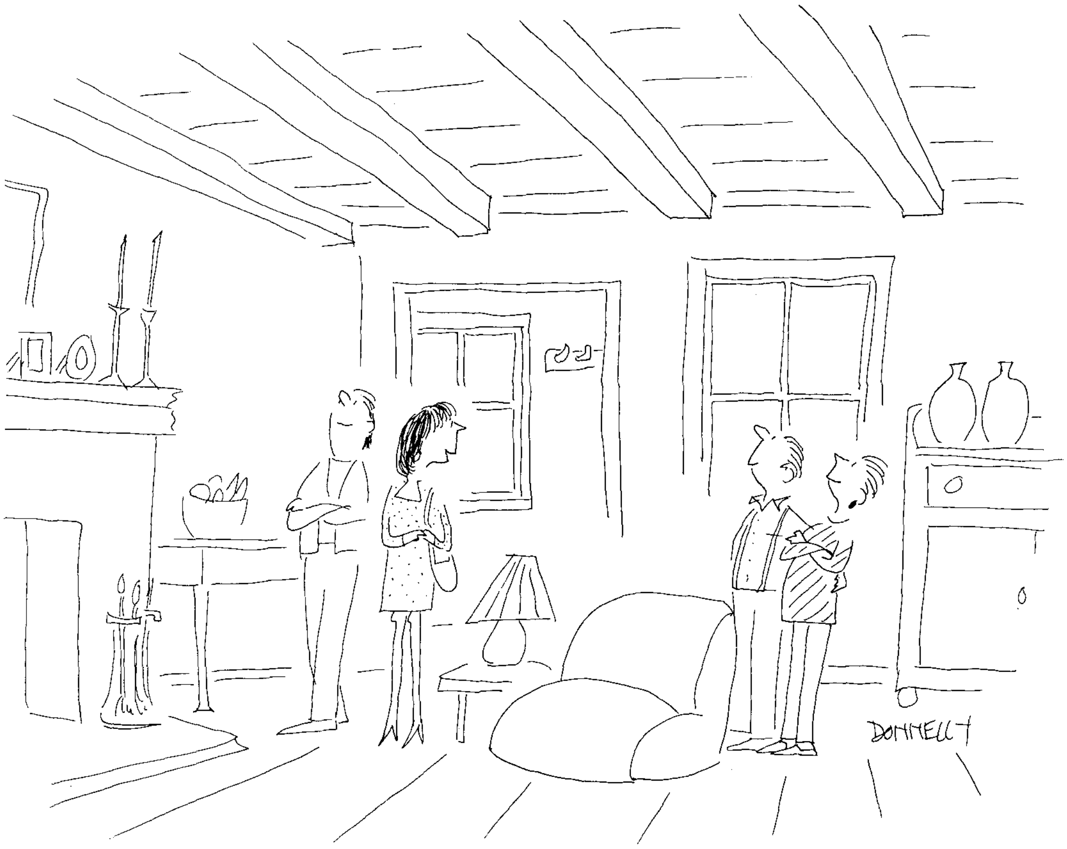
"They have the wrong kind of hot dogs. Not real New York hot dogs."

The man was sitting on the edge of Peter's desk, trying to seem friendly; but he wasn't a friendly man.

"Another problem with L.A.," he went on, "is everybody's A-list or junk mail. There's nothing else. You're a star or a bum in Angel City. New York, now, we got the people in between. We have bum stars, star bums. All that street bonkers. It's colorful. And we got friendly cops. You know what the cops are like in Angel City there? Aliens. Monsters in a monster movie. You're going along somewhere there, it's the world, it's a nice day, it's good to be alive. Suddenly, out come the monsters, they want to kill you. Aliens in shades, infiltrating the system there. Kill you, shoot your blood out of the fucking veins there, Angel City. I'll prefer a New York cop anytime. Sure, they're born junk mail. I mean, what cop ever got anywhere? Street trash in a uniform. But at least they're human, right? They're human guys, cops. New Yorkers. Where does your family live, anyway?"

Peter shrugged.

"It's tricky."



"In our first year of marriage we exposed our beams, too."

• •

CARY was impressed by the promotion. "Even if you don't take it, Pete, it feels good that they're looking you over, you know?"

They didn't say anything about Peter's going to L.A., leaving New York, getting out instead of getting in. Where do you belong? What are you supposed to belong to? What scene? It's tricky.

PETER had one close friend in the scene, a photographer named Brenda, who free-lanced at parties, snapping the famous and the sidekicks and the types. She was first choice for these gigs because she took pictures that set off the look of the town.

"Great composition," the honchos would announce, eying the contact sheets. They meant, She celebrates style.

Peter couldn't get her into bed, but he could talk to her. Somehow, all the women he knew gave you sex or understanding; none gave both. But of what she did give Brenda gave truly. She was a good listener. She'd sit and listen to you complain for hours. Cary was a good listener, too, in his way; but Cary couldn't understand anything he didn't already know. And he kept pulling that blood-relative thing, expecting miracles, like demonstrations of brotherhood without end. Brenda didn't expect anything. All you had to be was polite; she was tense about that. Peter found her a little affected. She seemed to see herself as Cinderella, walking through life with dainty steps to protect her glass slippers.

But she listened big. That's a rare gift. She had a good sense of organization, too—an ability to bind up the strands of your complaint. All Cary could do was pat you on the back. Brenda could declare a Tea with tiny spoons, put some escargots in the oven and say, "Isn't there anyone you'd miss if you moved away?"

"Sure," Peter replied. What else can you say?

"I don't mean me," Brenda went on. "Don't you have . . . people to know you and . . . help you?"

"Why don't you mean you?"

"We New Yorkers need our friends."

"Friends?" said Peter. "All we need is partners. There's partners for dinner, partners you dance with, partners for sex—although that might be the same group. . . ."

"How very isolated that sounds. How private. Is that why you came to New York? To have nothing more than partners?"

"I didn't come to New York. I started here and stayed here."

"Won't you be lonely in Los Angeles?" she asked, cutting up the French bread.

"My brother says I meet people easily."

"I expect you do, Peter. Sometimes

I wonder if you meet so many people to distance yourself from the people you know."

"No, I don't." Then Peter thought about it. "I don't," he repeated. "I just do a lot of networking. Comes with the business."

"Do you like networking?"

"You're supposed to partner as fast as you can. That's New York."

Brenda, busy with the plates and flatware, said nothing. She had her when to be silent, too.

THE phone was ringing when Peter got home from Brenda's. He was tired, and didn't run for it, scarcely wanted to answer it. There was a time, not long before, when every ring was like a summons from an enchanted land, when any call might be Important. Even wrong numbers and phone peddlers couldn't exhaust Peter's enthusiasm for his present and wonder at his future. Like so many New Yorkers, like a real New York Peter, he would check for the red light on the tape machine the moment he entered the apartment. Mail was just bills and invitations to parties that needed you more than you needed them. The telephone is people.

But he soon learned that the telephone can give you only what you already have. It will not change your life; it just affirms it. When his tape machine began to make demented noises instead of recording his calls, Peter simply disconnected it. After all, anyone who had to speak to him could call his office, or at least message him there. He was the only one Anybody knew who didn't have tape monitoring his phone; but being the only one who does something has its swank. New York Peter.

He was thinking about Brenda—about what she had said, but about her, too. He decided to pass the call up. But the phone kept ringing. What was it now? Ten rings? Twelve? Peter stared at the phone, digging his heels in, willing it to stop. What kind of idiot just hangs on, ring after ring after ring like that? Do they do this in Cincinnati?

Maybe someone's in trouble, so desperate for his help that . . . Sure, right. Who would be desperate for Peter's help?

Cary?

"Yo," Peter said into the receiver, cradling it under his chin as he loosened his tie.

"Fiasca and Miss Débutante want to have fun with you," said an odd, high-pitched voice.

A crank. Welcome to New York. Peter hung up.

The phone immediately rang again.

"Hello?"

"This is Miss Débutante," said the same voice. "I just want to know what you'll be wearing to the drag ball this Saturday, because if we're both in the same dress I'm going to scream the place down."

Peter hung up, pulled off his tie, poured out a glass of juice, and stood looking out his back window at the debris in the yard below—the beer cans, brown paper bags, and vilely stained mattress did not surprise him. But where did they get the antique dressmaker's dummy?

The phone rang again.

Peter didn't move.

In the brownstone across the yard, a young man, nude, stood gazing out of drug-blinded eyes. After a moment a young woman, nude, joined him. She put a monster mask on his face, and, as he slowly turned toward her, she hung a bath towel in the window, blocking them from view.

The phone continued to ring.

Peter shoved the window open and leaned out to find the sky. Even the very-West Forties have one, somewhere. He shivered, closed the window, crossed the room, picked up the phone, and immediately hung it back up.

Twenty seconds later it rang again.

"Listen, you shitheads," Peter said, "if you don't get the hell off this phone—"

"Peter, it's Brenda," she said briskly. "I just thought of something I should have—"

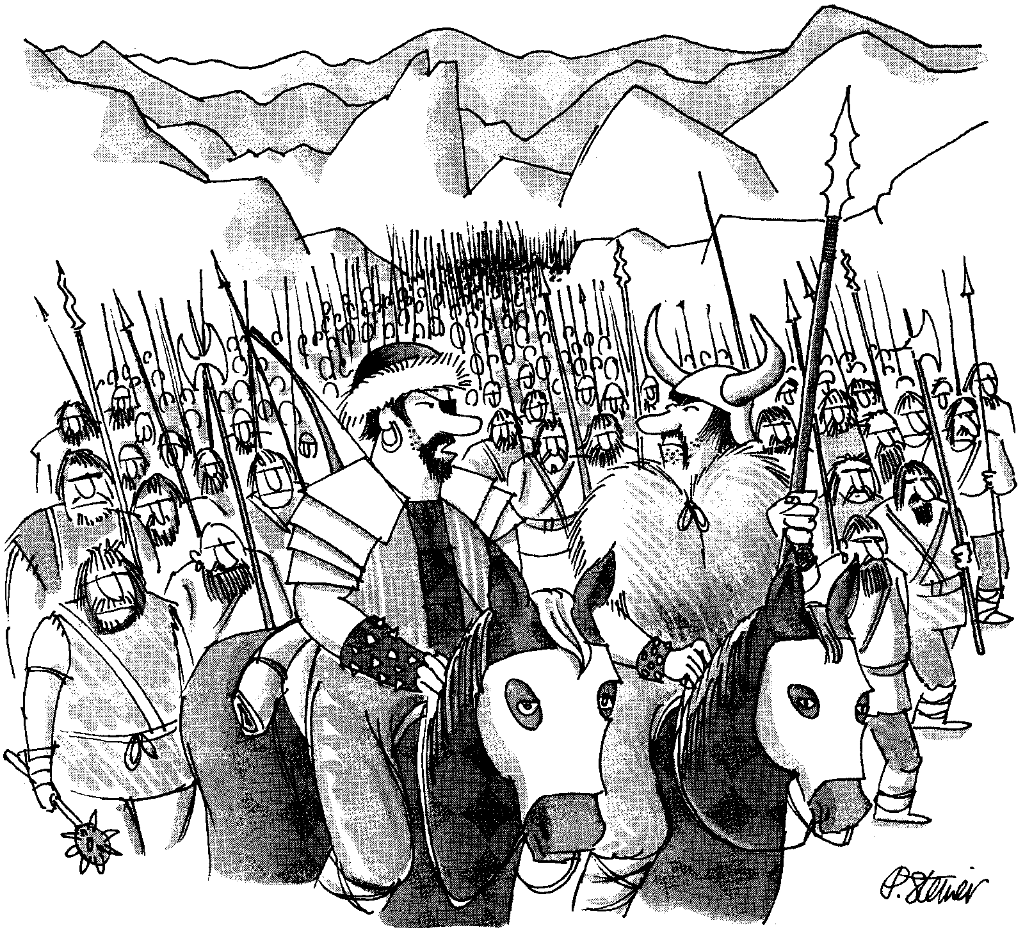
"Brenda! Gosh, I'm sorry. Some phone crazies have been after me and—"

"Yes, of course, it's just—"

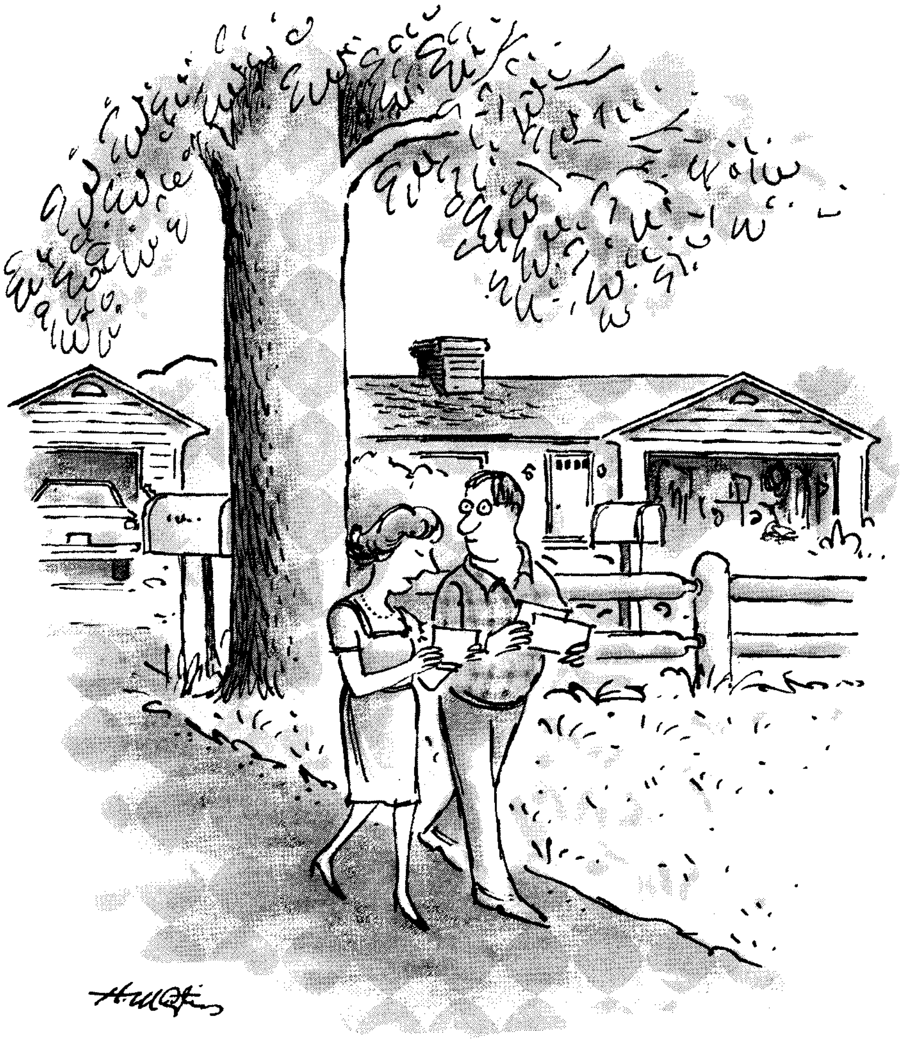
"No, really. I honestly didn't—"

"I wanted to say this before—"

"I just—"



"All I'm saying is, giving a little something to the arts might help our image."



"Mr. and Mrs. Alexi Eddington Cravland IV request the honor of your presence on Saturday, June 10th, at a private garage sale prior to public sale on Saturday, June 17th."

• •

"No, *listen*, Peter. It's about your moving. About the certain city of Los Angeles as a place to live."

There she halted.

"Well, O.K.," said Peter, thinking about how Brenda looks when she's on the phone, all so tidily ensconced in her armchair in that way she has. Those neat little sweaters she likes to wear, with the manic buttons. She's like something out of a very sexy operetta.

"Shoot," Peter told Brenda. "I can take it."

"My thought," she said, in that careful tone she relished when she had to rate you off for Inconsiderate Behavior, "is about 'partnering.'" She pronounced the word as Jane Austen might have pronounced the poetry of Rod McKuen. "I wonder if that concept isn't coloring your mode of life in quite a perilous way. Perhaps even without your full knowledge. Peter. Have you . . . have you considered how much friendship *enriches* our days? We give up privacy for intimacy."

"Yeah, well, can't a guy do that in Angel City?"

"You're such a nice fellow, Peter, even if you don't particularly care to be. I hate to see you turning your deepest feelings into . . . buzzwords and flip copouts."

"You sound like a sixty-nine-cent violin," Peter told her, surprised at and immediately regretting the bite of his tone. "Christ, Brenda, I'm sorry."

"No, that's your feeling. But—"

"No, that's *not* my—"

"Surely I'd best ring off now," she said, quite gently, as she hung up.

Christ! Peter thought. Now I'd have to send her flowers, if I were the kind of person who sent flowers. Oh no. None of those flip copouts for me. Send you no flowers.

A pile of magazines signalled to him. Catch up on Trend, know what They're doing. But after snapping through three *Peoples*, two *Vogues*, and a *Vanity Fair*, Peter bounced up, hit the phone, and tried to set up someone for dinner and hacking around—anything, he told himself, but the Odeon. After reaching five tape messages, which he hung up on, he got a fellow-agent who regaled him for ten minutes with viciously intemperate shop talk and then said, "So what is this call about?"

"Maybe about dinner tonight," said Peter. "Drinks. A little here and there and a subject on my mind, which is the town of Angel City—a town, I believe, that you are fatally well connected with. So no? So yes?"

After a moment, Peter's colleague replied, "There may be those in this town who accept a bid for dinner at seven o'clock on the night. There may well be those. But I'm not one of them."

And he hung up.

Alone in his apartment, with night coming on and the city roaring and laughing and sulking around him, Peter sat by the window waiting for a breeze, an idea, something cool to think. Funny: it used to be sexy to be cool; now it's sexy to be hot.

The phone rang. Peter answered, thinking that there may be those in this town who reject good company at seven o'clock on the night but he wasn't one of them. He gave an affable hello, and Miss Débutante said, "*Who* have you been talking to all this time, your gynecologist? Dear heart, we have to discuss that money you owe me. Fiasca wants to wait outside your building with his pit bull, Great White, and when you come out Great White will tear off your cockadoo and eggs, your three-piece set. That wicked Fiasca. I said no, let's give him a chance. He's probably very nice, Fiasca—you don't know. He might be young. With a sweet face and soft hair to brush back from his forehead, and a lovely three-piece set. He could sit in your lap, Fiasca, and you could play with him. Yes, I told him that. But don't let Great White catch you." Miss Débutante chuckled.

"Please," Peter began. "Please, will you stop? If I ask you nicely?"

"I don't get enough nice," said Miss

Débutante coyly. "I could do anything for a nice young boy with a lovely three-piece set. I could be beautiful to you."

"Please . . ."

"*You owe me money and I want it*," said Miss Débutante. "I'll call till you pay me. I'll call till I get what I want. Miss Débutante says it's good. Miss Débutante wants it all!"

Whispers, a struggle, then a different voice, screaming, "Give it up, you puppy-faced *burzhui*, or we'll come by there—"

Peter holstered the phone, unplugged it, wrote a note on his pad to get the tape machine fixed or replaced, put the Beatles' White Album on the stereo, poured himself a stiff Finlandia straight up, and stretched out on the couch, listening to the music, and to nothing else, as carefully as possible.

THERE are many scenes in New York, many areas of Connection. Countless subsystems pester and dodge each other, all sharing space but contesting point of view. Walking to work the next morning, Peter ran into one of the abutting systems while crossing Forty-ninth Street at Ninth Avenue. He had just stepped off the curb when a policeman heading toward him shouted, "Drop it, man! Just *drop* it!"

Peter froze, bewildered, but the cop strode past him, still yelling, and Peter turned to see a crazed bum grinning with a rock in his hand. He threw it, at nothing, then turned to the Korean fruit market just behind him, its wares set forth in the open to jog the impulses of that essential New Yorker, the passerby. Prepackaged pineapple slices to the left. Mixed melon-berry salad to the right, glistening in plastic bowls, defenseless grapes in the center—and the bum went for them, running his filthy hands over them with savage giggles as the cop and a Korean wrestled him away.

Peter moved on, wondering how cops keep their temper with so many idiots on the loose and ready for jazz. He wondered how Cary kept his temper; nothing ever seemed to infuriate him. He could get tough with you but never angry. Peter wondered how anybody kept his temper around here.

His boss's boss—the real boss, head of the agency—asked Peter to lunch. *Told* him to lunch, rather. They went to O'Neal's on Fifty-seventh Street, a typical New York place to eat: the food is good, the servers are unemployed actors hot to charm, and you have to reject the first two tables they offer you to keep your self-esteem in place. At that, every table is too close to every other table; Peter and his boss ended up inches away from a couple mouthing evilly at each other in an undertone. Peter's boss, formally offering the L.A. job, talked as if the two of them were alone in a fairy bower, but Peter could scarcely concentrate on what he was hearing because of what he was hearing.

"You don't have to keep telling me what Stephen said, you shrew of death," the man next to them was hissing. "I know what Stephen said."

"It isn't Stephen, it's your hooligan face," the woman murmured. "It's your crass mentality of life and the way you smell like a mushroom in heat."

"Let me tell you what money we're talking," Peter's boss blithely went on.

"And if it weren't what Stephen said," the man pursued, "it would be what Andrew said, wouldn't it, you diagram of a ball-chomping *Niemals-Weibliche*? Or what Lloyd said?"

"Lloyd's a fag," said the woman.

"Good, because that's just about your speed!"

"This house on the water at Malibu for at least the first month," Peter's boss suavely continued, like a jeweller unpacking his case.

"Anyway, if you don't shut your mouth of gutter slime, I'm going to fill it with that so very delicious *salade niçoise* and then—"

"You don't have the *balls!*"

"Your favorite word, roundheels. Why don't you throw yourself at Andrew, dance around him singing filth that would make Henry Miller blush, love him till you puke?"

"Andrew's a fag."

Peter must have been staring at them, because suddenly the man and the woman were glaring at him and the man was saying, "Hey, would you *mind*?"

"Tourists from Bayonne," the woman sneered, taking out a cigarette, and the man nodded, lighting her up.

"So what do you think?" Peter's boss asked.

"Have . . . have I been living like this all my life? Has this place always been—"

"Right," said his boss. "Take tomorrow off to think about it. We can sign it all up on Thursday."

THE phone was ringing when Peter walked into his apartment, and he stood contemplating it for a

THE SHAKERS

Picture a domino. A six perhaps, or placid
four. And resting upon it, like the grids in some
basement windows, three thin vertical lines.
This is a staff—for the dance notations of Rudolf Laban.
Torso twists, step turns and wrist folds,
gallops, jumps, all the motions
the body might make—in space, in time—
contractions, rotations, extensions, from head tilt
to the crook of the left thumb's outer segment,

spatter the staff in symbols. Black dots
and miniature boxcars, tiny rakes
for the fingers, double crosses for the knees,
the right ear's sickle, the eyebrow's mottled palette,
each intricate sketch on its half inch of grid line—
until a string of speckled rectangles

might tell us a foot was lifted,
set down at a slant on the metatarsus,
as a man might step down a path of loose stones.
In late-morning rain, on the road to New Lebanon,
his elbow jumps with its bucket of lake bass.
Now and then, a whistle begins, spreads
into song, then the slack-cheeked slip into piety.

• •

By midday his movements are rhythmic,
have become this dance passed down
through the centuries, then trapped in a patchwork
of labanotation. Two circles: one men, one women.
Stage left, a singer, a pulse of percussion.
The music begins and the circles are carriage wheels,
then closer—almost touching—are the black-specked wheels
of a gear: one men, one women, in turn almost

touching, then the arms flung up in denial,
the bodies flung back into rippling lines,
fused yet solitary, like a shoal of lake bass.
If there were lanterns then, they are lost here,
and smoke, the odors of sawdust, linseed.
But the costumes are true—white bibs and transparent
skullcaps, each foot in its column of black boot—

And the dancers strive with an equal devotion,
as if the feat of exact repetition were a kind of
eternity. Black dots and miniature boxcars.
Step here, they say, just here. And a foot is lifted,
a quick smile answers, This is enough, this striving—

daylight as it is with its sudden rain,
all the pockets of loose stones glistening.

—Linda Bierds

• •

moment before he picked up. Taking a deep breath, he said hello.

"Look, it's me." Cary, his usual salutation. "I was just wondering if you heard anything about that L.A. job."

"Yes, I . . . I just did. They offered it to me. I have to tell them the day after—"

"You want to talk about it?"

Peter realized that he was crying. "Yes," he told his brother. "I want to talk about privacy."

"Huh?"

"Where do you want to meet?"

"Is something wrong? You sound funny."

Peter wiped his eyes. "Nothing is wrong. Good news and good money. You know."

"What do you mean *privacy*?"

"Nothing. I mean . . . I don't know what I mean."

"Maybe I better come over there, huh?"

"O.K.," said New York Peter, still crying.

THERE were certain things Peter wouldn't let Cary talk about, and Cary brought them all up in Peter's apartment that evening. Peter had collected himself in the time it took Cary to arrive, and now he fluently outlined the positive aspects of the L.A. job as if taking over the suave salesmanship of his boss, as if peddling a piece of jewelry from his boss's case of samples.

Attractive to the eye, reassuring to the skin. Washable, removable, enviable; and it leaves no mark.

"It's a good career move," Peter concluded. "No one turns down a good career move."

"But . . . but you're all broken in here," Cary said. "You're a natural New York guy here."

So they tilted to and fro, Cary thinking of reasons against it and Peter calmly reasoning them aside.

"Just tell me one thing," Cary said. "Tell me the truth, and no matter what it is I'll accept it and I won't try to talk you out of it, O.K.? No matter what the answer is."

"Fine."

"The truth, Pete. Even if you don't like it. Even if it hurts, like . . . like whatever was going on with you on the phone before. I swear I'll let you alone if you tell me the truth."

Peter stood up; but this seemed so absurd and unnecessary that he immediately plopped down again, and he laughed.

"What do you want to know?" he asked his brother.

"Tell me, on a scale of one to ten, how ready you are to go to L.A. Forget the job and the career move, all that stuff there. Just compare being here and being there. Here in a place you grew up and you're related to it. Whether or not that's good. Think about what you'll find in some place you move to. I mean . . . *moving*, Pete. It's like . . . like cutting yourself off from what you . . . what you are? I mean, what is it, ten to nothing for L.A.? Eight to two, maybe? So maybe even six to four—what?"

Peter said nothing, and Cary shifted his weight slightly as if he were going to get up and do something nice to Peter, and they were staring at each other, so Cary saw how easily Peter could lose his confident pose, how the façade of New York crumbles like a child's alphabet-block castle. Cary stayed where he was.

Who are your partners? That's the thing. Not who you dance with: who you give your word to.

"I just haven't been thinking of it in those terms," Peter finally said.

"How about thinking like so now? For me."

"Except I'm trying to. I really am." Peter was pleading.

"What is it, seven to three, five to five? You must have some idea by now. You were crying before, weren't you? On the phone? Don't you want to tell me why?"

"No."

"The hell you say no. Don't you want to tell someone?"

"I don't . . . maybe."

"Who would you tell in L.A. maybe, if you were there now?"

Suddenly Cary was out of the chair, and he had Peter on his feet, one brother's face right on the other's there, scarcely enough room to breathe in, too many eyes in this place, judging what you do.

"Just tell me, Pete," Cary insisted. "One to ten, come on."

"I don't want to go," Peter blurted out. "I mean, sometimes I don't. And sometimes—"

"Are you afraid they'll can you if you turn them down?"

"No. A couple of people turned it down already. They don't want to leave New York. They're all . . . they're all networked up."

Cary rubbed Peter's neck. "Come on, Pete," he said.

"Yeah, but I never do the right thing. Can't you see that?"

Peter started to pull away, but Cary

held him fast. "Where the hell are *you* going?"

"That's the hundred-dollar question, right there."

"Yeah . . . well . . . O.K." Cary tousled Peter's hair.

"Hey, quit it!"

They were laughing now, and Cary said, "Come on, why don't you make us some coffee?"

The phone rang while Peter was grinding beans with one hand and positioning the filter with the other, so Cary answered.

"Hello. . . . It's *huh*? . . . This is his brother. . . . You want to run that by me again? . . . You *what*? . . . Listen, they got a nice spring night working outside. Why don't you take a walk and cool off?"

Peter was pouring boiling water over the ground beans as Cary hung up. Peter turned to face Cary, studied him. Cary smiled. Get tough, not angry—that's the style of Cary.

"Who was that?" Peter asked.

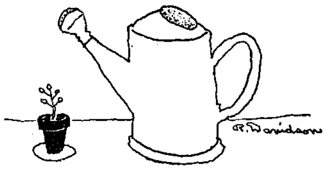
"A crank, I don't know. Some guy says he's a débutante. It wasn't for you."

"He's going to call right back."

"Bet you he won't."

Peter surveyed the half-filled mugs, got a carton of milk from the fridge, readied its spout. "That's all there is to it," said Peter. "Right? The correct comeback."

Cary shrugged. "Hell, they're giving you bull, so you bull them right back. Happens all the time, like a game guys play with each other. The guy with the best bull wins the game."



"Funny," said Peter. "I always thought I was the guy with the best bull."

"Come on," Cary told him: because Cary sees life, all too simply, as a series of contests that Cary wins because he's a together guy and that Peter wins because he's Cary's brother.

MAYBE I just need a vacation, Peter thought, a bit later, as he headed for the cash machine. Maybe it's just big-city jitters.

Maybe. But he was acutely, uncomfortably conscious of every violation of the social contract that he encountered, as if he had seen so much of it that now he could not see anything else. Every doorway held an unpleasantly surprising tramp, every turn of corner produced a crazy who was raving out bombastic paranoia, every pedestrian enthusiastically covered the land with debris, as if garbage cans were tourist attractions, not for the natives. Radios bombarded him for the fun of it, con men accosted him, and suddenly every idiot in town couldn't bear to leave his apartment without a gigantic kit bag, whole crowds of them contentedly sideswiping everyone within a radius of twenty yards. What did they find to put in those bags? What do you need to carry besides a wallet and keys? What are they—a new class of the yuppie homeless, toting their Cuisinarts and fluted bud vases through the streets?

Lining up at the cash machine, Peter wondered if they get big-city jitters in Boston, New Orleans, Denver. He knew they don't in L.A. Angel City doesn't have jitters; Angel City has tofu and mañana. The angels there never ask each other, Did I do the right thing?, because there is no wrong thing in Angel City. It's the world capital of the no-fault life style—no phone maniacs to challenge you to cope, no street trash to outwit, no penalties for being a younger brother.

Maybe, Peter thinks, I should have been a cop.

The woman just ahead of Peter has been playing with the cash machine, repeatedly sending her card through the system and trying all the buttons, reading the screen, nodding, considering. She believes everyone will think she is Important because she has so much business to transact. The line, stopped dead at the one machine under her command, has been growing. People behind Peter are fidgeting and muttering, but the woman blithely—more grandly, even—pursues her fantasy of having a part in the doings of the great world.

They're giving you bull, so you bull them right back.

"Do you need some help?" Peter asks the woman, politely, with just a shade of irony.

She glares at him. She is nondescript, but at least she is there. "Do you *mind*?" she snarls.

"Hey, *I* mind," calls a man far down in the line.

The woman turns back to the machine.

"Hey, *I* mind, lady!"

"Somebody call a cop."

"Will you just look at this?"

New York is bulling back, but "Hmm," the woman tells her machine, sliding her card in again. She's a top trader on the stock market, a vagabond executive checking in on the boss computer, a spy decoding orders. She is a deluded moron using your time to fill out a chapter in her day.

Peter abruptly walks away, the shouts of the people still in line echoing as he heads for the deli to scarf up some dinner. Did he do the right thing? At the deli counter a black man with a gym bag bumps into Peter, stares at him, then says, "You said excuse me, right?" Peter pretends the man does not exist. Did he do the right thing? Heading home with a corned-beef sandwich, extra lean, Peter has to jump backward to avoid a Chinese takeout delivery boy speeding along the sidewalk on a bicycle. The delivery boy pulls to a halt, calmly chaining his bicycle to a parking meter.

Peter walks up to him and says, "Why don't you stay in the street where you belong?"

"Look where you're going, asshole," the delivery boy replies, shouldering his bags.

Peter stares after him. It does not feel like the right thing.

Then this happens:

Two blocks from his apartment, a young man and woman come bumbling out of a doorway and down a stoop, both of them laden with luggage. They are ratty and their luggage is junk; they lay everything on the sidewalk, blocking the way. Peter has to step into the gutter to get around them, and the young woman matter-of-factly walks right in front of Peter and throws her hand up to signal a cab, socking Peter in the eye.

And Peter drops his sandwich, grabs the young man by the hair, and slams him flat on his back on the stairs of the stoop.

"Tell your girlfriend to keep her hands out of my face, you fucking jerk!" Peter roars, staring at the astonished young man to lock it all in before storming home.

ALL *right*, that's *it!* That's *buster up* and Peter has had it, raging in his pathetic walkup closet, banging stuff around, making up his mind at last because *no one* has to live like this, and where's Miss Débutante now, when you need him to do the right thing to, which is bully *him* the way everyone bullies everyone *else* here. Buster up, Angel City, and give me some mellow. Peter's got some paper out to write some letters, going to say goodbye to the people who matter to him, partners and some others.

To Brenda Peter writes that he may have to go to a place like Los Angeles in order to appreciate New York.

To Cary Peter writes that he won't be a New Yorker till he feels bound to come back to it.

There is no third letter. To Peter's surprise, he really has nothing at all to say to anyone else in his book.

HE felt better the next day, because none of this mattered anymore. He left word at the office that he'd be in to straighten out the L.A. job that afternoon and went out into the breezy New York day for a nice long think walk. It was real city out there, the center of the world, where even the sunlight struts.

In the park in front of the Flatiron Building Peter sat on a bench and looked out on the place where he was bustered down onto the sidewalk while the city people watched. Every New Yorker has his sites. Here you ran into a former lover, staggering in a druggy daze; there you gave a bum a quarter and he spat at you. Everyone's crazy, because there's so much street traffic, too much interaction with strangers. In other cities, everyone lives in cars and houses. In New York everyone lives in public.

A bag lady sitting on Peter's bench cackled quietly to herself. "Look at all the candy," she said, gazing on the lunch-hour crowd before them, shifting and laughing and doing. "Ties, books, stockings. Some of them got hats and they're gonna give each other presents later. And what are they eating? Sandwiches, same as me. People's all the same. Everyone wants to talk. They want a little social visiting to break up the day. You need some of this?"

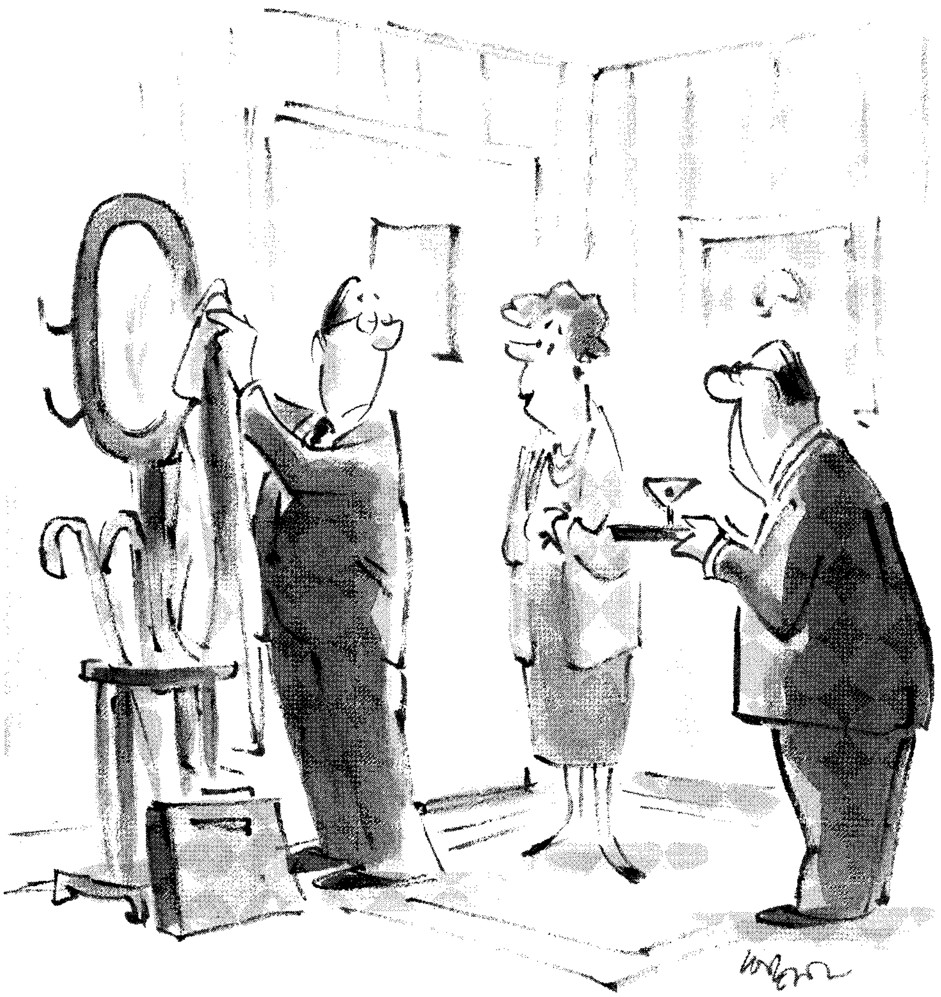
She offered Peter a sandwich that looked like Rumpelstiltskin's vomit. Peter shook his head.

"Gotta eat sometime," she said.

"I'm too worried to eat."

"A whippersnapper like you, worried?"

"I'm worried about privacy."



"Dear, this is Randolph Tressler. He's doing two hundred hours of community service as a result of misspeaking himself before a federal grand jury."

• •

The bag lady nodded. "All the good things is hard to get," she observed, "and privacy's good. Look at all that candy there on benches with their sandwiches, how they eat such tiny bites. Like their food got something funny in if it they ain't careful. Worms in their caviar. Rats in the lunchbox."

About twenty-five people faced them, office workers taking the air, dotted by grinning high-schoolers on hooky, free-lancers waiting for the next job, players in the game of getting bulled and bulling back.

"Course, they're quiet now," the bag lady said. "They know we watching them. But they'll be fighting later on. Candy's always fighting. They come a thousand miles to fight, think no one knows 'cause they so special to themselves."

"What do you think they fight about?" Peter asked.

She cackled. "They don't need *about*. They live to fight and fight to live. That's candy."

She went on eating.

"It's quiet now," said Peter.

Even the dogs that romp unleashed in the center of the park were sitting one out, and the drug sellers who throng the entrances were playing it very cool. People sat, lunched, read, pondered.

"Maybe they waiting to spring on us," said the bag lady. "Candy move real sudden when they please to. Got all that energy to work off. That's why they always fighting. One day you wake up, all your energy's gone and your fighting's over. Know why? You're dead. That's why they keep fighting, candy. It's how they know they're alive."

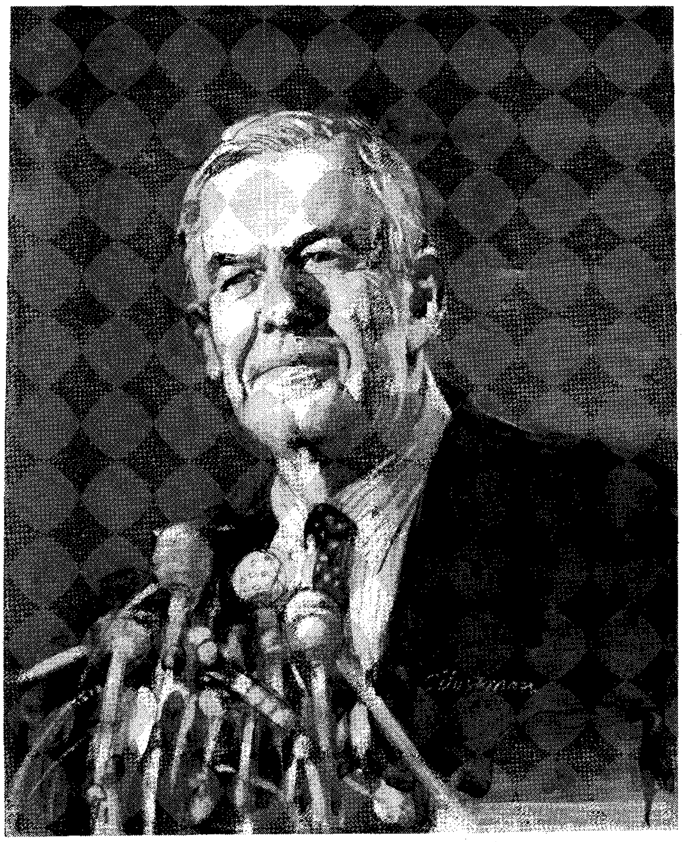
"Anyway, it's quiet now," said Peter.

"Just wait," said the bag lady.

—M. J. VERLAINE

PROFILES

THE NAVIGATOR



THE only ad that most people from Spokane and the rest of eastern Washington are likely to remember from the fall political campaign was built around a dog—a Belgian shepherd named Alice. Alice belongs to Thomas S. Foley, the Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, who was seeking reëlection from the state's Fifth Congressional District. The ad was a solo turn for Alice. Foley's feet were seen as she and he walked briskly from meeting to meeting on the House side of the Capitol, where they are a familiar tandem; once, his full face flickered on the screen, and twice just his hand was shown stroking Alice as he conferred with fellow-heavyweights in his office. The voice-over described a typical morning in the boss's life from his dog's point of view.

At a time when what is euphemistically called negative political advertising had reached a crescendo, the artless charm of the Alice ad lit up the small screen; it was Foleyesque—agreeable and unpartisan but also stylish and unorthodox. It showed a man who is as comfortable and relaxed about politics as he is comfortable with himself. It also conveyed a message: Foley is a mover and shaker who can help his district. The district doesn't seem to need the reminder. Foley, a Democrat, wasn't running unopposed, but he might as well have been. With little effort and no trimming, he can count on being reëlected by three-fourths of the voters in a distinctly conservative and Republican district. This time, he got seventy-seven per cent—a bit less than his high of almost eighty-two per cent, in 1972. Foley, who is sixty, was first elected in 1964, and is now in his thirteenth term; no one else from his state has served as long in the House of Representatives.

Foley is an anomaly—a leader who not only stays above partisan strife but also seems immune from, certainly unaffected by, the febrile skirmishing on Capitol Hill. Many people there and elsewhere wonder how he succeeds so well in his job without making enemies, or even stumbling occasionally. Congress is a colder and more unsentimental place than it was in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, but Foley receives remarkably generous tributes from the sharp-eyed men and women there. He is liked partly because he is a serious man who doesn't take himself seriously. At one moment, he may be discoursing fluently on some complex legislative topic, and the next he will be regaling colleagues with a truly funny political story. His ego is well under control and rarely, if ever, visible. Foley seems to be a major player almost in spite of himself.

Within the leadership, Foley is bracketed by two strong and gifted personalities. One is Jim Wright, the embattled Speaker of the House. The other is Tony Coelho, the Majority Whip. Wright is from East Texas, and was first elected to the House in 1954. He is a true son of the New Deal, and remembers the night when, thanks to the Rural Electrification Administration, the lights came on in Weatherford, Texas, his home town. Coelho is from central California, and entered Congress in 1978. Wright and Coelho are aggressive and also very partisan. Foley, the second man in this troika, is neither. Moreover, the role of Majority Leader is less clearly drawn than that of the Speaker or the Whip. The Speaker, who is second in the line of succession to the Presidency, performs an odd combination of roles. When presiding, he is the neutral leader of the entire House. More generally, however, he commands his party's forces there. The Whip makes head counts on where his party's members stand on business before the House and rounds up votes required by the leadership. As for the Majority Leader, Foley says, "He must fight his way through the very specific mandate of the Whip and the role of the Speaker as maximum chief." In practice, Foley has become the negotiator, consensus builder, and strategist. "Jim is the captain, Tony the oar drummer, and Tom the navigator," says Pat Williams, a Democratic member from western Montana. "Democrats in the House and most of the Republicans have great respect for the navigator," he added, with careful emphasis. Still, Williams and many, though by no means all, of the other Democrats admire Wright, for his willingness to take risks and his resolve to push the House harder than it is accustomed to being pushed. Indeed, although Wright's critics within and beyond Congress are legion, and he may not last as Speaker, he, Foley, and Coelho are widely thought to complement one another as well as or better than any recent predecessors and to be providing stronger leadership than either chamber has seen since the heyday of Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate, back in the fifties. The just completed Hundredth Congress was the most productive in recent memory, and its dynamic was traceable to the House leadership.

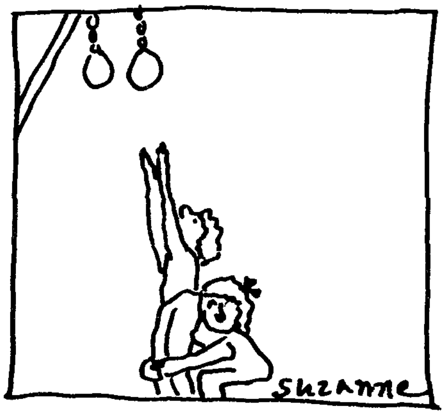
BEING a leader in Congress—on the House side, at least—has become more difficult since Sam Rayburn's time, in part because reforms there have fragmented authority and diffused power. And some argue that if the House leadership is more effective now than it was in the intervening years it is because of the increasingly urgent need for strong leadership. The incoming class of 1974—the "Watergate babies"—managed to impose reforms that the leadership hadn't expected, and it found the changes intimidating. All sorts of ad-hoc caucuses sprang up, including the freshman caucus, the sophomore caucus, and the women's caucus. "They wanted to reform everything," Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, says.

George Miller, a member of the '74 class from a district east of the San Francisco Bay area, concedes, "We were creating power without purpose." Miller is an exuberant unreconstructed liberal who is also gifted and effective; he will eventually replace the ailing Morris Udall as chairman of the Interior Committee. "There were seventy-five of us Democrats," he recalls. "We had organizational meetings in the basement of a nearby hotel. We wouldn't be and we couldn't be ignored. Many of us were from the antiwar movement, and were having a first serious fling at politics. Many came from districts that hadn't elected a Democrat in twenty-five or fifty years. We had grown up taking on the establishment. We came to eat their lunch."

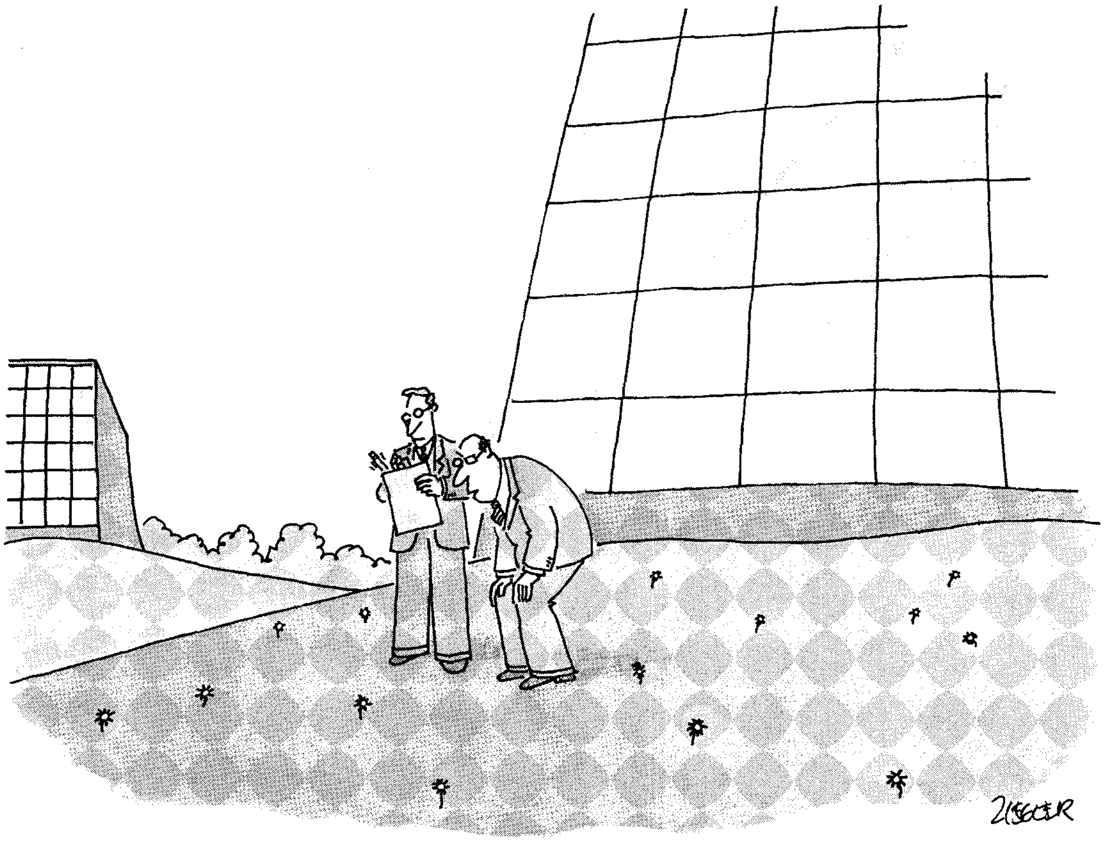
"We threw out three committee chairmen before we were even sworn in," says Butler Derrick, of South Carolina, another Watergate baby. The encrusted seniority system, which rewarded long years of faithful, if not always distinguished, service, and had seemed unshakable, was the priority target of the reformers. It did not recover.

Representative Lee Hamilton, of Indiana, who was considered by Michael Dukakis as a Vice-Presidential candidate and headed his list for Secretary of State, says that the House today "cannot be compared to the House of Sam Rayburn, who controlled it," and adds, "The diffusion of power has changed all that. In those days, someone would make money as a professional person or a businessman and then run for Congress. Now they run when they are barely out of college. They arrive aggressive and with a sense of knowing how to run the country."

Actually, Sam Rayburn, as Speaker during the forties and fifties, didn't altogether "control" the House. He ran it with the concurrence of a few pseudo-Gothic Southern committee chairmen, whom he rarely trifled with on matters of basic concern to their constituencies. Don Edwards, the current member from San Jose, California, was first elected in 1962, and he recalls how much simpler things were then. "The old barons ran everything, and you didn't fool with them," he says. "The leadership didn't want any regional splits or fights on racial questions. There were few subcommittees and few amendments to bills. One gave a maiden speech and everyone clapped, whatever the subject, and then one stayed out of sight." Barons like Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, who was the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee from 1957 to 1974, and Mendel Rivers, of South Carolina, the chairman of the Armed Services Committee from 1965 to 1970, presided over vast public fiefdoms and grew to be folkloric figures. A more anonymous but nevertheless pivotal figure was Virginia's Howard Smith, the chairman of the Rules Committee for six terms in the fifties and sixties, from which eminence he could and did decide whether a given bill would or would not be sent to the floor of the House. Sid Yates, a Chicago liberal who arrived in 1949 and is still there, recalls how Smith would return to his farm for long periods while bills of importance to many members gathered dust in his committee. "Judge Smith has gone down to paint the barn" was the waggish comment that explained legislative stasis.



In December of 1975, the end of the reformers' first year, Phillip Burton, of San Francisco, then the chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, announced that "for the first time in memory there was not a single instance when a committee chairman blocked a major bill." The reforms imposed by the newcomers had been foreshadowed in 1964, when seventy-one new Democrats came into the House on the tide of Lyndon Johnson's sweeping victory over Senator Barry Goldwater. This lot, to which Foley belonged, helped dull the edge of the conservative coalition—a de-facto alliance of Republicans and Southern Democrats, who could usually sidetrack legislation that seemed to threaten the status quo or whatever else gave them comfort. With the social upheaval that followed, and a major shift of people and resources into the Sun Belt, the style of the Southern congressmen (the so-called boll weevils) began to change, and in the course of the seventies a drift toward the center began. Still, the greater cohesion, if not unity, that the reforms of the mid-seventies were supposed to create didn't develop. Instead, their effect was fissiparous: committees split into subcommittees; new committees and other institutions, such as the Congressional Budget Office and the Office of Technology Assessment, were created. A sprawling congressional bureaucracy emerged as members' staffs and the staffs of the committees and subcommittees ballooned; a parallel civil service was forming up. Congress was becoming an anarchy of competing parts. Leaders began to be elected by colleagues functioning as a caucus rather than appointed by a smallish peer group, and thus they became significantly more accountable to the individual members. "Members are no longer ciphers operating under orders," James Moody, a Democrat from Milwaukee, observes. "With modern public-relations resources



"Make a note, Henderson: 'May 4, 9:02 A.M. Unauthorized plant life again growing at random on lawn outside main entrance corporate headquarters. Spoiling symmetry and tranquillity. Breeding confusion. Have said plants removed and incinerated soonest. Eyes only.' Original to Maintenance, copies to Accounting and Security. And this time, Henderson, let's not have any leaks to the damn secretarial pool."

available to them, every member can be made to look important. First- and second-term members can point to bills that they've sponsored and that have been passed. There is lots of care and feeding of the new members now."

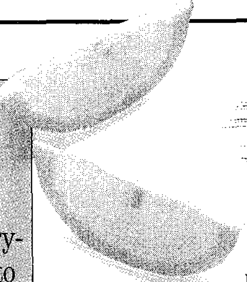
Once elected, today's House members are all but assured of being reelected. Only six incumbents were defeated in 1986, and the same number lost last November. (The turnover in the Senate is also far lower than it was.) Two hundred and thirty of the House's two hundred and sixty Democrats got sixty per cent or more of the vote in their districts. Subsidized television facilities and the other tools of self-promotion to which Moody alluded can make stars of members at home. Still more important are the easy access of incumbents to money and the increasing difficulty that challengers have in raising adequate amounts of it. Gone are the days when members were dependent for money on the indulgence of party elders. "There is so much political money around I can go find my own," George Miller says. "It used to be that I'd have to go to leaders with access to labor money, or to a committee chairman who had access to money." A large part of the money comes from political-action committees, of which there are over four thousand. They are reckoned to spend about ninety-five million dollars on congressional campaigns, and the bulk of this largesse goes to Democrats, simply because they are in the majority: whether an incumbent is actually friendly or unfriendly to the cause of a given PAC is less important than the fact of his incumbency.

"The PACs have increasingly backed winners," says Richard Cheney, a Republican who was the member at large from Wyoming until he became Secretary of Defense last month. "They want a good won-and-lost rating. They have corrupted the House." Cheney, incidentally, had been expected to emerge as his party's strongest congressional figure; he was the Republican Whip, and would have replaced Robert Michel as Minority Leader when Michel stepped aside, as he is expected to do before long. "Cheney is Tom Foley's intellectual and over-all analogue on our side," said Henry Hyde, a conservative, well-respected, and influential Republican member from Illinois. "And he is tough." Democrats didn't disagree; in their view, Cheney is as cerebral as Foley and as partisan as Wright and Coelho.

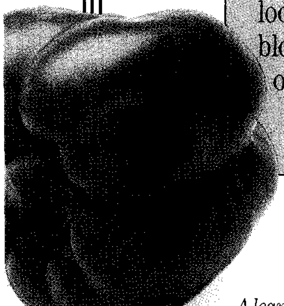
Incumbency's lease has lengthened in recent years. Increasingly, incumbent Democrats profit from weak, sometimes negligible opposition. Potentially strong challengers are reluctant to take the chance. Moreover, House Republicans find themselves in what seems to be a permanent minority. Democrats have controlled the House for the last thirty-four years, and for fifty-four of the last fifty-eight. "We Republicans need people who have an almost monastic sense of vocation to make our case against a perpetual majority," Hyde says. "A Republican can't even get a bill into the light of day unless it has a Democrat as a chief sponsor. Trying to do it differently is like running it past the Bermuda Triangle. The press is always asking a Republican member what bills he has sponsored, and you have to explain your situation, but you know that no one believes it."

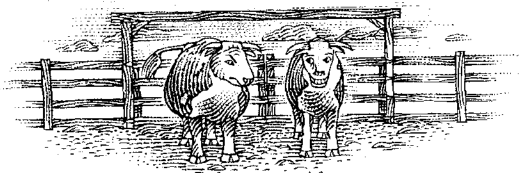
"We thought we had invented constituent service as it is known today," Derrick, a Democrat, says about the Watergate babies. "We haven't needed the leadership to get reëlected." Not only do members worry less about

What's The Skinny On Beef?



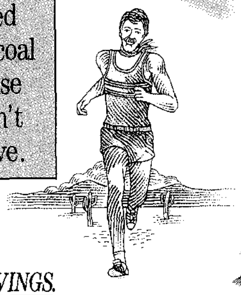
Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat is less. Less at the ranch and less in the meat market. Which is remarkably good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached blowfish. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now, eating skinny doesn't mean you have to starve.

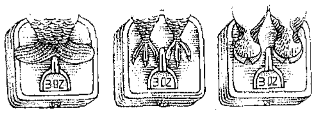




MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.



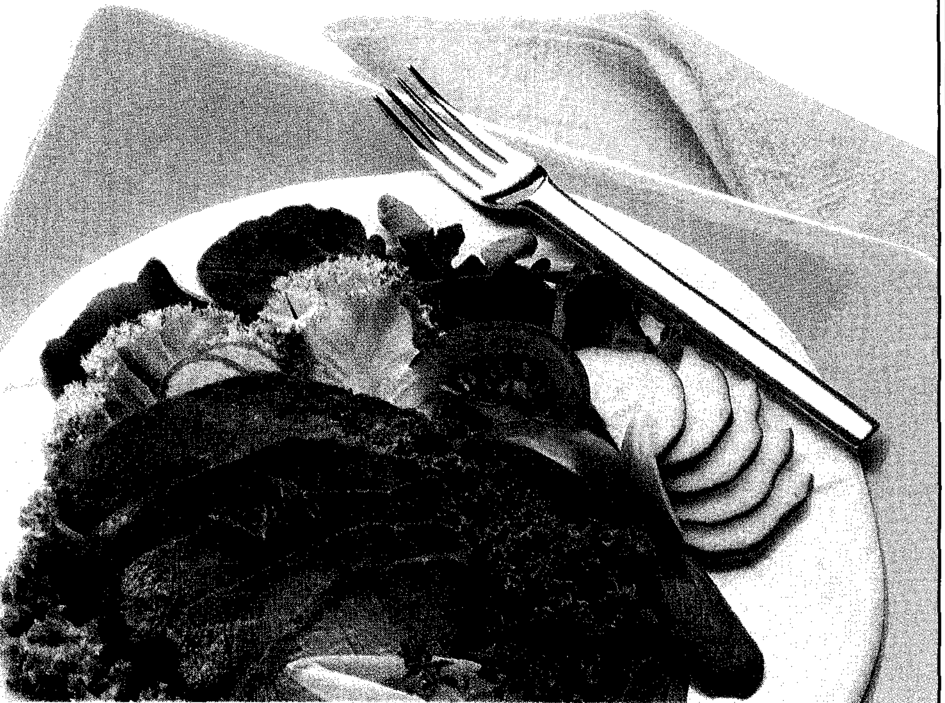


MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.

Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays….

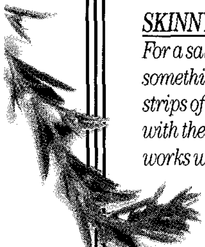
OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.

A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.



SKINNY BEEF SALAD.

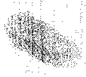
For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.



BEEF

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**
© 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories



TOP LOIN
*7.6 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
*5.3 gms total fat**
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

Beef.
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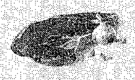
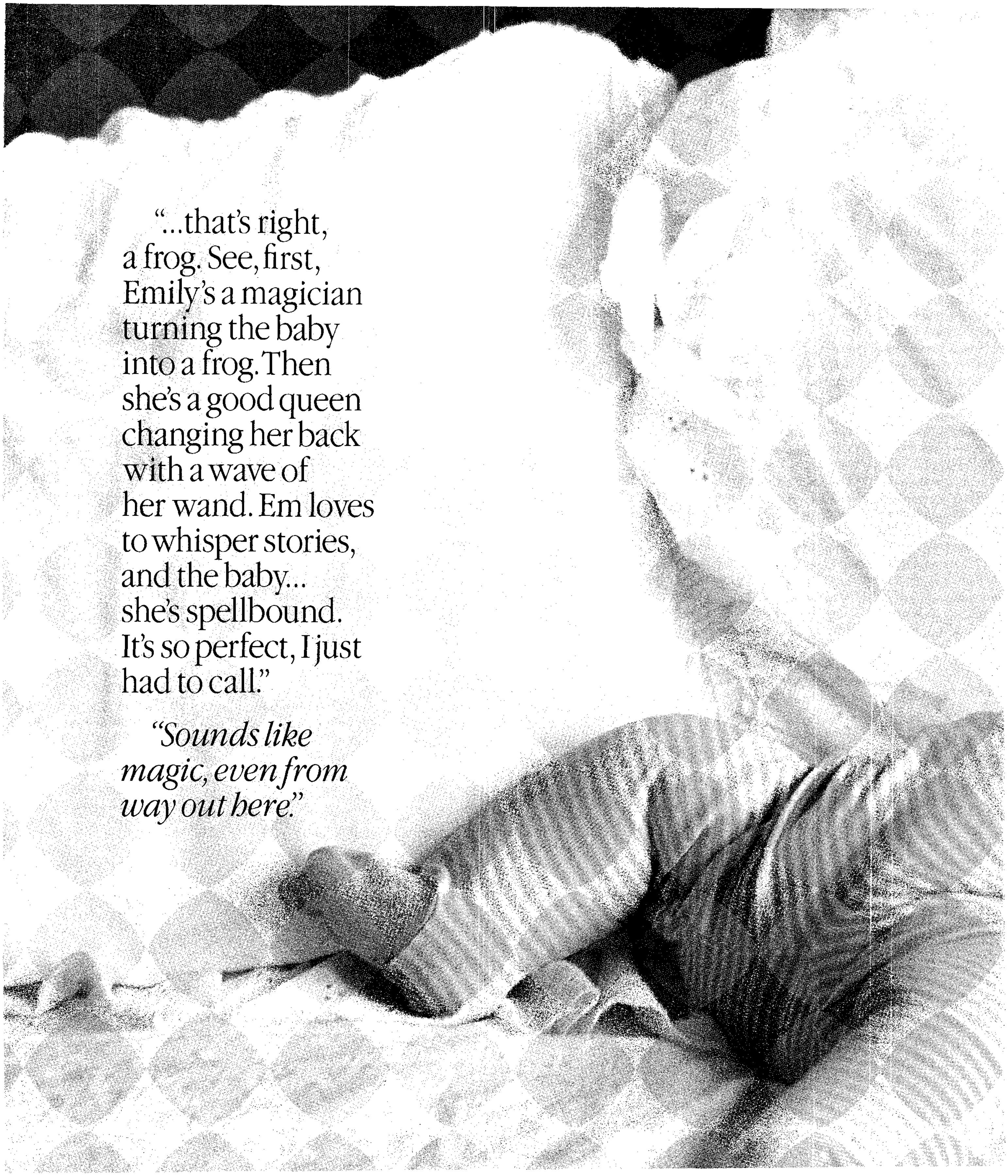
Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

EYE OF ROUND
*5.5 gms total fat**
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
*7.9 gms total fat**
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories



SIRLOIN
*7.4 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories



"...that's right, a frog. See, first, Emily's a magician turning the baby into a frog. Then she's a good queen changing her back with a wave of her wand. Em loves to whisper stories, and the baby... she's spellbound. It's so perfect, I just had to call."

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money but they are in most cases no longer dependent on or accountable to local party organizations. "The local party leadership is going away," says Barney Frank, a Massachusetts Democrat. "It's more than a question of the big bosses' disappearing. There isn't a single member of Congress who is dependent on a small number of people to stay here." (He does except some Republicans who confront heavy pressure locally from their hard right.) The pendulum has indeed swung: a typical local party organization now takes its cues from its real leader, the congressman on whose behalf it works.

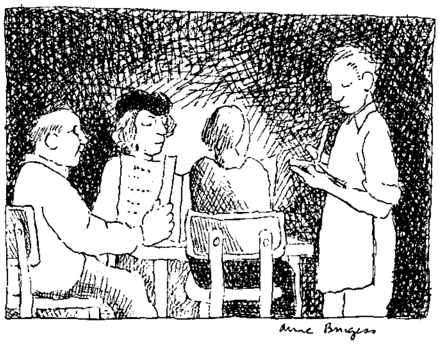
Incumbency may be exercising an even stronger influence on the House than the reforms of the mid-seventies did. Only half jocularly, members have lately been compared to the life peers in Britain's House of Lords. A comparison to four hundred and thirty-five independent contractors is more appropriate. Typically, these entrepreneurial figures are in Washington only from Tuesday through Thursday and spend long weekends at home keeping their fences in peak condition and discouraging serious opposition. "The biggest change is that this has become more of a job, or career," says Dan Glickman (class of '76), of Wichita, Kansas, whose role model, he says, is Tom Foley, and who is now the key figure on the formidable Agriculture Committee. "People try to protect their jobs, and the House has become much less of a risk-taking institution."

Most of today's members want combat ribbons without having to undergo combat. Their leaders have the task of providing the one while avoiding the other. "Do this one thing for us—no one back home will notice" is an entreaty to which fewer and fewer members are responsive. Most of them are loath to take positions on controversial issues, like abortion, and they regard anyone who does as misguided or foolhardy. They expect—or, at least, hope—that the leadership will keep controversial items off the floor, and this attitude complicates life for the leaders and can make lightning rods of them. In this exacting role, Foley excels. Because even the most cynical members do not suspect him of harboring a private agenda, Foley's reasons for bringing up a given measure are taken at face value. Moving serenely, at his own pace, through legislative minefields, he contains and balances tensions as he goes. Also, just as he is Congress's honest broker par excellence, so has he become the consensus choice of Republicans as well as Democrats to mediate the larger differences between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. And the Foley influence is expected to rise sharply, given the deepening anxiety about the Bush team's intentions toward the budget deficit. Any perception of legislative gridlock vis-à-vis the deficit could unhinge the financial and security markets, and even provoke a recession. It is just the environment in which Foley and his true vocation seem to converge.

MANY Democrats have grown used to the idea that they control Congress but that they have lost their gift for capturing the White House. And Republicans seem more or less reconciled to the proposition that the control of Congress is beyond them and that their agenda stands or falls with the White House. These harsh calculations have enlarged the struggle between the parties for control of the country's affairs. Foley has somehow prospered politically while seeming to stand outside the gestalt. The comments of Republican stalwarts in Congress about him are remarkably similar to those of Democrats.

"He can give as good as he gets," says Wyoming's Alan Simpson, the funny, unbuttoned, and benignly profane assistant Republican leader in the Senate. "But at some point he'll say, 'Someone has to do the damn work.' You feel good when you pick up the phone and ask Tom what's going on. He'll tell you without getting any of his own people in trouble. He can also tell you to go to hell, and make you look forward to the trip."

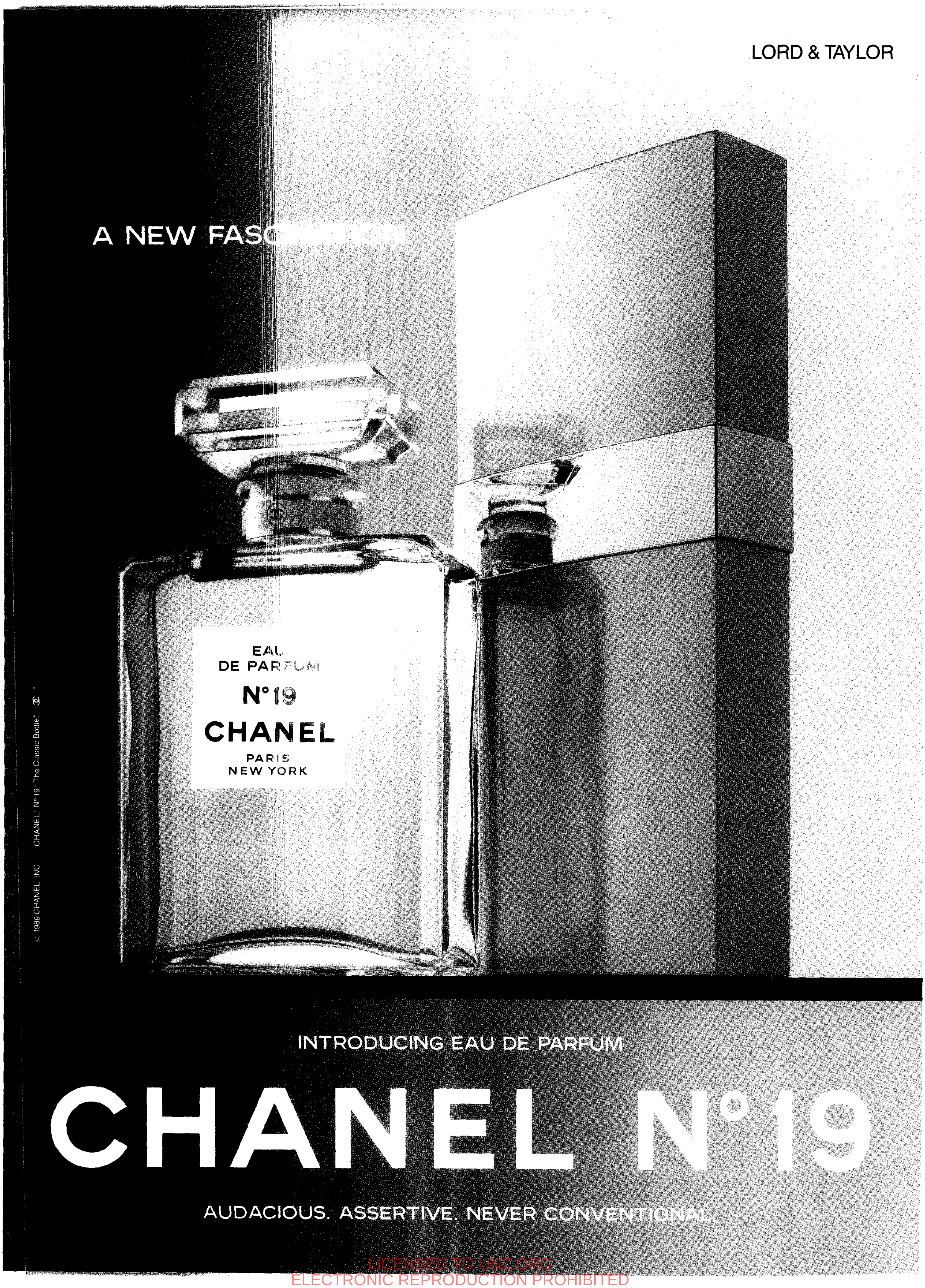
"Tom Foley has enormous respect on both sides of the aisle," says Dick Cheney. Foley also has the advantage of being equally comfortable with members who have arrived since 1974 and those who came before. The later arrivals, by and large, are noted for single-mindedness and impatience as they pull themselves up the ladder, but Foley appeals to them, just as he appealed to the leadership when he was younger and less prominent; they regard him as more or less one of their own, and they envy his serenity. Yet stylistically Foley is reminiscent of the earlier era, partly because he has never pushed his own interests aggressively or impatiently, and partly because he identifies so closely with the House as an institution. He, and perhaps he alone, bridges the gap between the distinct political subcultures that must coexist.



Colorado's Senator Tim Wirth, who came first to the House in the star-studded class of '74, thinks that most people around the country are unaware of how much raw talent and skill there is in the House of Representatives. But Foley, he says, is in a class by himself.

"Foley is something of a contradiction," Barney Frank says. "It isn't always the case that the best and the brightest become leaders. Some Democrats find him too fair, although that is a great negotiating tool. He is a superb leader and one of the best people operating at the highest level of American politics. But three Tom Foleys could be a problem. We might cross the line that divides a political body from a seminar."

Numerous people, not all of them skeptics, wonder about a political leader who is so strongly admired across so wide a spectrum. They look searchingly for the defect in character or judgment, the evidence that there must be less there than meets the eye. The defect, if it is one, is Foley's considerable caution. "Caution is the rap on Tom in the House," says the chairman of a major committee, who, like the others, is a Foley partisan. Some members see Foley's caution as an essential brake on the occasionally aberrant tendencies within the body, while others find him overcautious and wonder whether he will take the necessary risks at critical moments. "His caution works for and against him," Pat Williams says. "Many liberal members feel that his caution prevents him from moving decisively on some issues." But would they support him for Speaker if or when Jim Wright should leave? "There aren't a dozen liberals who would oppose him," Wil-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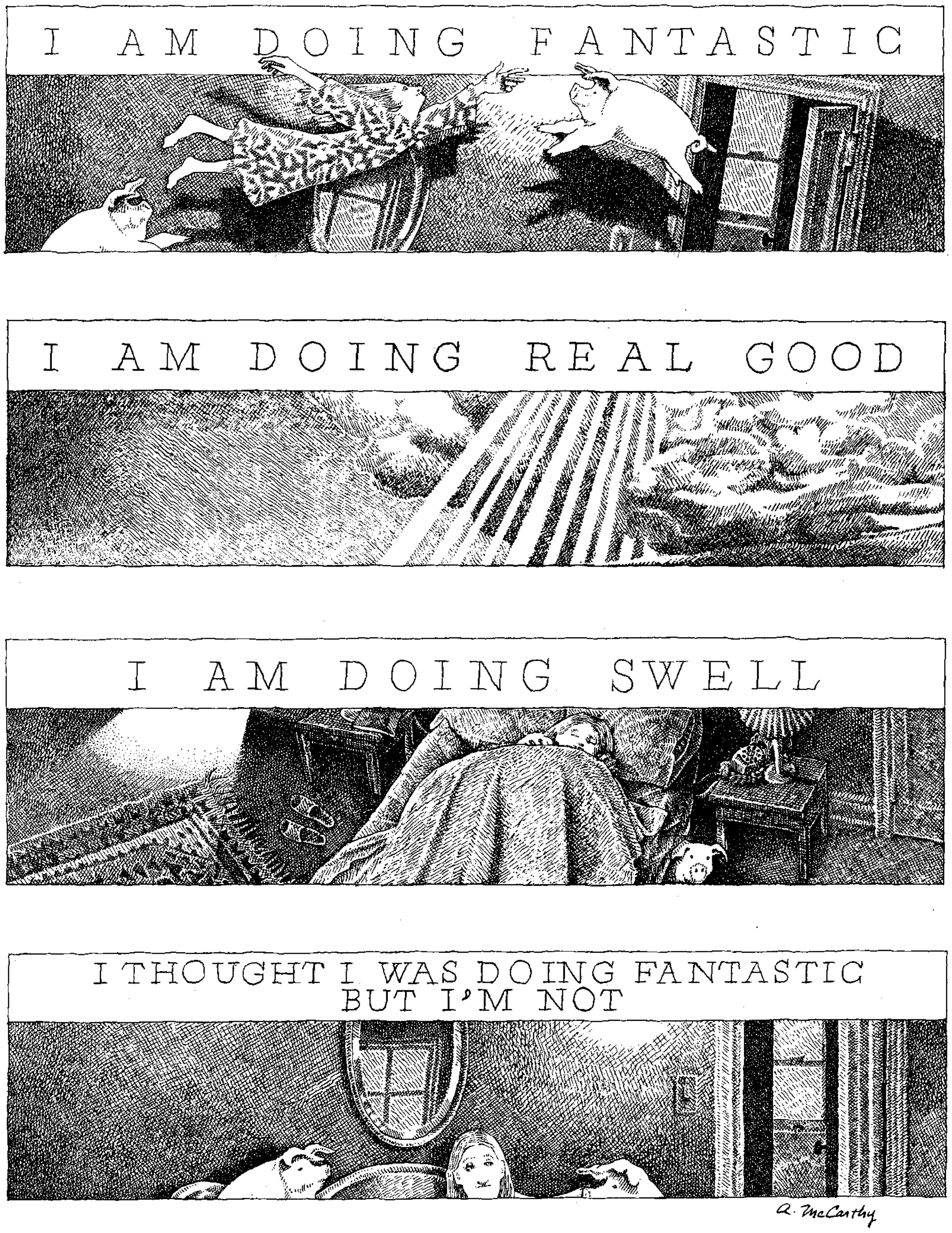
I AM DOING FANTASTIC
I AM DOING REAL GOOD
I AM DOING SWELL
I THOUGHT I WAS DOING FANTASTIC BUT I'M NOT
R. McCarthy

• •

liams says. "And neither would the boll weevils oppose him." Foley's voting record puts him in the liberal wing, but conservative Southerners nonetheless give him very high marks.

"One of his virtues as a human being—diffidence—is probably his only defect as a leader," Barney Frank says. "He isn't as assertive as some would like him to be. He really resembles a late-nineteenth-century British Member of Parliament."

The House sees Foley's caution as traceable largely to his intellectual side; this congenial figure who shows remarkable tolerance for fools and bores may also be the most intellectually versatile of the members, some of them believe. His ability to see all sides of an issue, and find a downside when others may see only an upside, is a source of many Foleyesque anecdotes. One day back in the mid-nineteen-seventies, for example, Floyd Hicks, who is now retired but is also from Washington State and arrived in the House with Foley, approached him on the floor and asked if there were three good reasons to vote for a bill being debated. Foley provided the reasons and then astonished Hicks by voting against it. When Hicks asked him why, Foley observed that Hicks hadn't also asked for the reasons to vote no; he had at least three of those, too.

I asked around about Foley's critics. George Miller was identified as perhaps the toughest and most articulate of them. Miller is currently the chairman of the Select Committee on Children, Youth, and Families; and he is an authentic and aggressive liberal (more of one than Foley as the term is normally used). He is also frank, and seems not so much a critic of Foley as a monitor. "As Majority Leader, he isn't aggressive," Miller says. "And I am very happy with him. As for giving him the Speaker's job, I want to reserve my right to look at that when it arises. Right now, the leadership is a little cowboyish." The reference is to Wright and Coelho. "We have to be damn glad we have someone thoughtful in the middle. Tom is a tempering influence on those who are prone to flex their power. Sometimes he identifies too many options, but he is also a strong advocate once he has decided. I got into a shouting match with him yesterday. He listens and then says, 'Are you done? Would you like to talk about the ramifications of this now?' I think he thinks sometimes that I'm a maniac. We can do a hell of a lot of damage in an afternoon up here. A few people read a Gallup Poll or a story just off the ticker and we're off and running. Tom is the rock. Also, we take great comfort if it is Tom who is representing the Democrats on, say, 'Face the Nation.' He increases the comfort factor for Democrats."

Foley understands, as Ronald Reagan did, that what one says on television is less important than how one says it and the effect of the words. Some of his colleagues say that Foley resembles Reagan not just in knowing how to use television but in his keen awareness of the impact of symbols and traditional values. But, unlike Reagan, Foley isn't just communicating effectively; he is actually saying something

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with genuine content and merit. He is therefore called upon as often as anyone for the network talk shows, and is widely regarded as the best of his party's spokesmen and advocates.

Many members of both houses think that Thomas Stephen Foley could be the best President the country will probably never have. "If we had a parliamentary system, Foley would have been President a long time ago," says Norman Dicks, class of '76 and a former football star from the University of Washington. Dicks, known as Stormin' Norman, is now an influential member of Appropriations and is active on arms-control issues.

"Foley makes academics yearn for something more like the parliamentary system, where the first among equals in the majority party's leadership usually leads the country," says Thomas Mann, who heads government studies at the Brookings Institution, in Washington, D.C. Around the corner from Brookings, at the American Enterprise Institute, Norman J. Ornstein, Mann's opposite number, says, "Foley is the guy academics would pick to run for President." And so would some of Washington's press corps. For example, David Broder, of the Washington *Post*, who is the doyen of political columnists, ran Foley for President in a piece he wrote more than a year ago:

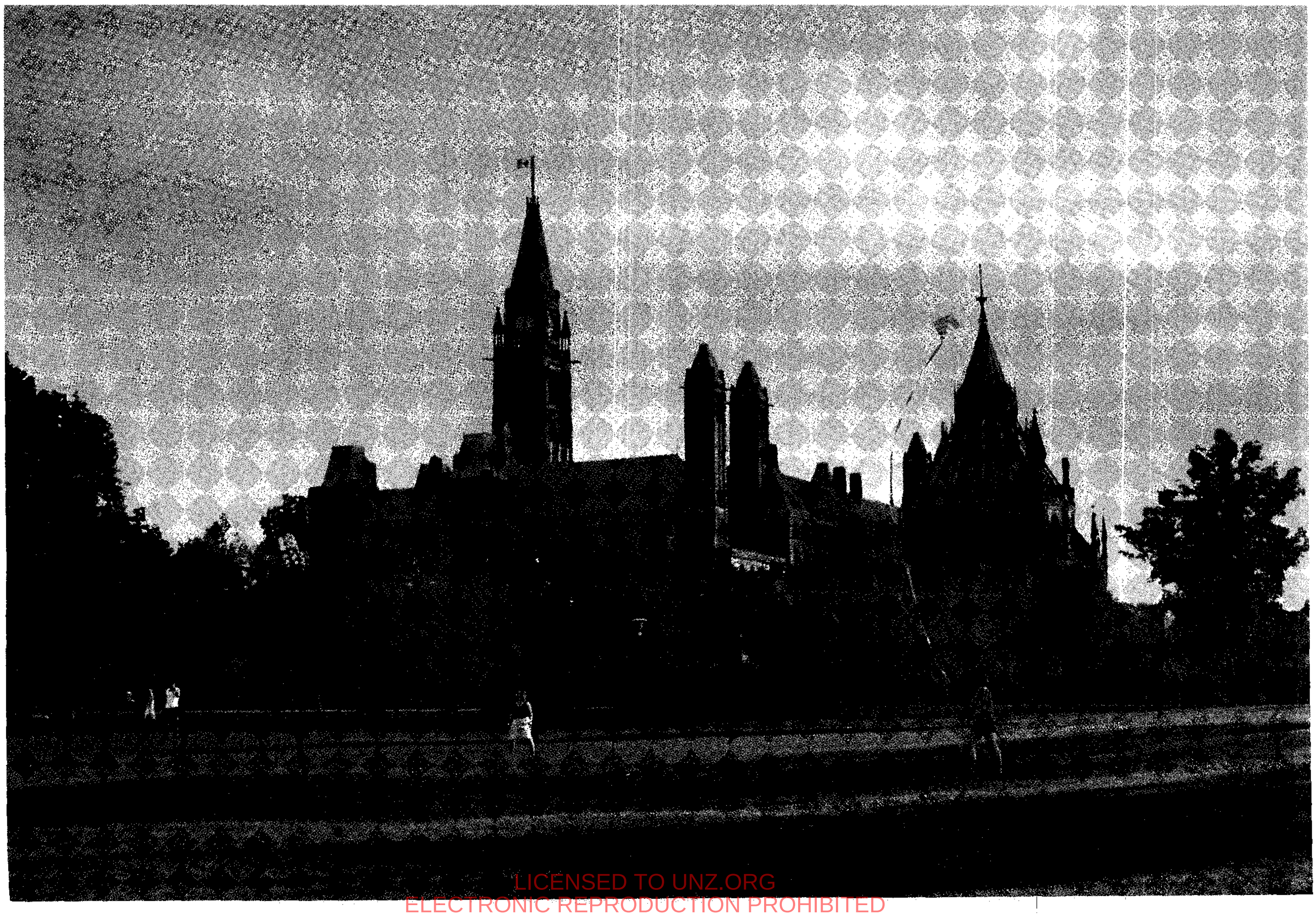
> He has brains, wit and a demonstrable instinct and talent for moving the big issues, like budget-deficit reduction, toward resolution. He is trusted by the politicians of both parties. His personal familiarity with the current and emerging leaders of Britain, Europe and Japan is unrivaled by any State Department careerist. He is the one man in Washington who was invited to breakfast, lunch and dinner with Mikhail Gorbachev last week.
>
> Even the Democrats, dim-witted as they are, may find themselves desperate enough to notice him.

"There was a lot of Foley for President sentiment in the House if the Convention had deadlocked," Barney Frank says. "But Foley wouldn't involve himself in any of this. He rolled his eyes." Nor would he allow his name to be placed on the Dukakis shortlist for Vice-President; he discouraged colleagues who were pushing in that direction, and, in the end, declined to fill out the disclosure papers that aspirants must complete.

Foley as President is probably fantasy, but it is a fantasy that is rather widely shared. "I wish he would run," says Mo Udall, who lost to Jimmy Carter in the primaries of 1976 and then wrote a book called "Too Funny to Be President." Udall says, "I know how he feels. I've advised him that he doesn't have to make a run but could let people know he'd be willing to be a consensus candidate. He has the size and the vision. His judgment is superb. I've rarely seen him go wrong, and he provides the balance. I can't think of anyone better suited."

There is an odd sameness about attitudes on the Hill toward Foley and his future. He will be Speaker, people say. But he should be President, many add. "It is only a matter of time before he is Speaker," Henry Hyde says. "I wish he were a Republican. If he were, he could be a Presidential candidate. He isn't carrying any baggage. The Democrats are missing a bet."

Most political grandees, or aspirant grandees, are never quite the same after being told that the Oval Office is where they really belong. Here, again, Foley appears to be an exception. He talks and behaves as if he really were unwill-



ing to put himself through the exhausting and degrading process that running for the nomination of one's party has become. "I've never had the ambition you'd need to go through the agony that candidates must endure—the demands and pressure thrust upon them and on their families," he says. "I don't fantasize about 'Hail to the Chief' and presiding over summit meetings. We all have strong egos in this business, but unless you are thrust forward by circumstance, as Gerald Ford was, you'd have to be driven by desire to be President—consumed by desire just to compete for the semifinals. It's said that I'm cautious, and I suppose that's true. But I'm also burdened by introspection and a sense of realism about politics."

What about the talk of Foley as a candidate?

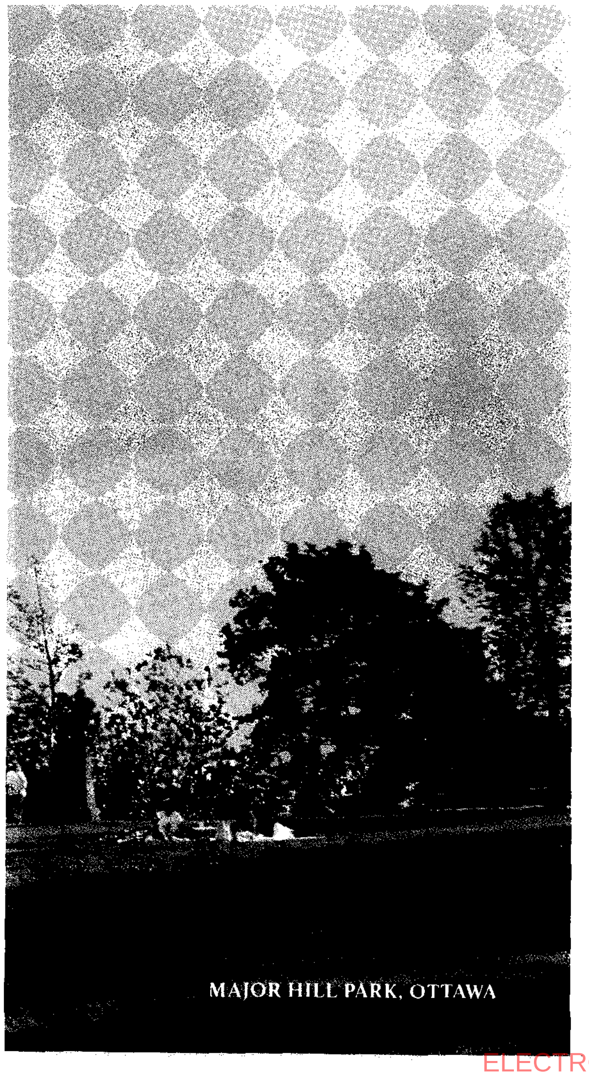
"I end up partly embarrassed and partly flattered—but not flattered enough to put together a steering committee," he says. "My political career has been within the House of Representatives, and that is where it will stay. To me, running without the prospect of winning"—the nomination, that is—"is unthinkable. I don't want to say never. We B types do not exclude the political fates."

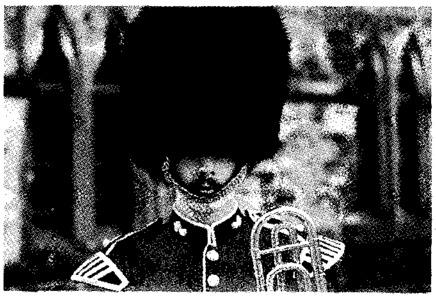
Foley divides politicians into Types A and B. The Type A, he says, is, for instance, a former student-body president who will attend annual dinners of his Cub Scout pack, has always declared his intention of becoming a United States Senator, and may even make it. The Type B's political career is probably fortuitous, Foley thinks, and he places himself squarely in that category. Although the record tends to support him—anecdotally, at least—Foley's self-characterization may be a bit simpler than the truth. David Robinson, a banker in Spokane, grew up with him in South Hill, Spokane's silk-stocking district, and they went through school together. Robinson served as treasurer of all of Foley's campaigns until six years ago, when he joined Spokane's City Council and decided against continuing to take part in them. He recently consulted their old high-school yearbook and was reminded that Tom Foley's nickname in school was Senator. And it had been clear even then to Robinson—if it wasn't to Foley—that his friend would have a political career.

Foley's roots lie within his district. His mother, Helen Foley, still lives in South Hill; she is eighty-seven. Her father, Stephen Higgins, was an Irish-immigrant railroad worker who eventually settled in Hartline, a village of a few hundred about ninety miles west of Spokane, in prime wheat country. He prospered there, becoming the main shareholder in a grain-elevator company and an owner of considerable land in wheat.

Foley's paternal grandfather, Cornelius, began as a gandy dancer and became the foreman of the Great Northern's boiler shops in Spokane's railroad center. His wife "was considered the grievance committee," Tom Foley says. He adds, "This was before the railroad brotherhoods, and Cornelius Foley was known as a hard man. He'd fire a man quickly. Her role was to undo the damage when too much of it had been done."

Old friends say that understanding Foley means knowing something about his father, Ralph Foley, and their rela-





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tionship. "Ralph Foley was the person he resembles emotionally and intellectually," Henry Higgins, Tom's cousin and friend, says. "They were very close." Ralph Foley, a legendary figure in Spokane, died suddenly in April of 1985, at the age of eighty-four. Friends in Spokane say that Foley had difficulty in coping with his father's death. He doesn't disagree. "It's still a little hard for me to accept," he says soberly. "It's one of those things, you know."

During the nineteen-thirties, Ralph Foley was the Spokane County prosecutor, and then he served as a superior-court judge for thirty-five years—the longest-serving judge in the state's history, says his son, who was five years old when his father was elected prosecutor, and grew up in a political environment. In 1937, Ralph Foley presided over the investigation and indictment of two county commissioners who were subsequently convicted for taking kickbacks from restaurants that were providing subsidized handouts to victims of the Depression. Foley recalls a very tall state policeman who checked his father's car for explosives each day during that period, because there was some suspicion that the sheriff's office might be involved.

"Everyone loved Judge Foley, even some of those he gave stiff sentences," says Justin (Bud) Quackenbush, whose father was deputy prosecutor under Ralph Foley and then became a judge himself. Bud Quackenbush and Tom Foley were boyhood friends, took their bar exams together, and served side by side as deputy prosecutors for a time. Until Quackenbush went on the federal bench, in 1979, he was Foley's campaign manager. He says that Ralph Foley "was the only judge anyone can remember whom defendants would occasionally thank after being sentenced," and adds, "I see a lot of Judge Foley in Tom." Ralph Foley's legacy seems to have been a fixed judiciousness mixed with compassion.

Carl Maxey, who is one of Spokane's few black lawyers and probably its most successful criminal and divorce counsellor, echoes Quackenbush. "All the Spokane lawyers had a love affair with Judge Foley," he says. At sixty-four, Maxey is an authority on local judges, past and present. For the first twenty-five years of his practice, he says, he was the only black lawyer between Spokane and the Twin Cities, and he recalls, "In the early days, there were counties in this district where I would be called 'nigger' in court, occasionally by the judge." Maxey grew up partly in a Spokane orphanage and partly with Coeur d'Alene Indians just across the border in Idaho; the tribe took him in after he and the only other black in the orphanage were tossed out by the board, which voted not only to expel them but also to refuse admittance to black children in the future. Maxey finds amusement in this story, as he does in the past generally. He is a jovial, burly man—a former light-heavyweight boxer—with a startling shock of white hair. "I first remember Tom Foley as a kid running around the courthouse," he says. "He tried his first case [as a prosecutor] against me, and I kicked his ass." (Maxey was representing a doctor who had performed an abortion after which the woman died.) He is a Foley partisan and a veteran of the Foley campaigns, having worked in all of them.

South Hill is a distinctly prosperous neighborhood, with numerous large and generally well-designed houses of no special style, many of them affording fine views of the city. Foley grew up in two smaller but quite attractive Cape Cod houses. He still identifies some of the South Hill houses with the names of school chums who lived in them. David Robinson was one of them. He recalls Foley as tall, gangly, and uncoördinated. "He was a superb scholar but a poor student," Robinson says. "He wasn't interested in grades, but he had tremendous depth." At Gonzaga High School, the Jesuit high school, Foley was often in trouble with one or another of the faculty members, and he recalls flunking algebra. "I had a checkered academic career," he says. In his junior year at Gonzaga University, in Spokane, he entered what he refers to as "one of my cycles of mediocre scholarship," and he recalls, "The dean called me in to talk about it. We differed, and he observed that with my kind of attitude maybe I shouldn't be

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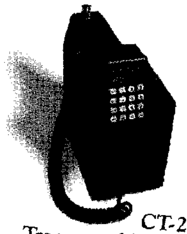

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there anyway. I said, 'I guess you're right about that.' " Foley transferred to the University of Washington, in Seattle, and two years later he enrolled in the law school, but upon hearing the dean there describe the law as a business that should be treated as such he withdrew, and instead did two years of graduate work in international affairs, specializing in Soviet studies. Foley then gave the law school a second chance, but says he has since been glad that he occupied himself for two years with learning about Russia.

The somewhat defiant early Foley coexisted with a bibliophile and budding collector of period and modern furniture who also had a well-developed ear for good music. Politics aside, these are still his chief interests—especially music and most especially Bach. Scott Lukins, an attorney in Spokane, and Foley's current campaign manager, has been a friend of his for about fifty years, he says—since early school days. Lukins and Foley shared the upper half of a house with two others while they were graduate students. "I remember him best for the breadth of his reading then and for his library," Lukins says. "He was ordering his books from Blackwell's, of Oxford, and even then he had a taste for good modern furniture. Also, he never exercised."

Foley intended to follow in his father's footsteps. After practicing law briefly with his cousin Hank Higgins, he became a deputy prosecutor and then an assistant attorney general for the state. In 1961, his life veered sharply off course: he went to Washington to become a member of the entourage of Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson as a special counsel on the Senate Interior Committee. Jackson and Washington's other Senator, Warren G. Magnuson (Scoop and Maggie), provided their state with more power and influence than any other pair in the Senate at the time. In the spring of 1963, Jackson suggested to Foley that he think about running for Congress. The way to go about it would be to join a law practice in Spokane and build a candidacy. Foley was unresponsive and made no move. Then, a year or so later—in March of 1964, he thinks—he raised the matter with Jackson, but Jackson seemed to think they had already talked about it and Foley had been unresponsive. "Scoop was testy," Foley says, and the conversation was inconclusive. Still, although Foley didn't say so, Jackson's support was never in doubt.

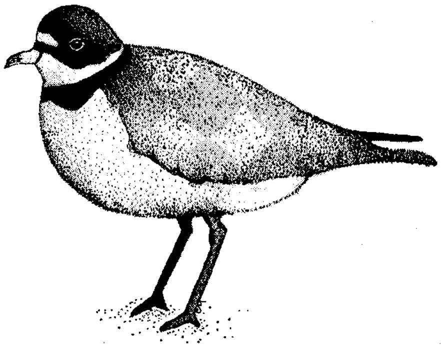
By early summer, people in the Fifth District were wondering whom the Democrats would run against Walt Horan, the Republican incumbent, who was very popular and had represented the district for twenty-two years. Spokane has the state's largest Catholic minority, and three prominent Irish-Catholic lawyers—Robert Dellwo, Thomas Delaney, and Bernard Gallagher—had tried their luck against Horan, and lost decisively. It looked as if Bernie Gallagher were gearing up for another run.

On July 16th, the day before the deadline for filing, Foley went to the Spokane Club, the city's premier men's club, for lunch. At the grill, he ran into some fellow-Democrats, including Joseph Drumheller, who was the chief bankroller of local Democratic candidates and a kingmaker of sorts. They talked about the next congressional campaign. Foley recalls saying, "I'll run in '66 if Bernie doesn't make it this time."

"No, you won't," said Drumheller. "You won't run unless you get an engraved invitation handed you on a silver Tiffany tray. If you haven't the stuff to run this year, you won't do it next time."

Foley recalls being taken aback, and asking whether he'd have Drumheller's support if he did make the run then. Drumheller said yes, and added that Foley (as yet untried) would be a stronger candidate than Gallagher, and could even win. Foley tells the story to illustrate his Type B nature. More than twenty-four years later, he says, "I am morally certain that if Joe Drumheller hadn't come to lunch on July 16, 1964, I wouldn't be a member of Congress."

After wiring his resignation to Scoop Jackson, Foley had to worry about the deadline for filing. A contrived hoopla that falls just short of floats and sequinned elephants normally accompanies the début of a fresh face, but Foley was overdrawn at the bank, and couldn't even pay the filing fee. He showed up at the statehouse in Olympia just minutes before the 5 P.M. deadline, with funds borrowed from Hank Higgins, who accompanied him. With this gesture, Foley surprised himself more than he did various friends, who had expected him to run but not to win. "I didn't think he had a chance," Bob Dellwo says. "If I'd thought differently, I'd have run myself. Tom first asked me very carefully if I did intend to run."



Higgins felt that 1964 would be a good year for a Democrat, because Lyndon Johnson would have long coattails. Spokane's Democrats generally disagreed. Their state is fiercely independent, and has a strong tradition of ticket-splitting, which goes back to the Grange and Populist movements of the last century. The idea is that people matter but parties are bad. Washington is one of the states whose voters don't register a party affiliation. Also, the Fifth District was then sending Republicans to the state legislature (and still is). Walla Walla, to the south, was and is a Republican stronghold, and the counties north and west of Spokane as far as the Cascades were full of John Birchers.

Foley appeared to be yet another in the line of high-minded Gonzaga-bred Irish Catholics who had broken their picks trying to upend Walt Horan, a man of many strengths and few visible weaknesses. "Nobody gave Tom a ghost of a chance against Walt Horan," says Maxey, who recalls "working day and night putting up Foley signs and tearing down Horan signs."

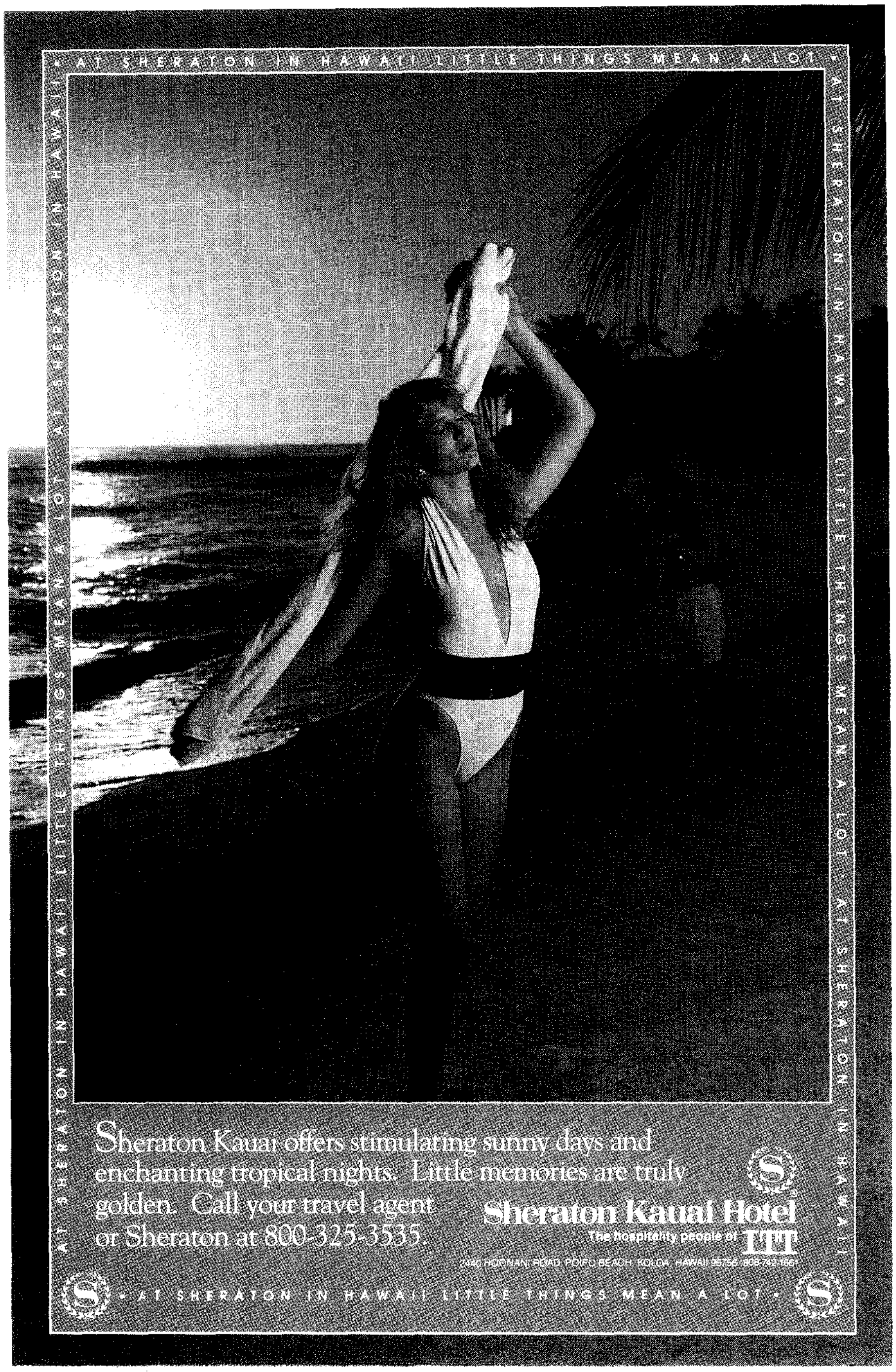
The campaign is still talked about. Late last October, just before the election, the Seattle *Times* had an Op-Ed piece comparing Foley's respectful treatment of Horan in 1964 with the nastiness of the 1988 Presidential campaign. Back then, Foley spoke of his respect for Horan and how much his opponent had done for the district. He also surprised Horan, among many others, by winning. Foley and his chief accomplices—Quackenbush and Higgins—were, in Higgins's words, "three guys who knew a little about politics but nothing about campaigns." What Quackenbush remembers most clearly is "marching around a piano in some remote byway and singing 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' with the ladies of the Grange."

Johnson's coattails may have helped —they did elsewhere in the state—but the Fifth District was always the hardest on Democrats. Foley scored heavily in talking about issues, showing that he knew more than Horan even about agricultural problems. But Horan was far better than Foley at the retail end—shaking hands up and down the street. "Tom isn't comfortable with that side of politics," Higgins says. Some people, including a reporter named William First, who wrote about the campaign for the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, thought that the only debate of the campaign, which was held in Wenatchee, Horan's home town, may have made the difference. "I was very impressed and thought then for the first time that he had a chance," says First, who seems to have been so impressed that he left his job after the election to become Foley's press secretary; he is now retired.

Foley did best in the strongly Catholic precincts of Spokane, as he still does, but he quite unexpectedly carried the rest of the district as well, except for the wheat country south of the city. The Fifth is huge, extending north from the Oregon border to the frontier of British Columbia, a two-hundred-mile span, embracing mountains, desert, and forest. The district has more diversity than some entire states, but beyond Spokane it is largely rural.

"Foley seemed so out of place, with his stately manner," says a former campaign aide in recalling the confrontation between the untried candidate and the cowboys, the ranchers, the Indians, and a few badly off farmers in Okanogan County, which occupies the north-central part of the state. "There he'd be on the streets of these cowtowns wearing a dark-blue suit, which he occasionally abandoned for a dark-blue blazer. Once, I said, 'Do you think you're maybe overdressed?' He said, 'These people aren't voting for president of the Rotary Club. I don't believe anyone wants to be represented by someone who doesn't look and act the part of a member of Congress.' "

A dark three-button suit and wingtip shoes are the standard Foley uniform, however rough-hewn the audience. "Everyone thought he should get a little manure on his shoes," Maxey says. "But Tom does things his own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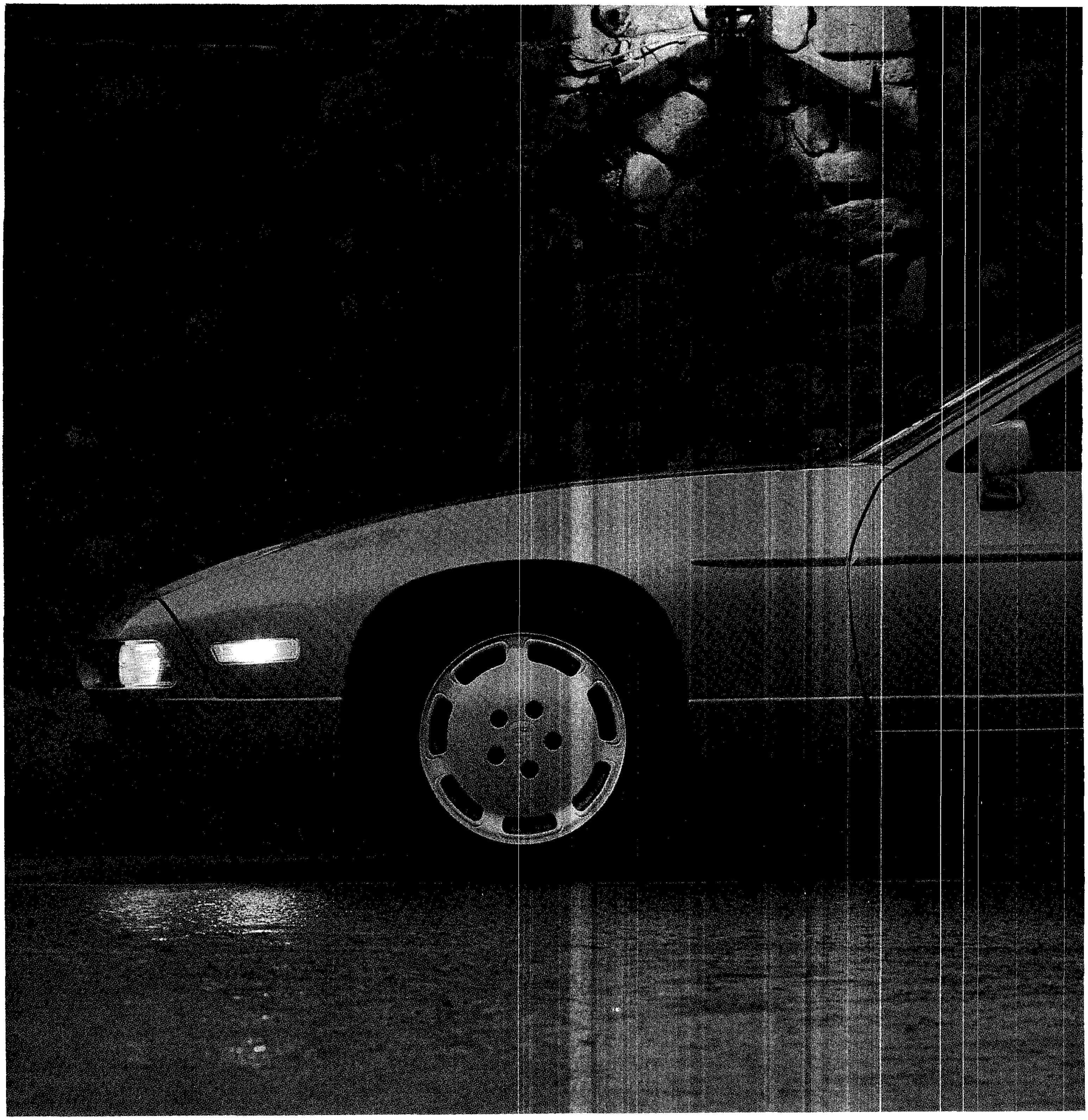

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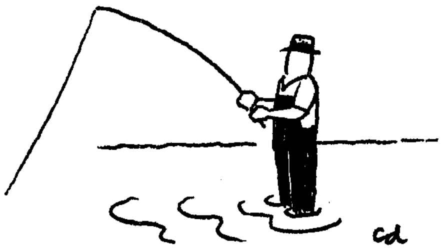
way, and it has worked." According to his staff, it works because he is instantly seen by everyone as unstuffy and complete, and can therefore wear whatever he likes with impunity. His size and other physical attributes also help. Foley is tall and heavily built. His face is etched with intelligence; the features are strong and pronounced, and they clearly mirror the Higgins-Foley antecedents. Ralph Foley, it is said, was trim and ramrod straight. His only son, whose weight fluctuates dramatically, resembles the bulkier Higgins tribe. Foley ambles with an unhurried gait somewhat reminiscent of political figures of the sort who were seen not long ago on Capitol Hill or strolling around Boston's Faneuil Hall. The effect is arresting and amiable, and it isn't hard to understand how this bulky, well-turned-out intellectual might appeal to the loggers, cowboys, and farmers of the rural Northwest.

But back in the mid-sixties Foley's political prospects weren't good, even after he beat Horan, by a modest but respectable three-per-cent-plus margin. The 1966 election looked as if it would correct an aberration and return the seat to steady Republican hands. The challenger was Dorothy Powers, a columnist with the *Spokesman-Review* (which Harry S. Truman once called second only to the Chicago *Tribune* as the country's worst). "She had a lot of money and name recognition," Quackenbush recalls. "And Richard Nixon came out that year to campaign for her."

Ms. Powers had been with the paper for twenty years or so. Her name recognition did greatly exceed Foley's, and 1966 was an off-year election, in which Democrats were certain to lose seats that they had captured two years before, when L.B.J. could do no wrong. But, like many—probably most—highly successful politicians, Foley has had at least his share of good luck. Making few mistakes himself, he has benefitted from those of the opposition, not least in its selection of challengers. Although Ms. Powers was a strong opponent, she managed to create the impression that she had reneged on a commitment to debate Foley—a formidable debater—on television. That hurt her. Foley not only won but did a little better than he had against Horan. Over the next decade, his majorities became steadily larger and his opponents steadily weaker and less promising. Most of them had neither money, experience, nor a gift for campaigning.

In 1972, Foley's opponent was Clarice Privette, a tombstone salesperson, who was said to have sold her washing machine to pay the filing fee. She didn't like being called by reporters and civic groups, and she made only two appearances during the campaign, so Foley got almost eighty-two per cent of the vote. This was also the year when the State Legislature, controlled by Republicans, gerrymandered the Fifth District; Foley lost the westernmost counties, including Okanogan, the most remote of them, and acquired the more reliably Republican Walla Walla area. Well before taking his leave of Okanogan, however, he agreed to serve as a grand marshal in an annual rodeo, called the Omak Stampede, after the main event, which involved Indian braves and cowboys racing their mustangs on a suicidal course down a mountain. Foley—far more an indoor than an outdoor person—had the option of discharging his function from the saddle or from a horse-drawn carriage. He unwisely opted for being *à cheval*, and was honored with a finely bred and eager animal, which responded to the start of the ceremonies by flying off with him in the opposite direction from that being taken by the other dignitaries. The voters of Okanogan lost a potent political figure, but their memory of him is imperishable.

Foley's next opponent was a pharmaceutical salesman named Gary Gage, a member of Spokane's chapter of the John Birch Society, who campaigned with a goat; at each stop, he would ask the audience, "Government got your goat?" Foley drew sixty-four per cent of the vote. Shortly after that election, he unexpectedly became the chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, thanks to the mutinous class of '74, which voted out the incumbent, a Texan named W. R. Poage—one of the three committee chairmen selected for this rough treatment. Foley was then forty-five, and, according to his staff, the youngest man to be the chairman of a major House committee up to that time. It was a committee perfectly matched with the larger interests of the heavily agricultural Fifth District. Foley seemed to be in open water. However, his worst political troubles lay not far ahead. They began in the summer of 1976, when his opponent, Charles Kimball, and his wife and eighteen-month-old baby were killed in a private-plane crash. Foley reacted by silencing his own campaign; ads were pulled and appearances cancelled. A tire dealer named Duane Alton thereupon popped up to make the run against Foley. Alton, another right-winger, was resourceful and well financed. "A marvellous campaigner who worked very hard" is how Bob Dellwo remembers him. "He had three times as many people working the campaign as Foley did," Dellwo says. Alton campaigned against Foley as an absentee congressman: "Have you seen Tom Foley lately? He's taking your vote for granted." It was effective. "There was an aura of complacency," Dellwo says. "We couldn't imagine Tom losing." He didn't lose, but Alton cut his majority to fifty-eight per cent, and would quite clearly be even tougher in the off-year 1978 election.

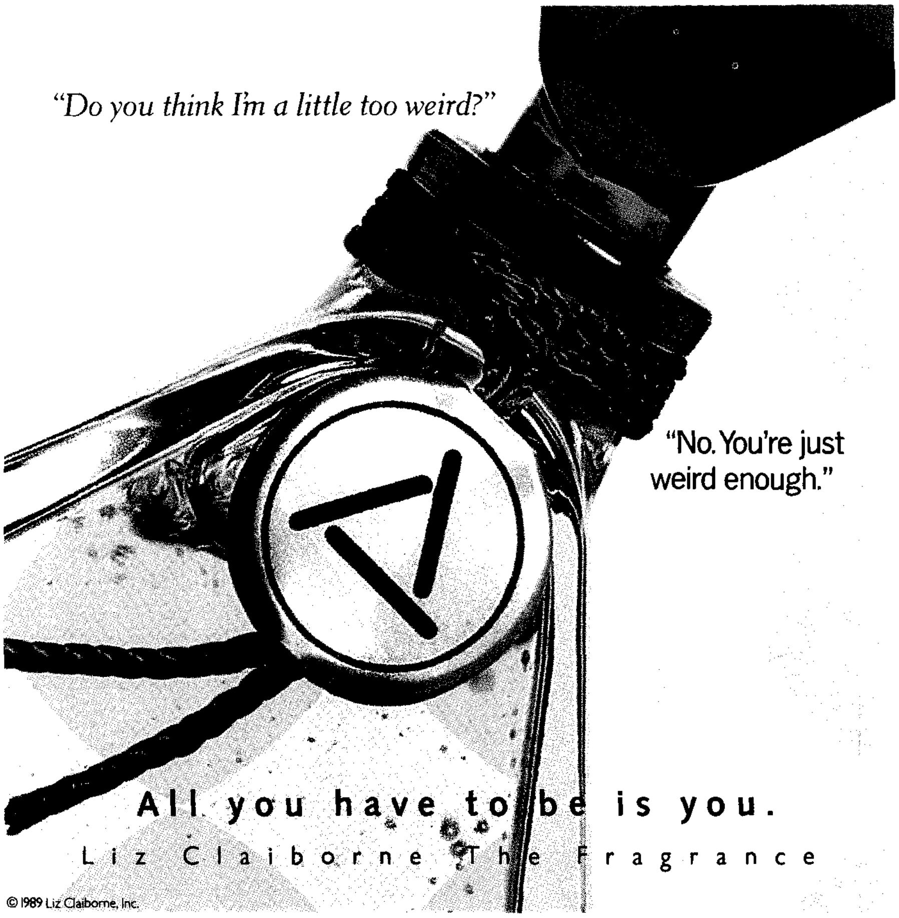


Foley launched his preparations for the '78 campaign by quitting smoking *and* losing seventy pounds. His success in ending a habit of roughly thirty cigarettes a day while actually losing instead of gaining weight awed his staff. Also around this time, a polling group sampled the attitudes of voters in the Fifth District toward various issues, along with their feelings about Foley's stand on these issues. It turned out that about seventy per cent of the voters disagreed with Foley on issues but were unaware of the positions he had taken on them. "They had thought he was voting with them," says Luke Williams, a prominent Spokane Republican, who arranged the poll. The Republican central committee decided against using the poll in campaign ads, because it also showed that Foley would beat Alton. The committee's decision may have been a serious error, because the Foley campaign was jolted by the surprise entry of a third candidate—Mel Tonasket, an Indian from a nearby reservation, who was the president of the National Congress of American Indians and the chairman of the Colville tribe. Tonasket had run in the primary as a Republican and lost to Alton. "Mel was a terrific speaker," David Robinson says. "We were very worried about him. The tribes in the district are a significant vote. Mel got it all." Tonasket got about ten per cent, all of it leached from Foley's base. Foley ended up with just forty-nine per cent of the vote—his first and only plurality. But it was enough to beat Alton.

In 1980, the problem was the heavy Ronald Reagan tide. Foley's opponent was a well-financed doctor named John Sonneland. Foley staggered home the winner with just fifty-two per cent of the vote. It was his last squeaker, however. In 1984, when the Reagan tide was even heavier than in 1980, Foley ran slightly ahead of him in the Fifth, obtaining seventy per cent of the vote.

Although Foley is a national figure, and also brings help to a district that usually needs it, his remarkably high acceptance level is more than a little odd. He opposes the death penalty with apparent impunity. His position on abortion—pro-choice—dismays the Christian right and cannot be a source of joy to Spokane's large Catholic precincts, on whose support he has always relied. In the 1976 Alton campaign, Foley was heavily attacked on this issue. He responded by placing a large institutional ad in a Catholic newspaper with the signatures of some five hundred Catholics. The ad was a kind of broad testimonial, and it helped.

Foley has always kept to leeward of the most turbulent local issue—gun control. His district is known as one of the nation's most vigilant in its defense of the supposed Second Amendment guarantee of an individual's right to keep and bear arms. A not uncommon sight on its roads is a pickup truck with a National Rifle Association bumper sticker and a Foley sticker. Some of the other bumper stickers say, "This family is insured by Smith & Wesson," and "You'll take my gun from my cold dead hand." Gun control is heavily symbolic. In the Fifth, as throughout most of the West, it isn't a party issue, or one that divides country people from city people. "It would be like telling someone in California he couldn't have his car," says a Spokane newspaperman. Foley says, "The question at a plant gate, if there is one, will nine times out of ten be about gun control. It is hardly ever a question about un-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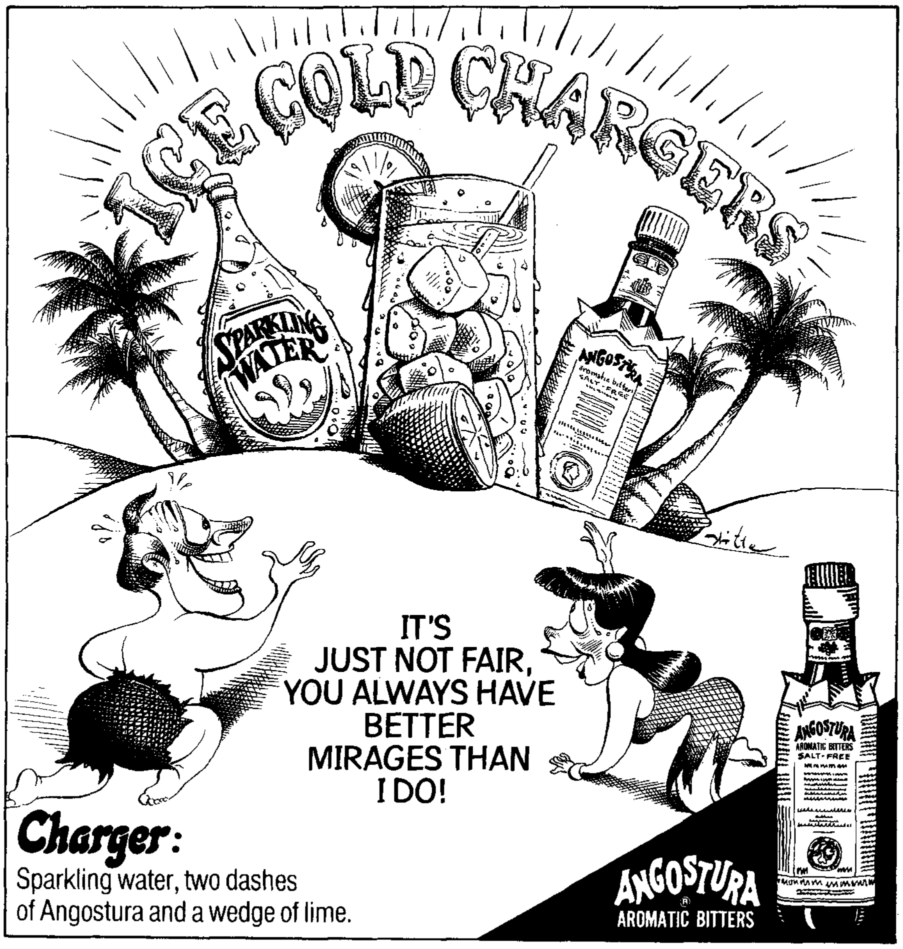
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employment or parental leave." He votes against gun control.

In discussing the subject, Foley takes a detached tone. He is bemused by the zealots on the N.R.A. side—those who argue, for example, that banning the purchase of automatic weapons by mail order might lead to the confiscation of hunting rifles or shotguns. "The intensity is such that the behavior of people who oppose gun control troubles me." (He often talks sombrely about the "religious character" or "theology" of positions he regards as extreme.) The subject of one story he likes to tell (about as often as he relates the Omak Stampede epic) was a man who he says was taller and brawnier than anyone else he has ever seen outside a circus. During a campaign stop at some far-off place in the district, this behemoth strode through the door wearing crossed cartridge bandoliers in the style of an erstwhile Mexican bandit. "Where's Foley?" he asked. He then slammed one of the bandoliers on a table at which Foley was seated, and announced, "These are my shells and neither you nor any other little shit in Congress is going to take them or my gun. I know who you are and where to find you."

Bud Quackenbush and Scott Lukins say that in one of the early campaigns Foley was accused by his opponent of favoring gun control. By speaking and voting the other way, however, he seems to have neutralized the issue; indeed, the N.R.A. has given Foley one of its Defender of Freedom awards, which includes a statue of a Minuteman. "His problem out here is that he waves his certificate but isn't convincing," Lukins says.

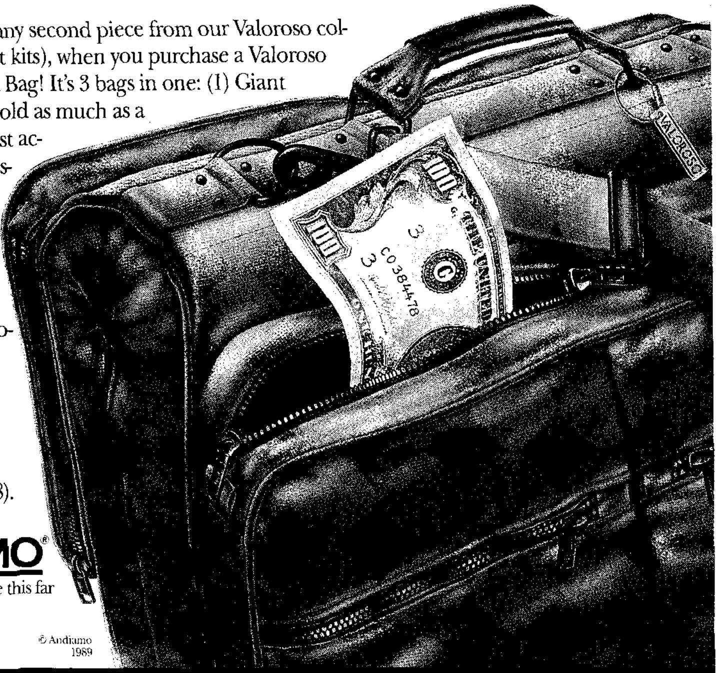
Perhaps. But opposition efforts to portray Foley as devious on gun control have come to nothing. He has occasionally been criticized in the press for his stated position, although it is one that is common to most Western liberals; they are probably right in feeling that going against the N.R.A. would invite defeat, and big-city liberals who struggle unavailingly for gun control tend to excuse those among their colleagues who vote with the N.R.A. in order to survive. "Before you save the world, you have to save your seat," says George Miller, a serious gun-control advocate, who, because of the committee he chairs, is especially concerned about children shooting other children.

"Tom has to keep his roots watered, too," Chicago's Sid Yates says.

Foley isn't defensive about gun control, and actually seems to enjoy discussing it, as he does most issues. He wonders whether the issue might be less contentious if the Johnson Administration "hadn't gone after rifles in 1968," following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Early last November, just before the election, I watched Foley engage the student body of Gonzaga Prep (as it is now called), his alma mater. One of the questions put to him was about gun control, and what he told the students was essentially what he had earlier said to me. A law requiring national registration of guns, he said, would have substantial noncompliance. His experience as a prosecutor had convinced him that neither the thugs nor law-abiding citizens would comply, and it would be unhealthy to have these otherwise good citizens breaking the law. There may be a hundred and fifty or two hundred million guns around, of which about sixty million are handguns, Foley reckons. He could see no way of controlling possession of such weapons short of intrusion into homes. More than half the dwellings in the country contain guns, he thinks. And a federally imposed restriction would be subject to more abuse than any existing statute since Prohibition.

"My father would never have owned a gun," Foley says. "He saw a lot of violence as a prosecutor." Foley now does some occasional game-bird shooting, and thinks that "what you shoot you should eat." Since shooting birds is exclusively an outdoor activity, it gave Foley's staff an idea some years ago. They worried about his aversion to jeans and big hats—to pretending to be something he wasn't. So during a trip they got Foley to agree to an alfresco "photo op," and, suitably outfitted, he posed holding a fifteen-pound goose he had shot. He has since dressed casually for an occasional ad built around his interest in preserving some bit of the district's wilderness heritage. Otherwise, nothing has changed. "I've never seen him in a parka and flannel shirt except doing errands on a weekend," a staff member says.

FOLEY'S importance to his district can hardly be overstated. It hasn't had much to be puffed up about since the World's Fair Expo '74, which



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Foley worked hard to have held in Spokane. The Inland Empire, as the area calls itself, was harder hit by the recession of the early nineteen-eighties than most of the rest of the country. Unlike Seattle, Spokane is an unbustling place; it betrays no signs of imminent growth, or even of activity. The leading edge of the business community has put together a sensible program for promoting growth, and a few weeks before the last election Boeing Commercial Airplanes announced plans to build a plant in Spokane. People there suspect that but for Tom Foley the Boeing people, who have not previously been a presence east of the Cascades, would have put the plant elsewhere. "No one doubts he exercised some influence," Scott Lukins says. "He doesn't enjoy that kind of politics, but he will do it and knows how to do it."

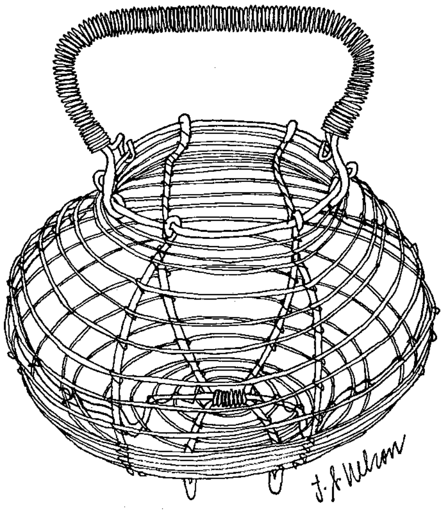
Politically, the Foley dynamic is creating strange political events. For example, in the 1988 campaign a Republican named Slade Gorton ran for a recently vacated Senate seat against Michael Lowry, who was then a Democratic representative from Seattle. Foley's active support for his fellow-Democrat was seen as a problem by the Gorton people, and they decided to run a television ad aimed at coöpting Foley, who, although he doesn't hold a state office, is the heavy hitter of the Northwest. (Gorton narrowly upset Lowry.) The text of the ad, which Foley did not find amusing, went:

> We know that Tom Foley had to make this ad for Seattle liberal Mike Lowry, despite their many fundamental disagreements.
>
> Lowry opposed the farm bill Tom Foley helped write.
>
> Lowry opposed new defense work in Spokane and Tri-Cities that Tom Foley supports.
>
> And Lowry *wants* gun control that Tom Foley opposes.
>
> Which may help explain why Tom Foley wants Lowry in the Senate—to get Lowry out of his hair in the House.
>
> Let's vote for a team player—Slade Gorton—and get Mike Lowry out of *our* hair, too.

Foley's opponent in last year's campaign was a registered nurse named Marlyn Derby; she and her husband, a doctor, are best known for their dedication to the Right to Life movement. Ms. Derby was an almost unseen presence; she was said to have begun her campaign with no more than thirteen thousand dollars. Not until the final week did she run television ads, and the first of them appeared at 5:57 A.M., which is early even in Spokane.

"No one in his right mind would want to defeat Tom Foley," George Reitemeier, the head of Spokane's Chamber of Commerce, says. He also says that Foley won't touch projects that have about them even a whiff of the pork barrel. "We have to make our case as if he were a banker," he says.

Foley's penchant for not doing what people expect or want him to do has extended to his private life—notably his marriage. The ambitious young lawyer-politician would have done well to marry a Spokane girl. Foley married Heather Strachan, who was born in Michigan but from the age of seven spent most of her formative years in American aid missions abroad, principally in Greece and Pakistan. Her father was an organizer in the United Auto Workers but left the union in the late nineteen-forties to involve himself with foreign assistance. Heather and Foley, whom she calls Thomas, were married during her last year at the George Washington University Law School. The wedding was in Sri Lanka, where her father was running the so-called Colombo Plan (a multilateral aid program). "They invited everyone to the wedding, and almost nobody came," Heather says. A sister and an aunt of hers and an aunt of Foley's were the only family guests. She then went to work in Foley's office as an unpaid assistant. (Foley is the author of an anti-nepotism statute that forbids government officials to put their relatives on the federal payroll.) "I had to work my way up," she says. "First, I was allowed to hire a secretary, and he appropriated her." Heather acquired the title of administrative assistant (still unpaid) in 1973 or 1974, she says. "He doesn't like administration," she explains. "We have to figure out what he wants. He lets you know by indirection or by complaining. Life is never dull. The job keeps changing."



"Heather is the ultimate staffer," Pat Williams says. "I knew her first. I helped her paint Tom's office."

A senator's wife who is fond of Heather finds her shy, and says, "She doesn't do the ceremonial stuff, and is rarely seen at embassy functions. She runs the office and is very bright."

Williams disputes the shyness (as would most others who know her) but concedes that Heather Foley is very reserved. "There is a barrier that is difficult to penetrate," he says.

To the casual eye, Heather is neither shy nor reserved. She is friendly, smiles easily, and, if the subject is Foley or office-related, can be ebullient. Heather takes a proprietary view of the office, and while key staff members deal directly with Foley she dominates the others. She has strong views on politics—independently arrived at, it appears, and not always his. But she conveys a sense of feeling herself deeply involved in his work and his political life. When I first met her, she was wearing a black-and-white houndstooth-checked pants suit and running shoes—not an uncommon getup for her. She is fair and wears her hair pulled back and long and occasionally braided. Her passion is ballet. "I have enormous tolerance for bad ballet in order to see some good things," she says. Foley rarely accompanies her to the ballet. Bach, she says, is his passion, adding, "A steady diet of it can drive you up the walls."

I asked Foley whether his job was literally full time—seven days a week—and he replied unhesitatingly that it was. "I go out almost every night, although I make an effort to keep Sundays free. But a really free day must be wholly unobstructed. By that I mean that if there is only a flag-raising ceremony—nothing more—I spend all day thinking about that, even if it takes only five minutes."

What suffers, this cultivated, intellectually inclined man says, is "recreational reading," because "the job takes constant reading in the legislative area."

The Foleys have no children. And friends? "That's one of the things you give up when you work sixteen hours a day and your husband is away every weekend," Heather says. They do have holidays together, and usually go to Barbados, taking their bicycles with them, since bicycles are not available for rental there, she says. In the warmer months, according to Heather, Foley often rises early—around 4 A.M.—and, wearing a helmet, rides his bicycle through parts of northwest Washington, sometimes as far as Capitol Hill. (They have an apartment in a fashionable neighborhood known as Kalorama, which contains several embassies.) "He has been doing this for about five years," she says. "It's part of a conscious effort to lose weight." Heather is something of a weight-watcher herself. "My weight fluctuates with my allergies," she says. "I am allergic to everything one can be allergic to." The allergies explain her disinclination to attend embassy and most other dinners, partly because, she says, the allergies don't mix with cigar smoke.

Heather's appearances in Spokane during campaigns are brief, but she seems comfortable in the role of consort helping to cover the political bases there. "She has the handicap in Spokane of not having been a Marycliff or Holy Names girl," Bud Quackenbush says, referring to Catholic high schools for girls which no longer exist.

Hank Higgins demurs. "Heather's background is more Eastern," he says. "And she isn't a political animal, although she sometimes thinks she is. But there were no ripples here when Tom married her."

An old friend in Spokane feels that Foley prefers having his wife employed without pay in his office to the probable alternative of seeing her working with a Washington law firm, since most such firms engage in some sort of lobbying. Foley disagrees. "I'm not concerned that there would be a problem of that kind," he says. "And I do think it's possible for spouses [of political leaders] to have separate careers." He expressed doubt that Elizabeth Dole's career in government had at any time created a problem for her husband, Robert, who has been the Senate Republican leader since 1985.

Foley's distaste for his wife's specialty—administration—is fairly obvious. There is no real desk in his office. He has said that he isn't there to sign permits. He signs papers on his lap or on a coffee table. He has decorated the office of the Majority Leader mainly with his own furniture and pictures. At one end of the room is a large walnut cabinet that contains an assortment of state-of-the-art stereo and VCR equipment; it is flanked by speakers that are nearly five feet tall. The furniture, predictably, is well designed and comfortable-looking. The fabrics are of mixed light tones; the carpets and walls of both rooms are in vibrant blues and reds. The effect is buoyant and agreeable. What is missing is plaques and effusively inscribed photographs of other potent characters; indeed, there are no political memorabilia of any kind—not even a stirring scene of Washington State. Briefly, the room, like its occupant, is uncommon.

FOLEY impresses outsiders and some insiders as lacking ambition. And his rapid progress up the leadership ladder in the House has always seemed effortless. Obviously, it wasn't effortless, and he is ambitious. However laid back he may seem, his success has required an immense commitment of time and energy. Ability, discretion, and judgment had to be there as well, and they were. But these are often not enough, even when combined with the energy and purpose. At critical moments, chance has given a hefty boost to Foley's fortunes, thus seeming to confirm the Type B's self-evaluation.

Foley began drawing attention in 1974, when he was elected to replace John Culver as chairman of the Democratic Study Group in the House; Culver, an Iowa Democrat who had entered Congress with Foley in the '64 class, had decided to run for the Senate. The D.S.G. had been frowned upon by the House Democratic leadership as too reformist, even confrontational. Foley and some others had been trying to impose fairly modest reforms on the House one at a time instead of pressing for wholesale change. "The idea that it all began with the class of '74 is exaggerated," he says, "although that is how it appears to the class of '74."

Foley and a few kindred spirits had wanted to strengthen the Speaker's power while diffusing some of the authority of the committee chairmen. "His group had done the work and led the way," George Miller says. "Foley was very highly regarded by the young guys, and the leadership didn't seem to mind, since it didn't yet feel threatened. The D.S.G. reached out

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and grabbed us"—Miller's '74 class. "It was dinner and breakfast. Events were laid on for the wives. They never let the new guys out of their sight. They, in effect, ran a school for congressmen. Foley and Phil Burton took charge. They adopted us. Burton knew more about our districts than we did."

Many incumbent Democrats were eagerly awaiting a reform movement. "Let me tell you about my chairman," Miller recalls some of them as saying. He also remembers how Foley and other reformers urged the new people on: "If you don't seize the moment, you won't like it here. You'll be spinning your wheels a long time before you get a chance to play."

The main targets were the committee chairmen: the Watergate babies insisted on interviewing them. Edward Hebert, of Louisiana, who ran the Armed Services Committee, probably sealed his fate when he opened his meeting with them by asking, "Well, boys and girls, what can I do for you?"

Another casualty was Wright Patman, a Texas populist, who was the chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee. A third was the Agriculture Committee's Bob Poage, also a Texan, whose leadership had been widely adjudged weak. Foley was next in line for the chairmanship, but tried to help Poage, and congratulated him midway in the balloting, because it looked then as if the Party caucus would reëlect him. It didn't. Foley was proposed to succeed Poage, and was elected. "Tom was downcast, and almost had to be forced to let his name be put forward," Butler Derrick recalls. Under the rules, Poage could have challenged Foley in a rerun, but he declined to do so, and announced that he would support his successor. (Like Walt Horan, he had been displaced but held no grudge.)

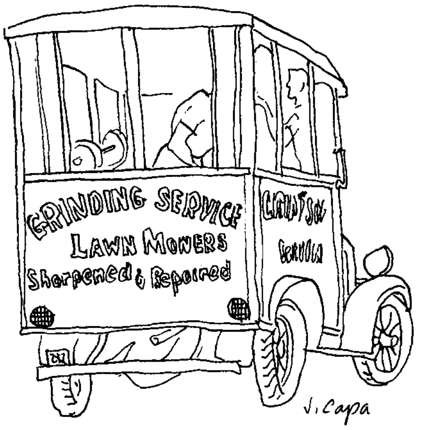
Without expending any political capital, let alone energy, Foley had become the chairman of one of the major committees, and the first Westerner to chair the Agriculture Committee. More important, he was unaffected by the shock wave that followed the ouster of the three tribal chiefs, all from the South. Rancor ran high in the House, especially among Southern members, but no one blamed Foley for any of what had happened.

Agriculture is a messy subject—certainly politically. Huge and diverse regional constituencies must be balanced. The pool of money available for price supports is finite. The chairman has to reconcile the interest groups and sell a program to the House. "Everyone must give a little to get a little," says Leon Panetta, now the chairman of the Budget Committee, who served with Foley on Agriculture. "Wheat, tobacco, and cotton farmers have the same problems. There is an incredibly large bureaucracy in the Department of Agriculture that must be understood. There are trade problems. Foley has that steel-trap mind. No one can bullshit him. A guy who can absorb it all and see the larger context can lead the committee members and the House."

Lee Hamilton agrees. "In agriculture, the members followed Tom Foley," he says. "And the leadership quickly began looking to him for guidance." He was also on the edge of joining the leadership.

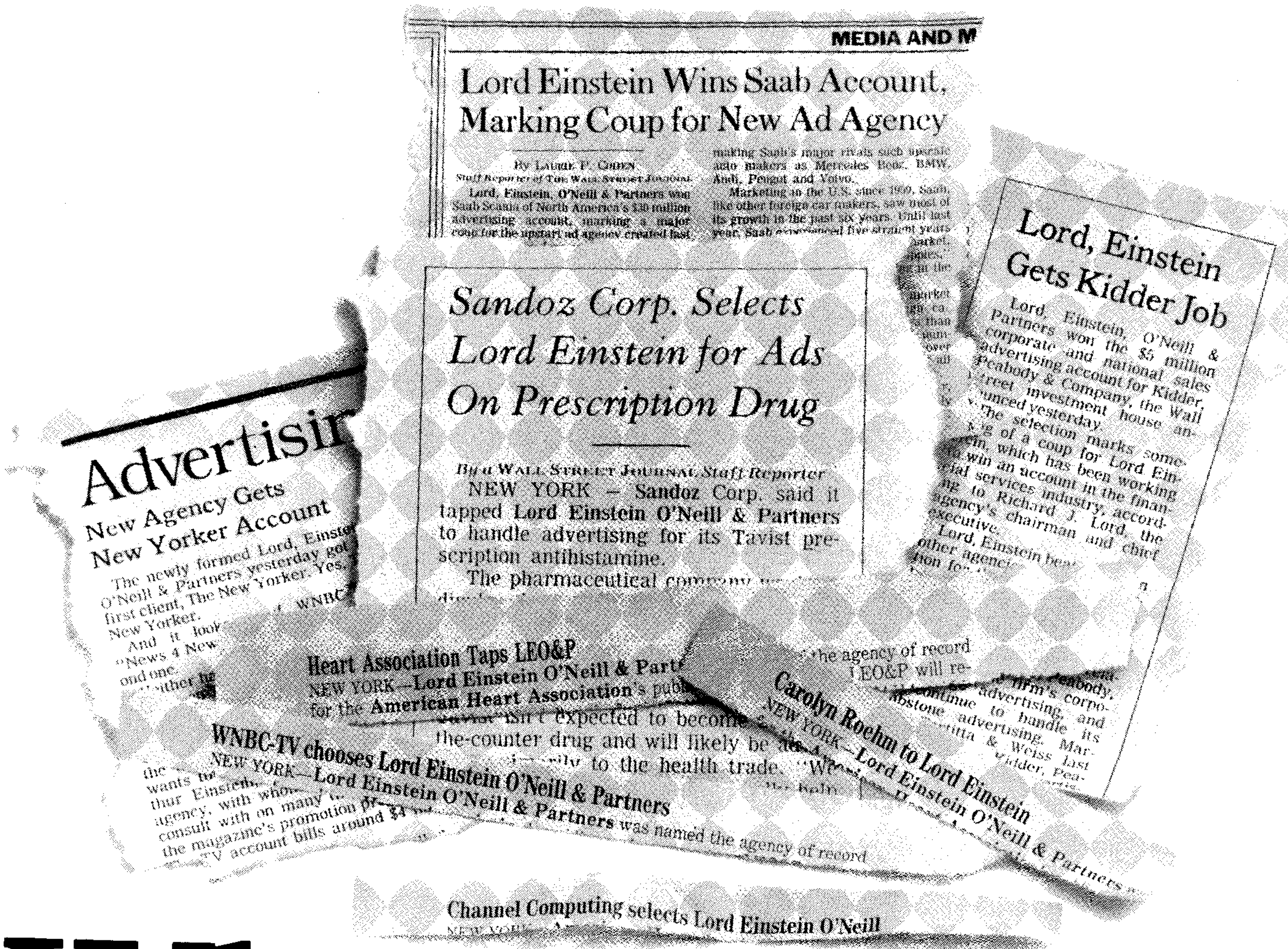
The Reagan landslide erased numerous Democrats, including John Brademas, of Indiana, the House Whip. (He is now the president of New York University.) More remarkable, Oregon's Al Ullman, the chairman of the mighty Ways and Means Committee, also lost, and so did every member of the Washington State delegation except Foley, who, given the bias of his district, probably should have lost. By overcoming the Reagan tide, he put to rest the doubts of some senior Democrats who could have opposed granting a major leadership role to someone whose district might unseat him at some point. In short, Foley had put away the Fifth District, thereby positioning himself for whatever might come along.

Among the questions was who would be appointed to replace Brademas as the Majority Whip. The Deputy Chief Whip was Dan Rostenkowski, and the Speaker, Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, Jr., gave him the option of taking on the No. 3 leadership job or succeeding Ullman as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Foley applied for the Whip job but didn't know what would happen. He passed Rostenkowski on the floor one day, and Rostenkowski said, "I've decided to take the chairmanship. Good luck." So Foley became Whip—the last one to be selected by his party's leadership instead of being voted in by the caucus. No one doubts that he would have been elected, however, because by then he was respected and trusted on every side —by the leadership, by the young Turks, by the boll weevils.



The Whip operation had once been considered weak and ineffective. Brademas strengthened it, but that was easier to do on his watch—the Carter years, when Democrats were in charge at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. In 1981, with the Republicans again in control of the executive branch, the Whip's role was tougher. There were no executive-branch favors to offer balky members, and the boll weevils, who often controlled the balance of power in the House, were tempted to vote with the Republicans. Operating under the Whip are fifteen deputy whips, and the group meets on Thursday mornings to sort out the division of labor for promoting Party cohesion on matters before the House. Foley was seen as a generally successful Whip. "His style was gentle persuasion compared with the hard charging of Coelho," a veteran House staff aide says.

IN mid-October of 1986, with the Ninety-ninth Congress drawing to a close, Tip O'Neill left the well of the House for the last time: he was retiring. Jim Wright would succeed him as Speaker. It was assumed that Tom Foley would replace Wright as Majority Leader, and whether or not he lobbied his colleagues for the job they seemed almost sure to elect him. But although careful politicians take nothing for granted, the usually prudent Foley seemed to be doing very little to nail down his opportunity. A spirited three-man race to succeed him as Whip was forming up: it pitted New York City's Charles B. Rangel against W. G. Hefner, of North Carolina, and the young, upwardly mobile high achiever Tony Coelho. One of Foley's closest friends in the House was then



MEDIA AND M

Lord Einstein Wins Saab Account, Marking Coup for New Ad Agency

By Laurie P. Cohen
Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal

Lord, Einstein, O'Neill & Partners won Saab Scania of North America's $30 million advertising account, marking a major coup for the upstart ad agency created last

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By a Wall Street Journal Staff Reporter

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230 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10003, (212) 614-4646 and still is Boston's Brian J. Donnelly, and some say that Donnelly understands him as well as anyone does. Donnelly, the story goes, told Foley to go out and gather the votes he needed to be elected, and, indeed, threatened (whether seriously or unseriously) to "get another candidate" if Foley didn't act. The fact is that Donnelly was just one of several members who were urging Foley to take some action. "Tom has to be jump-started," one close friend and colleague says. "We said, 'Go get it, Tom. You are the guy who can do it!' " Foley, they say, needed that push. He set about seeking the votes of the entire Democratic Caucus by visiting each of the members in his office, except for some who anticipated him by coming to his office and pledging support.

"Brian is a good friend," Foley says of Donnelly. "He wasn't literally looking for another candidate. He was giving me a needle. He wanted me to put together a group to keep tabs. There was the more febrile race for the Whip's job, so it seemed to some that I should be a little more aggressive."

Foley's relaxed, unobtrusive style is far better suited to the job of Majority Leader than to that of Whip. Moreover, with Jim Wright as Speaker, the House Democrats have a special need for a second-in-command like Foley. The two are very different. Wright is a man with fixed goals, who drives the House toward them with a single-mindedness that has rarely been seen in the modern era. "Jim doesn't wait for the consensus," a senior House Democrat says. "He makes it, or tries to. On the trade bill, he worked it himself day by day. He set deadlines for committees and subcommittees. He is a ringmaster. Committee chairmen aren't used to that. Strains develop."

Nothing is worse for the leaders of a parliamentary body than losing, except being surprised. A good and reliable ear for what is going on around them is essential, and Foley supplies that. There are few secrets in the House, if only because the members are by and large gregarious, and don't like to be alone when they are thinking. People on both sides of the aisle—staff aides as well as members—share their concerns with Foley, and he weighs these against reports of committee chairmen on how much support they think they have for their bills. His knowledge of the membership and patience with it are nearly as striking as Wright's relentless determination. He goes out of his way to alert partisans on either side of an issue to how, after listening to the arguments of both, he will cast his vote.

The Foley nimbus extends to the other house; late in the evening—ten, perhaps—he will sometimes stroll over to the Senate side of the Capitol for a quiet talk with Bob Dole, or another Republican chief, in order to reach an understanding on some disputed matter. Senate Republicans have more flexibility than their opposite numbers in the House, but Foley is the only leader of House Democrats who can work productively with them. Wright and Coelho are seen by the Republican leadership in both Houses as beyond reach. "Tony Coelho is the most partisan man in either body," Alan Simpson says, "but the real Tartar is Jim Wright."

"Jim is Speaker today because of personality—Phil Burton's, not his own" is a comment one hears in the House. It refers to the intense competition for the job of Majority Leader that arose in 1976 between Phil Burton, the California liberal, and Jim Wright, who had emerged as a regional force, thanks partly to his ability as chairman of a key subcommittee of the Public Works Committee to dole out projects to members. Burton, the chairman of the Democratic Caucus (he died in 1983), was expected to win; the majority of the House Democrats were more comfortable with him than with Wright on policy questions, but he was abrasive—too much so, it turned out. The Caucus elected Jim Wright—whose own combative side hadn't yet surfaced—by one vote on the third ballot.

Republicans considered Tip O'Neill a very partisan Speaker, but feeling against him didn't run as high as it does now against Jim Wright, whom they charge with poaching on Presidential prerogatives and abusing the rights of the minority. They also accused him of abusing his office, and the House Ethics Committee, the only panel containing an equal number of Democrats and Republicans, has since last summer been examining six such charges, most notably the amount of royalties Wright received for a book; his use of a staff aide to help write it; and his intervention with government officials on behalf of ailing savings-and-loan associations in Texas.

Jim Wright is intellectually involved with issues—far more so than any other Speaker in recent memory. He is a serious man. But many members think, rightly or wrongly, that he lacks the qualities—judgment and integrity—that distinguished his role model, Sam Rayburn. Many of Wright's colleagues, including strong admirers, express concern about his internalized anger and a reflexive smile that seems intended to hide it. The Jim Wright smile appears so tactical that one wonders whether he can actually smile through it.

Wright is a spellbinding orator—probably the best in the House—and there is rarely a sound to be heard when he is on his feet in the well of the chamber. But he is a poor television performer. When he leaves a White House meeting and is greeted outside by the camera's eye, he is exchanging one adversary for another. He dislikes television, partly because it is intrusive and partly because concision isn't part of his great verbal gift.

Wright used to box, and one prominent Democrat says, "The real Wright is the boxer—the intense competitor. He isn't the hail-fellow Texan, and boxing isn't a team sport. Jim's colleagues know that, and they worry about his impulsiveness and his willingness to get into fights."

Foley is very loyal to Wright, and seems to admire him. So do some of Foley's protégés, like Dan Glickman. "Jim is the product of a risk-taking past," Glickman says. "He sees the House as a vehicle for change. The locus of initiative is in the House."

Democrats look back with pride on the Hundredth Congress, which rewrote American trade law and revised the welfare system. "Wright, Foley, and myself—we complement one another better than any recent leadership," Coelho says. "With a Republican in the White House and fewer than sixty Democrats in the Senate"—sixty is the number usually considered a functional majority—"we have basically run the government in the last two years; at least, we have set the agenda. Jim Wright sets an agenda and sticks to it. Not since 1976 has Congress completed the appropriations bills before adjourning, and no President has signed them on time since 1949"—on time being before October 1st, the start of a new fiscal year.

"Fred got his second wind at eighty."

• •

Actually, the Hundredth Congress was better placed to take some initiatives than any of its predecessors in the Reagan era had been: the Democrats took back control of the Senate in 1986; Reagan was weakened by the Iran-Contra affair; the stock market's dive in October of 1987 harmed him; and stories of scandalous misdeeds by military contractors raised questions about who, if anyone, was in charge. But Coelho is right. Stronger leadership had emerged.

The question that beguiles the House is whether Jim Wright has a short or a long lease on the Speaker's office. Opinion is divided. "Jim will go," one senior and very accomplished Democrat says. "It won't come to a head immediately, and Tom won't challenge him. On the substance of what Jim has done, there isn't much of a problem. But . . ."

"His real problem is not those things being considered by the Ethics Committee but the risk of burnout," one Democrat says. "He has mounted too many cavalry charges." Many members would agree. Some disagree, feeling that the House will yet adapt itself to Wright's aggressive style. Perhaps. But the likelihood is that Wright will go, perhaps not in this term, but sooner rather than later. His high-wire solo, combined with an impulsive and aggressive nature, may very well lead him to self-destruct politically.

When Wright goes, Foley will become Speaker. That, at least, is what most members on both sides of the aisle want to see happen. Foley has no enemies and no actual detractors. Those liberals who find him too cautious and too prone to consider every option are relatively few and are, at worst, ambivalent about him. The Foley style is sometimes a topic for discussion within a group of perhaps a half-dozen members—all Democrats—who meet for dinner, usually on Tuesdays, when Congress is in session. George Miller is one of them. So is his friend Leon Panetta, who can usually neutralize complaints about Foley's supposed tendency to be overcautious at times, or too bipartisan. Panetta, a former Republican who changed parties in 1971, is widely respected and is close to Foley, whose measured style he feels is just right. "This is a human institution," Panetta says. "Leaders don't like to go through these 'touchy-feely' situations, but you need them to build a consensus. People who wouldn't have supported a compromise may well do so after they've been heard out. That's what they're elected for. You don't slam-dunk anything in this place."

The inevitability of Foley as the next Speaker is challenged by some professional observers of the Hill, because they see in Tony Coelho an impatience and an appetite for power that Foley lacks. Coelho's abundant talents are obvious to all. His energy and determination will one day pass into legend. His ascent toward the top of the tree has been more rapid than most, and he has had more than most to overcome. As a boy, he was an undiagnosed epileptic and took refuge in alcohol. He managed to subdue both problems. In 1980, only two years after coming to Congress, he was picked to chair the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, then a kind of mission impossible; it was a time when Party elders who didn't really need the money got the lion's share. Coelho changed all that. "He developed and honed the system that has enabled members to make themselves independent as far as financing is concerned," Glickman says. "He is the father of modern campaign financing."

In six years of financing campaigns, his colleagues say, Coelho accumulated a large deposit of political IOUs. In

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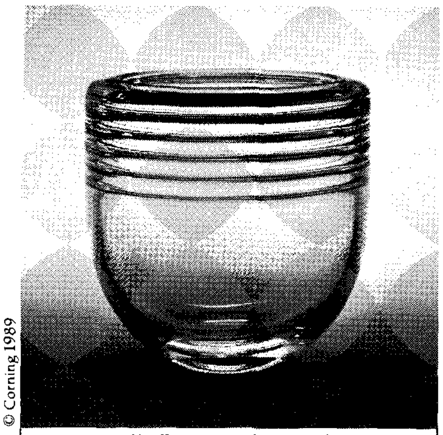

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and around Capitol Hill, there is a lurking suspicion that he just might call them in at some seemingly opportune moment and try leapfrogging Foley. "If Foley doesn't fill the vacuum, Tony will," a senior Democratic staff aide says. "They are competitive with each other, and so are their staffs." Given Foley's popularity, his standing, and his importance to the Party, the leapfrogging notion, although stubbornly persistent, seems altogether far-fetched. For Coelho, the risks would be too great, the chance of success too small.

I asked Coelho about Foley, and he spoke of the admirable qualities that most people see in Foley. He also mentioned the caution and the tendency to intellectualize: "Tom will tell you that one of his weaknesses is that he can discuss all sides of an issue. Most of us don't consider that a major weakness. And when he seems overcautious and then is proved right he is highly praised. When people see him dragging the parade, he is criticized. He always raises the caution flag, especially with the strong personalities in the leadership"—a reference to himself and Wright.

For a supposedly cautious man, Foley has in the past few years exposed himself to serious risks by taking on some exceptionally sensitive and difficult tasks. These have mainly involved constraining political furies that the vast deficit in the federal budget has unloosed. Foley's relaxed familiarity with the arcana of budgetary matters singled him out. Many other members avoid these matters whenever possible, given the intractable politics that surround them. "A budget you never voted for won't hurt you" is a comment reflecting the better part of valor, according to some. (In the last Congress, there were four versions of the budget resolution, and some members didn't vote for any of them.) Dan Glickman says, "If you didn't have Foley, this place would be . . ." His voice trails off, and he says, "We would have budget catastrophe without him."

In the fall of 1985, Tip O'Neill asked Foley to take charge of a small group whose job would be to find a politically workable alternative to what seemed an unsightly and troublesome Senate initiative—the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings amendment to "must" legislation to raise the ceiling on the national debt. The measure, for which there was no precedent, mandated a balanced budget. Foley considered it a misguided and potentially damaging way of trying to whittle down a deficit that the President had managed to double in five years. Several House committee chairmen and other influential Democrats wanted to kill the amendment, but Foley, relying on Whip counts, explained that the votes for doing so weren't there. Instead, he pushed successfully for changes in Gramm-Rudman-Hollings. The Senate's version failed in the House, and the Foley alternative was adopted. Only two Democrats voted against it, although there were some complaints about helping the Republicans yet again by removing some of the pain from the amendment. The House version shielded various poverty programs from the law's automatic cutting provision; it specified that half the cuts would come out of defense spending; and it altered the timing of the compulsory reductions, and, in doing so, arranged for some of them to take effect *before* the 1986 elections, when the Republicans would be defending twenty-two Senate seats, many of them vulnerable. The complaints about going along with Gramm-Rudman, as it's called, weren't altogether silenced, but most Democrats reckoned that Foley had made the best of a thoroughly bad and intimidating situation. "He really took Phil Gramm out of it altogether," Jim Moody says. "Gramm-Rudman should now be known as Foley's law."

Two years later, in the fall of 1987, Foley was asked to bell that most ornery of cats—revenue increases. Congress and the White House had been doing their stately minuet on budgetary reductions when, abruptly, there came the shock of Black Monday—October 19, 1987, when the world's major security exchanges took a historic plunge. After Black Monday, Reagan confronted pressure to hedge his stout resistance to including new taxes in the budget negotiations. Under Gramm-Rudman, reductions would be spelled out in October and would take effect on November 20th. Some more convincing step toward narrowing the deficit would have to be agreed to in the intervening month; a failure to take such a step would enlarge the possibility of Black Monday's lead-

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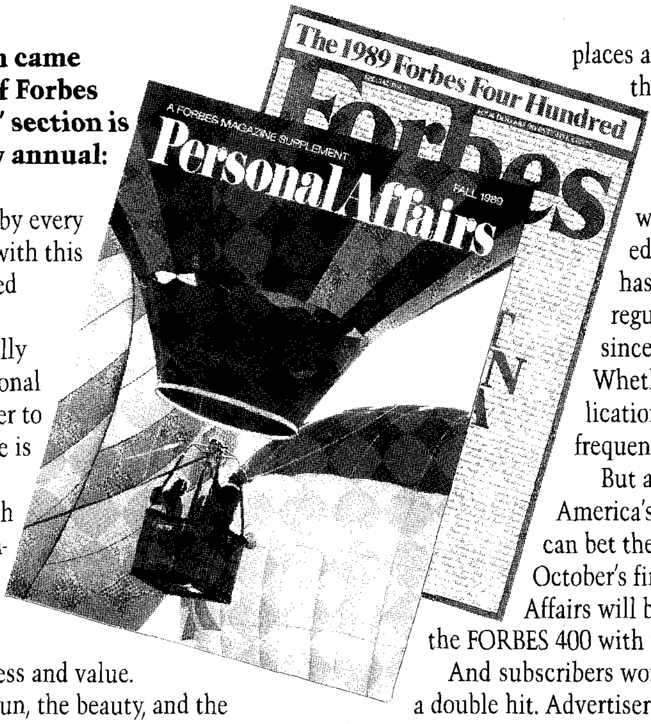

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ing to a worldwide recession, or worse.

On October 28th, Congressional leaders met with Treasury Secretary James A. Baker III and Howard H. Baker, Jr., the White House chief of staff. The upshot was a so-called budget summit. The idea was to convene a group consisting of the two Bakers; James C. Miller III, the director of the Office of Management and Budget; a bipartisan group of congressional leaders; and the chairmen and the ranking minority members of the relevant committees of both houses. On all sides it was agreed that Tom Foley would preside over this sizable panel, which began its proceedings that same day in the Capitol. He wasn't optimistic. "It's going to be *x* number of days of disagreement and *x* minutes of agreement," he was quoted as saying at the time. The sessions were often acrimonious, in part reflecting the increasingly bitter relations between Jim Wright and Ronald Reagan. Wright and, to some degree, Dan Rostenkowski, who, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, was a key player, were concerned about giving the other branch of government a role in tax policy. The *Times* reported that "Rostenkowski got so mad that on a couple of occasions he simply slammed down his papers and walked out." Others occasionally walked out, too, according to Cheney. A staff aide who was in the room says, "Foley exercised a firm hand and provided a touch of humor. At moments, it nearly broke down. At these times, he and Alice"—the dog—"would go into another, smaller room with the two Bakers, Howard and Jim."

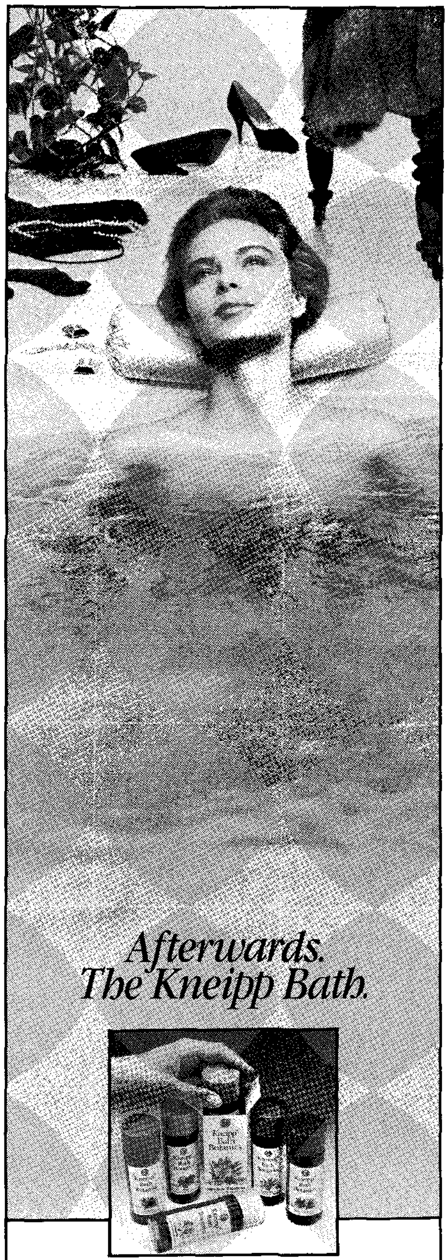
Estimates of what would be saved under various combinations of new taxes and budget cuts varied sharply and provoked angry discussion. Foley, according to a staff aide, "lowballed the figure"—the amount to be saved. (The White House interest lay in maximizing the announced size of the reduction.) "It wasn't sixty billion that would be saved"—under one likely outcome—"but thirty-four billion."

"It was always clear that a small group would make the decision," says another staff aide who took an active part. "For a while, people were unwilling to put their cards on the table. Most of them were watching one another and waiting—dancing around. Foley was patient, more so than many another leader would have been. At any one time, there were twenty or so people in the room, but in the end it was decided by him and the two Bakers."

"Hectic" and "marathon" were among the terms used to describe the negotiations that produced agreement, on November 20th, to cut more than thirty-three billion dollars from the fiscal 1988 budget deficit and forty-three billion in the following year. New taxes scheduled for those two years would total twenty billion dollars—a figure that Republicans considered too high, Democrats too low. No one was altogether satisfied; Jim Wright, for example, saw the budget summit as bypassing the legislative process and letting the White House off the hook on which bad policy had stuck it. The salient fact, however, was that the revenue cat had been belled. On December 22nd, the President signed into law a bill that reflected the so-called "reconciliation conference agreement."

MORE than the usual uncertainties becloud the new Administration's prospects. The largest is whether President Bush and a Democratic Congress will jointly be able to cope with problems of heroic proportions, starting with the deficit. Democrats see most of these as Reagan's chickens coming home to roost, and ask why they should oblige his successor. Why help George Bush complete the transformation from wimp to attack dog to statesman? Starting with Foley, many other Democrats disagree, and are ready to meet the new Administration halfway. Foley likes and respects Bush, even though he found his campaign excesses troubling. "Bush," he says, "has come out of the shadow of loyalty and responsibility to others and become his own person in a political sense as well as in every other sense. He is a moderate and well-intentioned person who is creating a sense of confidence, or at least hope, that he will develop a good relationship with the Democratic Congress." (Foley places a high value on loyalty. "You take the King's shilling, you are the King's man," he says, reflecting on Bush's loyalty to Reagan and doubtless his own to Jim Wright and, before him, Tip O'Neill.)

Nonetheless, like most other congressional Democrats, Foley worries that the G.O.P.'s hard right will cramp a bipartisan approach to issues and weaken Bush in the bargain. "If



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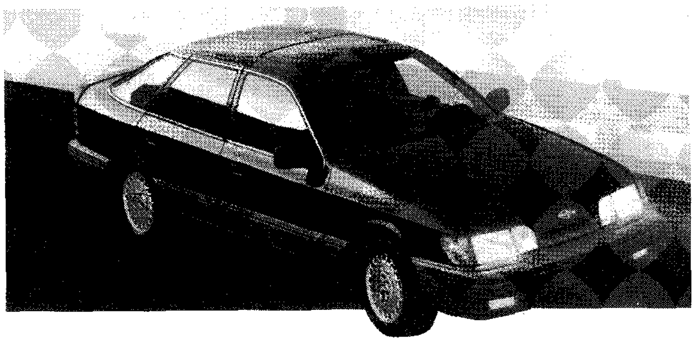
it's pikes, guns, and grenades down on the House floor, it would not be good for the President," Foley said in late March. He cites Edward J. Rollins, the tough new executive director of the Republican National Committee, who was recently reported as saying that Republicans would attack Democrats if Congress voted tax increases even if the measure emerged from a budget meeting that Bush had sanctioned. In this light, the departure of Cheney for the Pentagon may enlarge the problem, since his successor as Republican Whip in the House, Newt Gingrich, of Georgia, is seen by Democrats (and more than a few Republicans) as an imaginative but savage political hit man. Gingrich has been reported as saying that he would use drugs, crime, and education policy as a "way of dividing America." Even before Gingrich's promotion, Democrats worried that "Bob Michel cannot control his wackos," as one of them put it.

To work or not to work with the Administration—and if so, how closely—is a continuing topic at the Tuesday-night dinners, which Panetta and George Miller attend regularly. "The issue is whether you can let the country go to hell," says Panetta (who opposes the idea and, as noted, is chairman of the Budget Committee). "Some people argue that our big mistake was not letting Reagan be Reagan. He presented outrageous budgets, which were rejected. Some members think we should have let him have one of those budgets which gutted domestic programs, and let the country bear the consequences, but we chose not to do that. There will be a lot of debate on the right approach, and Tom will have to play a key role."

George Miller, who reflects the thinking of some of his colleagues, says, "A war could break out in the Party," and adds, "Foley is the guy you want to have in the middle. He'll want to be responsible, but that may not be consistent with being political."

Like most experienced politicians, Foley is somewhat awed by the scale of the problems confronting Bush (and the country). Rarely, if ever, has a President confronted a fiscal task so immense, or so limited his own ability to deal with it. "For us to run a hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar deficit at a time when the country was entering a recessionary period would put great pressure on the economy," Foley



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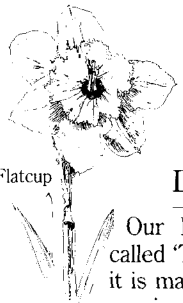

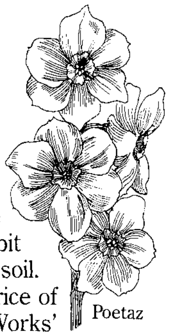

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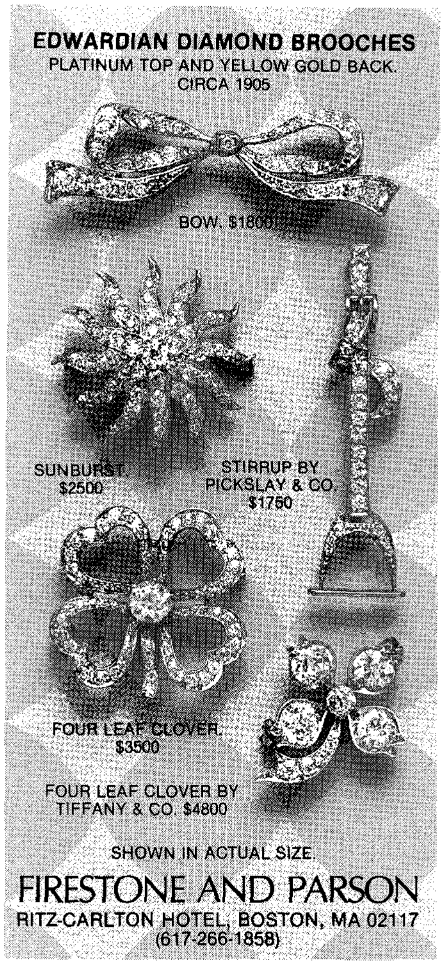
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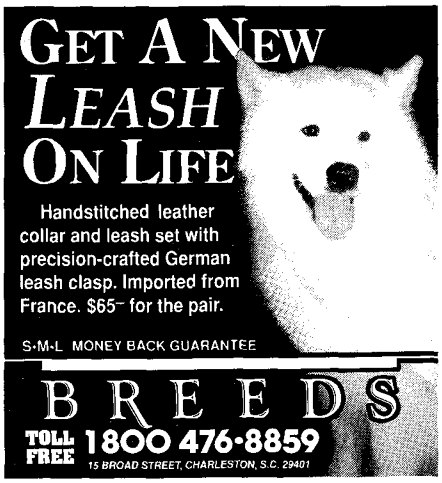
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says. "Revenues would go down, the deficit would go up. The economy couldn't be stimulated at that point with direct spending, and the Federal Reserve would have to raise interest rates. My instinct is to work out some coöperative measures with regard to the deficit. I have a strong commitment to the Democratic Party and its values, but I also want to get things done."

Panetta feels that what happens will depend on Bush and whether he can create a bipartisan environment. If so, Foley's role will grow, Panetta says, and he will feel comfortable. If not, "Tom will find himself in a tortured position."

Few would dispute the proposition that whether or not the White House and the Democratic Congress can work together will depend on what Bush decides to do about the deficit. "It is the key to bipartisanship on everything," Les Aspin says. "You can have a big fight on agriculture and still have bipartisanship on defense. But you cannot now have a fight about the budget and expect to have bipartisanship on anything. The budget will control everything."

Many people in and around Congress don't think that Bush will try belling the revenue cat à la Foley—at least, not soon, not after a campaign whose best-remembered comment is "Read my lips. No new taxes." But most of these same people—Democrats, numerous Republicans, and most economists—see a one-to-one relationship between tax increases and progress on reducing the deficit. Granted that parallel movement on spending cuts would also be required, taxes are the sine qua non.

"I learned in the budget summit that you can't take things off the table," Foley says. "Bush has said no new taxes and no defense cuts. But he won't now be able to say, 'I'm not going to look at this until you send me a tax bill.' That won't work. He will have to take responsibility for the problem. He cannot maintain his no-new-taxes position so as to prepare himself for the next election. He won't be allowed to say, 'You Democrats forced this tax on me.' "

A few political figures and some economists with government experience believe that Bush and the congressional leadership can and should jointly adopt a tax package on which neither side's fingerprints are visible. Nothing less than progress by immaculate conception will work, the argument goes. These prophets envision a kind of replay of the budget summit, with Tom Foley again presiding over a mixed lot of Administration and congressional barons. "Tom will be pressed into service, but on his terms," Alan Simpson says. "It would be very appropriate to have him and someone from the Administration doing it, and keeping Wright and Bush out of the fray until the time comes for completion."

Foley and Coelho are known to favor meeting the White House halfway, and are certainly not saying no to another joint budget exercise. George Mitchell, the Democrats' Senate leader, concurs, but his thinking is a bit more complicated. Even though his party controls the Senate, Mitchell cannot command a majority on budgetary and some other key issues. A deal worked out behind the scenes would hide his weakness and avoid the hazards of a Senate floor fight. Some are saying that Bush will keep faith with his dubious pledge this year and then do the sensible thing—that is, create new tax revenues. But Foley, who is a realist as well as an optimist, doubts that we shall see new taxes any time between now and the next election.

DEMOCRATS of all kinds—boll weevils, centrists, unabashed liberals—see partisan extremism as embodied in the figure of Lee Atwater, who supplied Bush's winning strategy (the odious attacks on his opponent) and was rewarded with the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. Congressional Democrats feel that Atwater needs adult supervision, especially since they know that winners in politics, as in war, tend to fight the next campaign with the weapons of the last one. Most of them don't expect Bush to restrain what some call the "swampwater politics" that Atwater, although he is only thirty-seven years old, seems to have invented. According to Foley, who has never met Atwater, "Democrats think he is the supreme amoral politician—the best at the worst of this kind of thing. Knowing that he is there, Democrats think the next election is under way."

Bush meanwhile talks "kinder and gentler," a phrase that pollsters say is more popular within the country right now than anything else on the political scene. But Foley wonders how kinder and gentler can be squared with devices of the Republican hard right; these, he says, include creating and exploiting fear and hatred. On kinder-gentler, Foley gives Bush himself the benefit of the doubt, but observes that you can't rely on a kinder elephant if the rogue-elephant herd—the Atwaters and the Rollinses—wants to stomp the Democrats to death.

"This is a dilemma for Bush," another Democrat says. "With Atwater at the R.N.C., we expect methodical attacks on Democratic members. Private investigators will be used by Republican challengers, who will be programmed to make Atwater-style campaigns."

With each successive defeat at the national level, Democrats see themselves as being edged further from the threshold of executive power. And their party continues to lack coherence as well as leadership. Some Democrats want to return the Party to liberal values and pronounce these clearly. Conservative Democrats favor the boll-weevil approach, and want to work closely, or try to, with the new Administration. Moderates as well as boll weevils worry mainly about the Party's inability to recapture a major part of the ethnic and non-ethnic white vote. Apropos of that, some of the Party's liberals are becoming critical of what they themselves now see as knee-jerk-liberal attitudes, by and large rejected by the country. Massachusetts' Barney Frank has become perhaps the most vocal exponent of liberal self-criticism. He cites gun control and the speed limit as among the issues that separate liberals from the mainstream. Many of his fellow-liberals are "scolds," he says, and he was quoted in the *Times* recently as saying that their litany is "don't drive too fast, don't play with that gun, don't smoke here, don't drink this, don't eat that. . . . If I could reinvent the world, Saturday-night specials wouldn't exist. But it's not about whether it's worth achieving . . . handgun control on the Federal level because we can't achieve it at the Federal level. It's not a choice between getting gun control and not getting people elected who'll support school lunches for poor kids. It's about failing to get gun control and not getting school lunches."

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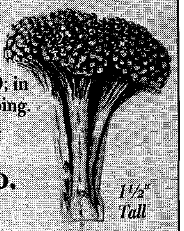

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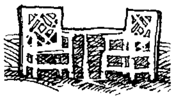

crats) feel that Western liberals and moderates have a better feel for national attitudes on issues than their Eastern colleagues do. "Westerners know where their constituencies are—where they are conservative and where they are liberal," Panetta says. "Here is where Tom Foley and people like him have a role in reassuring the country about where the Party thinks it should be heading."

Foley says he agrees with "the thrust of what Barney Frank is saying," and he goes on, "Liberals insist on pushing positions that the country is unresponsive to and trying to persuade people to change their minds, and, in the process, losing sight of areas where liberals and society are compatible. We have an increasingly obvious problem with male voters. We don't project a sense of strength and determination. A Presidential candidate is running for Commander-in-Chief. He doesn't have to break boards or ride in tanks, but he has to convey a sense that his Administration will assure military security."

Not surprisingly, Foley deplores the procedure by which Presidential candidates are selected. "The kinds of issues that a Presidential campaign should bring forward are not being examined," he says. "The approach is almost haphazard. After an arcane process of being selected, the candidate decides what positions the Party has to rally around. Ideas are afterthoughts. We wait to see what the wheel of fortune has brought us." Part of the problem, he says, is that the process begins in Iowa, which he describes as being "populist on domestic issues and liberal on defense and foreign-policy issues." Those attitudes, he thinks, put Iowa Democrats, hence the candidates, outside the mainstream, and thereby work in favor of Republicans, who are tugged closer to the center by Iowa's atypical biases.

Some congressional Democrats are reconciled to the status quo, but most are not. A few favor grouping the primaries by time zones. Others, agreeing that the small, single-state extravaganzas are injurious, also favor regional primaries, but on a smaller scale than a time-zone pattern. Congress could legislate reform along these lines, but Foley doubts whether it will. With typical caution, he doubts whether Congress should try to change

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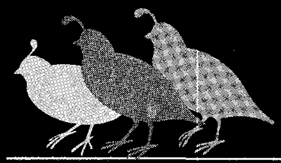

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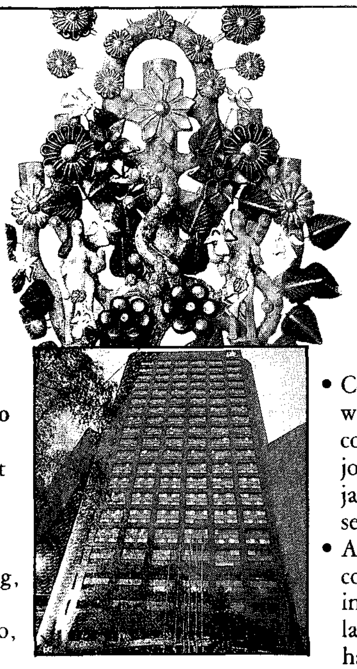
the system by statute. "I don't see any willingness here to trample on the sensibilities of voters in small states where the early primaries are held," he says. "Congress would be charged with intruding in matters that belong to the states." As is often the case, Foley sees reasons—sound reasons—for not rocking the boat. Where others may scent opportunity, Foley, the rigorous skeptic, examines all the angles and potential pitfalls before taking a stand. And the stand, which, given the quality of the analysis, is usually upheld, probably helps the Party avoid further trouble. Still, many would argue that Foley's party *must* do something fundamental—sooner, not later—and never mind if oxen are gored and some choice crockery is broken along the way.

One thing Democrats lack is a message that people can understand and that positions them clearly on the political spectrum. "Aside from playing his role and reading his lines, Ronald Reagan conveyed a simple message that people understood," Panetta says. "And because they understood it and agreed with the sentiment behind it they excused everything else."

The Democrats have also lacked a leader in recent years, and they need one. They have instead a clutch of Presidential aspirants, some of whom are aligned with contesting blocs within the Party's umbrella-like organization. In choosing George Mitchell, of Maine, to replace Robert Byrd as their new leader, the Senate Democrats were groping for leadership. Mitchell is junior to Daniel K. Inouye, of Hawaii, and J. Bennett Johnston, of Louisiana, who also ran for the job, but colleagues knew him as a more convincing Party figure and spokesman than either of his rivals.

There arises the question of who will speak, or at least be judged to speak, for the Senate Democrats. Mitchell and New Jersey's Bill Bradley are the senators who some members say most resemble Foley. But, according to Foley partisans, neither one fully measures up—certainly not yet. Bradley, they say, is untried as a leader. Mitchell, they say, lacks Foley's detailed knowledge of the world's affairs and a sweeping array of complex domestic issues, but like Foley he is impressive on television, and his handling of the Tower nomination after it



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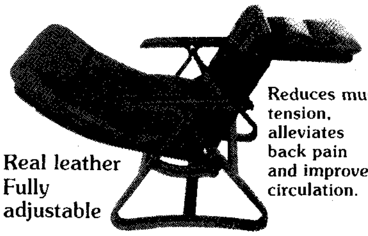

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reached the Senate floor boosted his stock.

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Foley sees the path on which he set himself as leading to the Speaker's office, which for him is unique, even transcendent. "The Speaker is the supreme political leader in the House except when he is in the chair," he says. "There he must abjure partisanship in his rulings. A sense of historic importance falls on Speakers. In that sense, Speakers are like Presidents."

Many, perhaps most, House members reckon that the qualities that set Foley apart as Majority Leader would make him a great Speaker. But the timing and the circumstances of Jim Wright's departure are not calculable. A move against him in the party caucus is unlikely. Unlike the British Tories, who yank their leader at the first sign of faltering, Democrats have never been good at regicide, and the Speaker is a king. It would happen only if Foley himself took part, and that he would never do. "Foley is ambitious," says a Democrat who knows him as well as anyone. "He wants to be Speaker. And he thinks it will happen. He is optimistic. He thinks that if he waits everything will come to him. Deciding to run for Congress in July of 1964 was the last impetuous act of his life."

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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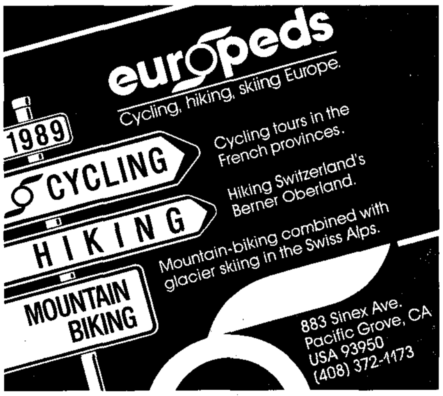

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GREAT EXCEPTION

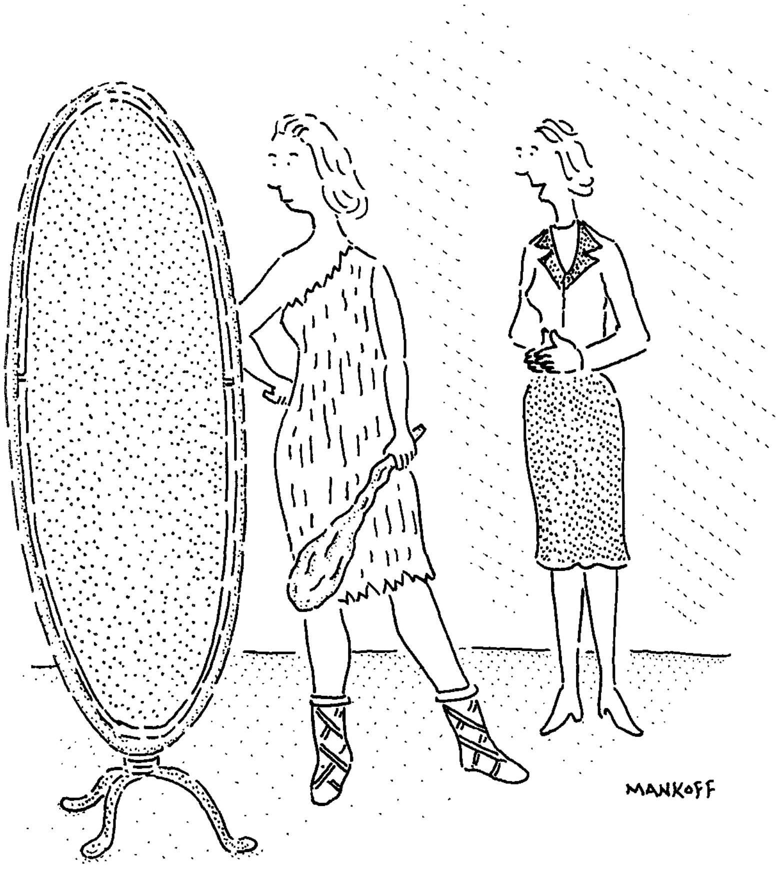
II—IMPUNITY

"IGNORANCE about those who have disappeared undermines the reality of the world." The Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert appears to have had the myriad European victims of the Second World War—or, perhaps, their survivors—foremost in his mind when he included that line in his poem "Mr. Cogito on the Need for Precision." But, surprisingly, it was in Montevideo, Uruguay, just recently that the phrase kept returning to me. Or perhaps not so surprisingly. Like the military dictators elsewhere in Latin America, the generals who utterly dominated Uruguay for most of the past two decades were convinced, as a matter of doctrinal certainty, that theirs was but one battlefront in a Third World War that had already broken out—an absolute war, against Communism. Absolute wars leave absolute imperatives in their wake: Herbert's imperative of remembrance, but also, and sometimes in diametrical opposition, the imperative of renewal. These, at any rate, have been the imperatives in contest during the past several years in Montevideo.

At one level, Uruguayans still can't get over the fact that they're having to worry about this kind of "landscape after battle" issue at all. For most of this century, tiny Uruguay, with its population of under three million, was the Great Exception, the Sweden of the South, an oasis of tolerance, progressive social planning, and, most notably, profound antimilitarism. In the early sixties, Uruguay's armed forces were almost laughably inconsequential, a state of affairs virtually unparalleled on the continent. However, because the country's political leaders failed to respond with anything beyond delusional procrastination to the suddenly deepening economic crisis that began in the late fifties, and because that paralysis in turn abetted the rise of a remarkably agile urban-guerrilla movement, the Tupamaros, Uruguay's once marginal military was drawn increasingly into the country's political life. Finally, in 1973, in the climax of a five-year slow-motion coup, Uruguay's generals disbanded Congress, suspended all the country's long-cherished civil liberties, and established their own absolute rule. For the rest of the decade, according to Amnesty International, Uruguay was the country with the world's highest per-capita rate of political incarceration. Although there were relatively few outright killings or disappearances in Uruguay, human-rights abuses were rampant: one in every fifty individuals was detained at some point. The worst of the political prisons was called Libertad (Liberty), and it was closed only in March of 1985, when, following a long and delicate process of negotiation, the generals handed power—or, at least, a measure of power—back to a democratically elected government.

Between the spring of 1985 and the last days of 1986, Uruguay's reconstituted judicial system grew clogged with cases in which the victims of gross human-rights violations sought to settle accounts with their tormentors. However, the generals—recalcitrant, unrepentant, and still powerful—refused to allow any of their subordinates even to honor subpoenas requiring them to appear before civil courts. Finally, on December 22, 1986, the newly reconstituted Uruguayan Congress, following twenty-two months of increasing pressure from the military, passed an amnesty law, thereby rendering the entire issue moot. Or so the congressional majority hoped. Actually, it wasn't an outright amnesty, for no politician wanted to be saddled with the legacy of so obvious a capitulation to the military. Rather, the bill was euphemistically cast as a Law Declaring an Expiration of the State's Punitive Authority. But it amounted to the same thing, and everybody took to referring to the law simply as *impunidad*—"impunity."

The country's largest political party, the Colorados, under the leadership of the new civilian President, Julio María Sanguinetti (a center-right lawyer who had been the prime mover during the negotiations that culminated in the military's return to barracks in March of 1985), had been trying for some time to force



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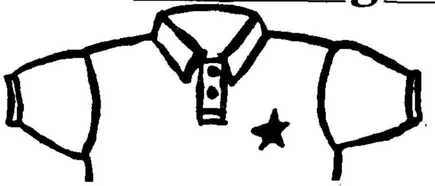

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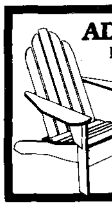

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through such a bill. The smaller Blanco Party and the still smaller Frente Amplio, or Broad Front (a coalition of leftist parties), had been resisting the Colorado initiative and holding out for a historical accounting. What happened in December, 1986, was that the Blanco leader, Wilson Ferreira Aldunate, who had been perhaps the military's most effective opponent during his decade of exile in London, and who had good reason to feel that he'd twice been robbed of the country's Presidency through a sort of authoritarian veto (first in 1971 and then in 1984), did an about-face and delivered the votes of a majority of his party's legislative representatives to the new amnesty project—despite the fact that polls were showing overwhelming popular opposition (seventy-two per cent) to *impunidad* in any form.

At the time of Wilson Ferreira's about-face, there was a good deal of café-table speculation in Montevideo that he was trying to smooth things over with the military, and render himself acceptable to it, so as to clear the way for yet another Presidential bid, in the coming 1989 elections. His defenders insisted that Presidential ambition had nothing to do with his decision. In any event, soon afterward, Wilson Ferreira learned that he had cancer, and within a year he was dead. Juan Martín Posadas, a Blanco senator, who was the only legislator in Ferreira's faction of the Party to vote against the *impunidad* law, subsequently told me how Wilson Ferreira had been tormented right up to the moment of the vote but had felt that his room for maneuver was shrinking precipitately. "Sanguinetti is a Florentine politician, and he played that gambit beautifully," Posadas explained. "The Club Naval pact"—the unwritten agreement that Sanguinetti had negotiated with the military in 1984, while the Blancos were excluded from the proceedings and Wilson Ferreira himself was in prison—"was his masterpiece. Wilson Ferreira felt that he was facing a fait accompli—that to all intents and purposes the military had already been extended certain guarantees. And he believed that, in any case, if they continued to refuse to honor legitimate subpoenas the country would soon be facing the worst possible outcome—a sort of slow-motion de facto coup, in which one sector of society declared itself beyond the law. We had to redesign our strategy, he felt, for otherwise we would be relegated to a position outside reality. Reality had started down a road we didn't approve of and which we hadn't participated in choosing, but it was the road that had been chosen, and if we went off in a different direction we'd be reduced to a testimonial role. A political party is not a church, Wilson Ferreira would say—you have to be in a real situation. I myself disagreed with that analysis, but it was his analysis."

I asked if Wilson Ferreira continued to be troubled by his decision after the vote.

"In politics, you can't be Hamlet," Posadas said. "Once you make your decision, you go out and face the crowd."

So there it was, a *punto final*—"period, full stop"—as everyone now took to saying, borrowing a phrase from the roiling debates in neighboring Argentina. There the new civilian President, Raúl Alfonsín, and his reconstituted Congress had, in late 1983, been able to take advantage of the momentary weakness of the retreating military, following its defeat by Britain in the Falklands War, to form an official commission of inquiry into the military's human-rights violations during its "dirty war" against the country's leftists (this was the National Commission on the Disappeared, which in time produced the exemplary volume "Nunca Más") and to bring to trial leading members of successive juntas and other senior offenders. But these assaults had stiffened the Argentine military's resolve, and its officers were now demanding a swift end to the investigations and the trials. Their demands had teeth—the perpetual threat of a coup—and by late 1986 Alfonsín himself was urging a *punto final* to those human-rights investigations. It was time to transcend the past and look to the future, Alfonsín argued. And an Argentine law was passed, also in December of 1986, setting a sixty-day cap on the launching of any further prosecutions. Sanguinetti, for his part, now adopted an identical rhetoric: a year and a half of controversy was enough, it was time to move on, it was time for a *punto final*. "I don't have eyes in the back of my head," he declared.

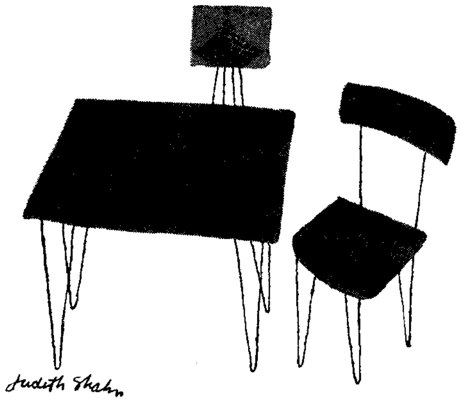
"I have eyes only for the future."

"But how can one even consider a *punto final*?" one of Sanguinetti's opponents had said to me at the time. "How can you have a period, end of paragraph, end of story, without any preceding paragraph, let alone any preceding story? Here in Uruguay, we've had no commission of inquiry, no officially sanctioned truthtelling. We've had no trials, no verdicts. All we have now is this period, hovering there in the middle of a blank page. It's unreal."

AND, indeed, it wasn't holding, it wasn't staying put. Late in February, 1987, a coalition of former torture victims, relatives of "disappeared" individuals, human-rights activists, anti-*impunidad* politicians and labor leaders and professionals, and other citizens inaugurated a campaign to overturn the *impunidad* law. As their vehicle, they would seek to use the referendum provision in Uruguay's constitution—something that had never before been done. Father Luis Pérez Aguirre, who was one of the leaders of the coalition and the founder of the Uruguayan branch of Servicio Paz y Justicia, or SERPAJ, the country's foremost human-rights-monitoring organization, explained to me, "Our current constitution was based on the Swiss constitution, and we copied the referendum provision from the Swiss. However, our politicians endeavored to make the procedure much more arduous, by requiring the petition signatures of twenty-five per cent of the total number of people who had voted in the immediately prior election. In Switzerland, for instance, with its population of over six million, you only need 50,000 signatures on a qualifying petition. Here, with less than half that population, we are required to get over ten times as many signatures—more than 555,000!" Such a requirement may be unparalleled anywhere in the world. In California, for example, in order to qualify for a place on the ballot, a referendum campaign needs to secure the signatures of only five per cent of those who voted in the previous gubernatorial election. Furthermore, in most places (as, again, in California) petition circulators need to secure only a registered voter's signature and voting address—a requirement that can be efficiently accomplished by, for example, moving down the lines outside popular movie houses. In Uruguay, however, a signer also has to provide his voter-registration number, a fairly arcane item; the form on which it's listed is likely to be kept in some drawer at home.

At first, many of the law's opponents were hesitant about embarking on this difficult course. The two principal party organizations were going to be throwing most of their weight against any attempt to revive the debate. All the television stations and most of the major radio stations and newspapers (many of them party-controlled) were on record as opposing such an attempt; it was doubtful whether the effort would receive much sympathetic coverage—or, for that matter, much coverage of any kind. One opponent, Sara Méndez, subsequently told me that at the time she herself had doubts about the referendum strategy. (The kidnapping of her nineteen-day-old son, in 1976, remains one of the most celebrated of the outstanding human-rights cases.) "The circumstances didn't exist yet for a fair debate on the issue," she recalled, "and I was afraid that the most likely outcome would be a *punto final* imposed by the people rather than the military." Eventually, however, she warmed to the campaign.

The coalition established itself as the Comisión Nacional Pro-Referéndum, co-chaired by María Gatti de Islas, the grandmother of a disappeared child, and Matilde de Gutiérrez Ruiz and Elisa de Michelini, the widows of two revered politicians who'd been assassinated in exile in Buenos Aires in 1976. The Pro-Referendum Commission cast the widest possible net in terms of political allegiances: its membership included Frente Amplio types, dissident Blancos, and even some Colorados. The Tupamaros, the radical group whose urban-guerrilla tactics had contributed to the polarization of Uruguayan society that culminated in the 1973 military coup (many of the subsequent victims of torture and extended imprisonment were Tupas), supported the referendum movement but did not play a major role. Although the Tupa prisoners had all been released and the organization relegalized following the return of democratic governance, and the Tupas had expressly forsworn any future use of violence, they remained a fairly marginal entity and were still resented by most Uruguayans. There were no Tupamaros on the Pro-Referendum Commission's steering committee.



During the first several weekends of the campaign, the commission was able to mobilize as many as ten thousand signature-gatherers and was averaging almost ten thousand new signatures a day—this despite the opposition of the military. Without the generals ever actually saying so, the subtext of many of their well-publicized commentaries was "Fine, go ahead, sign the petition, that's the list we'll be using next time we come into power." The fact that they were registering any attitude, of course, went against the spirit of the new democratic order, in which they were supposed to remain absolutely subordinate to civilian control. Yet all they had to do was express misgivings about the course of the democracy and the unacceptable resurgence of "the treasonous left," and people felt a fresh waft of the terror that had so characterized the military's earlier tenure. People didn't need to be reminded about the system whereby the military had categorized almost everyone in the country as politically acceptable, suspect, or pariah. People knew that the archives upon which these categories were based were still being maintained. They knew that the fact of someone's signing a petition, say, against the United States invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965, back in the days of the Great Democratic Exception, had come up ten years later, during the tortures and the summary trials, and that on the basis of little else such a person had received a prison sentence of five years, ten years, or more. And yet, knowing all this, they were signing. By May 26, 1987, the commission reported 438,000 signatures.

However, the tide now turned abruptly. In neighboring Argentina, during the Easter holiday a few weeks earlier, a small number of officers and

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soldiers had rebelled, under the leadership of a renegade colonel named Aldo Rico, and virtually none of the rest of the military seemed willing to move against them. Following the passage of Argentina's *punto final* law, in December, scores of prosecutions had been lodged at the last possible moment, and Colonel Rico wanted all of them quashed forthwith. Alfonsín called on the civilians, and hundreds of thousands of them rallied in defense of their reclaimed democracy. After a helicopter visit by Alfonsín to Rico's headquarters, the mutinous colonel and his men relented. There was a brief period of euphoria. Over in Uruguay, where signature-gathering had stalled, there was a sudden upsurge of activity. But in the ensuing weeks it gradually became clear that democracy's victory in Argentina had been problematical at best. Alfonsín fired the chief of staff of the armed forces, whose ouster had been one of Rico's principal demands, and although Alfonsín continued to oppose a complete amnesty, which had been another of Rico's demands, he now moved quickly to propose a so-called "due obedience" law, which he managed to force through the Argentine Congress on June 5, 1987; this had the effect of voiding most of the remaining prosecutions of lower-ranking officers, who in many cases had been the actual torturers. In Uruguay, Sanguinetti used these developments to attack the ongoing petition campaign. Did Uruguayans really want to jeopardize the peace they had so precariously achieved? Was a Uruguayan Rico what they were asking for? New signatures became sparser and sparser. By October, the campaign had levelled out at 520,000 signatures.

Up to this point, the Pro-Referendum Commission had made a near-fetish of preserving the security of its completed petitions. People were being assured that their signatures would be kept secret, no one's business but that of the Electoral Court, which was charged with verifying the signatures and supervising any subsequent referendum (with the actual petitions presumably to be destroyed immediately thereafter). But now a Colorado observer at the Electoral Court, a deputy named Rubén Díaz, proposed that once the petitions were turned over to the Court they should all be reviewed by the police, supposedly in order to weed out any known criminals or subversives. In reality, it was clear, the intent of his proposal was to intimidate would-be signers, and it seemed to be working. There was an immediate outcry from pro-referendum forces, and the proposal was temporarily shelved, but there was no guarantee of how the Electoral Court might eventually rule on it. Many of the activists on the commission began to abandon hope. Late in October, however, the commission launched a final offensive, mailing out two hundred thousand flyers. In response, it received enough signatures to go over the 555,701 goal, though it still continued to campaign, hoping to build up an adequate reserve. And, indeed, just before Christmas of 1987, the Pro-Referendum Commission turned in to the Electoral Court for verification petitions containing 634,702 signatures.

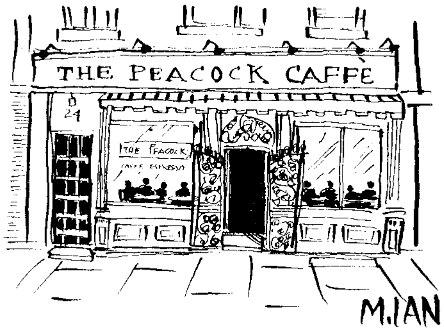
THE government responded to the commission's exasperatingly productive campaign with the signature-verifying equivalent of a filibuster. Whereas the Electoral Court had at first predicted that it would require as little as four months to review the signatures, months stretched into whole seasons without any announcement. Every single signature had to be reviewed at least twice, and then finally against the original of the signer's registration papers—documents that in many cases were decades old and were lost in dusty filing cabinets buried deep in dusty warehouses.

Meanwhile, in January, 1988, over in Argentina, Colonel Rico launched a second mutiny. This one, too, failed—though again only barely—and it was followed by another tense, ambiguous period. Once again, Sanguinetti took to the Uruguayan airwaves, asking his fellow-citizens whether they were truly so mad as to desire such complications in their own placid country. Various generals, active and retired, expressed grave misgivings about the viability of democracy in Uruguay. Far from reprimanding these soldiers for intervening in the country's political discourse, Sanguinetti had just appointed a retired general, Hugo Medina—the Army strongman with whom he had negotiated the Club Naval agreement, back in 1984—as the new Defense Minister in his civilian Cabinet. Sanguinetti's opponents were startled but couldn't help admiring the audacity of his gesture. "In what other country,” I was later asked, “would a civilian President have the sheer imagination to appoint the head of the preceding junta as his new Defense Minister?”

Medina, for his part, began issuing pronouncements that some interpreted as threats. “The left is taking advantage of democracy,” he said on television. “Rest assured that the armed forces are here to protect the country’s sovereignty.” He went on to point out that there had been only a few dozen disappearances in Uruguay. As everybody knew, there were many, many more in Argentina. In Uruguay, he said, “there were about five thousand political prisoners. There could have been four thousand disappeared.” “And could yet be” was how most oppositionists were given to understand the subtext of that particular observation. (Actually, the estimates on those incarcerated ranged considerably higher, but it’s precisely one of the problems in Uruguay that there are no comprehensive official figures.) When asked point-blank if the military would obey the results of any eventual referendum, the most that Medina seemed willing to hazard was “Time will tell” or “We’ll see” or “I don’t know what would happen.” When pressed by congressional committees for a clarification of such comments, he declined to oblige.

Then, early in August, Medina ordered that a Navy captain, Bernardo Gastón Silbermann, be relieved of his duties, arrested, and confined incommunicado for signing the referendum petition. Medina insisted that Article 77 of the Uruguayan constitution prohibited any political activity except voting by members of the military or the police. Such constitutional stickling on Medina’s part seemed curious, since he hadn’t shown himself to be particularly troubled by the far more inflammatory anti-referendum proclamations of various other serving officers. And, in any event, the constitution stipulated that a referendum could be signed by anyone with the right to vote. But constitutional analysis hardly seemed the main point in Silbermann’s case (to anyone but Silbermann, that is). Rather, his arrest had clearly been designed to reveal that the Electoral Court was in fact no longer preserving the secrecy of the petition lists. That impression was heightened when, around the same time, a newspaper report quoted the Colorado deputy Rubén Díaz to the effect that the reason he had recently taken a trip to the town of Paysandú, on the Argentine border, was to deliver to the local Colorado Party boss a list of citizens in his area who had signed referendum petitions. Public employees in the interior were being made to fear for their jobs, and retired workers for their pensions.

As for the Electoral Court, it had announced that it would henceforth be accepting retractions of signatures from all those who might request to make them—an exceedingly peculiar undertaking, especially since the Court was no longer accepting additional signatures by any additional individuals who might make *that* request. Meanwhile, the Court was disqualifying whole batches of existing signatures. The grounds for disqualification often seemed capricious. For example, some names were disqualified because they were deemed, on their face, too silly. The required voter’s-identification number—the *credencial cívica*, or C.C.—consisted of three letters followed by several numerals, but if a person put the initials “C.C.” (roughly the equivalent of “I.D.”) in front of the three letters of his identification number, his signature was disqualified, because that made five letters where there were supposed to be only three. Signatures were disqualified in cases where the “V” in the letter sequence (“BVB,” say) looked too much like a “U,” or where the stem of a “B” was deemed too dark compared with the rest of the letter, or where the “B” could be mistaken for a “13,” or where a single numeral was either darker or larger than the others, or where a pen ran out of ink and was replaced midway by another, or where a person who had moved and acquired a new C.C. listed both the old one and the new one, hence providing, say, six letters and ten numerals when there were supposed to be only three and five, or where a signer made a mistake and crossed it out and started over. Thousands of signatures were being disqualified in this manner. And all this was before the Court even started comparing the petition signatures with those on the original registration sheets (two signing events that in many cases were separated by several or more decades) and disqualifying any with handwriting that had changed noticeably in the interim. The signatures of sixty veteran labor leaders were disqualified in this fashion.



The Electoral Court was supposed to behave in a nonpartisan manner, but in practice all its members were either Colorados or Blancos, and minority interests were represented only among the observers. Those minority observers, however, registered such vocal opposition to many of the proceedings that in March the Court began “suspending” signatures of certain sorts instead of disqualifying them outright—the idea being that the Court might go back and review them in some as yet unspecified manner.

As the months progressed—June, July, August—the total number of acceptable signatures was steadily being whittled down, and it now began to look as though the total might soon fall below the necessary goal.

IT was against this backdrop that I returned to Montevideo, in August of 1988. On my previous trip, I had spoken mainly with victims of the country’s systematic human-rights violations, and they had offered many stories. In Uruguay, the military had first gone after the Tupamaros—in fact, had pretty much destroyed their organization a full six months *before* its final coup. Then it had arrested students, professors, lawyers, doctors, psychologists, labor activists, rural organizers, journalists, leftists, and anyone, for that matter, who complained about all the rest. Torture had been pervasive: virtually everyone taken in was tortured, sometimes for weeks at a time. Having spoken with veterans of Libertad and the other prisons, and with relatives of the disappeared, I had a fairly good sense of their feelings about *impunidad*. This time, I wanted to talk with some of the proponents of the law—particularly some of the leaders of the Colorado Party—because I sensed that they, too, had a strong case.

Actually, I had spoken with Senator

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Manuel Flores Silva on my previous trip. A handsome man in his late thirties, Flores Silva is a journalist and a professor, the scion of an important political dynasty, and the head of one of the more centrist factions of the Colorado Party. He had voted in favor of the amnesty—to the surprise of some, because during the transition of the early eighties he'd been a close collaborator of people like Father Pérez Aguirre, at SERPAJ, and a frequent, and very articulate, proponent of human rights.

"The problem of amnesty cannot be understood out of the context of the whole situation of our country," he said one afternoon when I visited him in his Senate offices. "Uruguay lived through a transition from authoritarian rule which was not at all typical. We didn't have the benefit of the classic situation in which the dictatorship suffers an external defeat, like Argentina in the Malvinas or the Greek generals in Cyprus, and therefore has to step down. We didn't have the other classic way out, either, in which the dictatorship loses as a result of an internal war, as happened in Nicaragua with the downfall of Somoza. Our way was to mobilize civil society and gradually encircle the regime until it accepted the transition. That was accomplished through a series of steps—the votes in 1980 and 1982 and 1984, for example—all of which were imperfect, which is to say they were not completely democratic. But each step made it possible to advance, and we achieved two things that no one else has achieved: democracy—which, for instance, Chile still hasn't—and a peaceful transition, without any deaths along the way.

"In all this the Club Naval pact was of key importance. It didn't speak explicitly, or even implicitly, about what would happen with regard to the past, but the military had a right to assume that a peaceful transition would entail a peaceful working out of the past. Now, if you were living in a dictatorship and I offered you elections in three months and democracy in six months, and you said you wouldn't accept such an arrangement until the dictators agreed in advance to go to prison, that would obviously be a wrong strategy. Naturally, two years later someone will say that this problem should have been included explicitly in the initial agreement—and this is understandable in theory. But we got rid of the dictatorship in reality.

"The trouble is that by mid-1986 we were falling back into the logic of extremes. Ironically, dictatorships freeze things, and, coming out of ours, we almost seemed to be back in 1972 and 1973—the same hatreds and polarizations all over again, leading toward an identical impasse and an identical probable outcome. We had to find a way out of that trap. It was very important, because it hasn't been shown anywhere that there is a law according to which dictatorships automatically fall. Sometimes they don't fall. For us to present an amnesty project, therefore, was not a matter of doing the necessary dirty work. It was a matter of making a moral decision to give priority to the possibility of a future of agreement over a past of division. We are consolidating democracy, which is the only guarantee of human rights."

I asked him what he could say to the victims of the abuses.

"We made a moral decision," he replied. "I didn't say it wasn't a hard one. These abuses must never happen again. I can do nothing to change the fact that we lived under Fascism. What I can do is prevent it from happening again. Listen, as far as I'm concerned they should all have gone to prison. There should never have been any dictatorship, never any coup. I'm in favor of the Tupamaros' never having existed. But we did have Tupamaros, and war, and the logic of war, and Fascism—that's what happens in war, that's why you shouldn't start shooting in the first place—and my job is to give my son a country where we will again have civil government and democracy. That takes time, and peace."

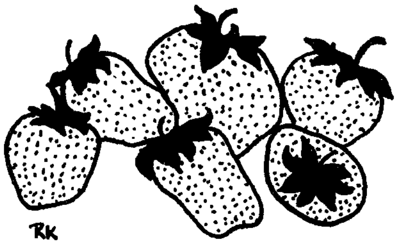
At the outset of this trip, I spoke with the Vice-President, Enrique Tarigo, another distinguished veteran of the process of transition. In 1980, after seven years of totalitarian rule and absolute control of the media, the military had tried to institutionalize its authority through a national yes-no plebiscite on a new national-security constitution; it allowed one televised debate on the subject, and in that debate Tarigo, a politically unknown lawyer and journalist, courageously and effectively argued the "no" position. To everyone's surprise, and to the military's intense consternation, the constitution went down to defeat, fifty-seven per cent to forty-three, and it was this defeat that initiated the difficult five-year process of transition. In 1984, Sanguinetti chose Tarigo as his running mate, partly in order to capitalize on the honorable reputation Tarigo had garnered on that famous occasion.

"In March, 1985, when we took over, we didn't think we should amnesty the military," Tarigo explained to me. Tarigo is a large, jowly man, reminiscent in his physical presence of the late Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley. "We thought the justice system would be able to act independently and process the accused as individuals. But the system needs quiet as a context in which to work. To secure convictions against, say, fifty military people, we would have had to have at least five hundred officers parading through the courts—as accused, as suspects, as accomplices, or, at any rate, as witnesses. It would have taken anywhere from four to eight years, because that's how long a penal process does take. If we had been able to plug all the information into a computer and get out all the verdicts on the same day—well, then maybe things could have been different. But, as it was, half the officers were going to be involved in one way or another. And I don't think any state can withstand having its armed forces destroyed in such a fashion."

I quoted the Zbigniew Herbert line regarding the way "ignorance about those who have disappeared undermines the reality of the world." A democracy can have many components and attributes, I said, but didn't it at least have to be "real," in Herbert's sense? Could any democracy be built on a foundation of "undermined reality"?

"Of course it can," Tarigo countered vigorously. "We can do it perfectly well, as others have—Spain, for instance. When Franco died, a new page was turned, because everybody realized that to go back and review events of forty years earlier would be to provoke a whole new civil war. Life continues, life is made up of things that are not pretty, that are not the subject of a beautiful poem. And the function of a government is not to write poetry but to build a real future."

THEN I went to visit President Sanguinetti in his executive offices, which were in a sleek, modern building that the military dictators had built as their Defense Ministry, and from which Sanguinetti had evicted them as one of his first Presidential acts. The building had been named Libertad, and people had taken to wondering just what it meant that the restored democracy's first President chose to govern from a building that shared its name with the dictatorship's foremost political prison. The interior, I found, was imposingly self-important—in fact, neo-Fascist—particularly the door at the end of a long hall which led to the President's inner sanctum. Actually, the door *was* the end of the long hall: the entire wooden wall—floor to ceiling, side to side—pivoted portentously on a gleaming brass axis to admit visitors. But once I was inside the office and in the presence of Sanguinetti himself such observations tended to fade from consciousness, for the President was a genuinely commanding presence—tall, self-confident, firmly planted. Various observers of the Southern Cone (journalists, diplomats, academics) had told me that of the region's three civilian Presidents who had wrested power from their military counterparts within months of each other during the mid-eighties—José Sarney in Brazil, Alfonsín in Argentina, and Sanguinetti in Uruguay—Sanguinetti was far and away the most competent, the one with the greatest gift for politics and the finest feel for the job. Nothing in the hour I spent with him gave me reason to doubt that assessment. Sanguinetti had been the Education Minister in the last pre-1973 government and had sat out most of the military dictatorship, working as a corporate lawyer and neither collaborating with the military nor particularly distinguishing himself in opposition. In the end, however, it was he who took the lead in negotiating the Club Naval agreement. At one point in our conversation, when I asked him to characterize the generals' dominion during their tenure, he replied, "They were omnipotent. They could do whatever they wanted. They overpowered everything else. We fought a lot against that dictatorship, a lot more than those speaking out now." He paused, and then added quietly, "But that's not important." I'm sure he was being sincere: he is precisely the sort of person who would believe that only the crunch negotiation—*mano a mano*, leader squared off against leader—could have had any serious relevance to the process that culminated in the military's withdrawal. All the acts of civil disobedience—the increasing grassroots activism, the hunger strikes, the women in their back yards at first furtively and then ever more boldly banging pots and pans in protest—had been simply so much background noise.



At any rate, I began by asking Sanguinetti why the military had been explicitly excluded from the March, 1985, amnesty, only to be granted what amounted to amnesty in the law of December, 1986. What had happened in between?

"The perspective changed," he said. "The reason that the amnesty for the terrorists and the political prisoners, as they're generically called, didn't include the military was that at the time it didn't seem that denunciation of their crimes would become so important. There might be a few accusations, but it wasn't going to be a big deal. Then things began to grow—accusations, confrontations, bigger confrontations."

Were the leaders unaware of the extent of the problem, I asked, or, rather, did they just think that there weren't going to be so many outright accusations?

"No. People pretty much knew what had happened. But such a generous amnesty in favor of the terrorists, it was thought, would serve to calm the society. Things looked different at the time from the way they look now."

So then what happened?

"Great numbers of accusations began rolling in, and we proposed an amnesty. Why? For many reasons. First, few of the accusations were going to lead anywhere—there wasn't enough evidence. It was going to disturb society, and there would simply be a lot of confrontation. Second, it was a question of moral equivalency: we felt that if we were going to have a settling of accounts for the left and the terrorists the military should be amnestied, too. A lot of those involved in violent left-wing groups had never been in jail at all. To begin the arithmetic of judging levels of responsibility, we would have been faced with complications of such magnitude that we thought it best to amnesty everybody—the left and the military. Third, it was necessary to have a climate of stability so as to consolidate democracy. Having lived through such turbulence for so many years, we felt we needed a more peaceful situation. If the country was going to insist on maintaining the old conflicts from before the coup, it was unlikely that we'd ever be able to consolidate democracy. And, finally, for historical reasons. Traditionally, after all great conflicts in a country the solution has been an amnesty for both sides."

Regarding this notion of moral equivalency, what percentage of those in prison was he classifying as terrorists? Weren't there many prisoners who were not even Tupamaros?

"Most were guerrillas—most of the long-term ones."

Wasn't that one of the outstanding questions? Shouldn't there have been at least a truthtelling phase, in which such facts could have been established, once and for all?

"We could have had a moral trial, an investigation followed by an amnesty. But that situation had all the problems and none of the advantages. To open that discussion would have been to preserve old wounds. One can always make mistakes, but, looking over the last four years, I'm convinced that I'm right. The experience of Argentina confirms it: the trials there were not permitted to continue—only the top generals were punished, and not those directly responsible for all the assassinations."

But in both Argentina and Brazil there have been truthtelling phases, either officially sanctioned or based on official documents. One knows how many prisoners were terrorists and how many were not. There has been nothing like that in Uruguay.

"That's why Uruguay is stable. The bottom line is that either we're going to look to the future or to the past."

Did he think it possible to have an honest disagreement on this subject—for example, that other people might feel that without attending to the past the future would be built on a faulty base?

"Obviously, on all these matters one can have other perspectives. But, while we were all responsible for what happened, those who carried out the violence on the right and the left were the most responsible. The majority of the country has rights, too, and the great majority don't want violence and do want their rights guaranteed, so they can exercise them today. And it's hard to have a balance when this sort of discussion is going on between minorities."

Was it really such a marginal minority who disagreed with his position? Close to twenty-five per cent of the country's voting population had signed the petition.

"That's an argument in favor of my position. We've gone down a totally legal road. If there should ever be an actual vote, I'm convinced that it would come out seventy to thirty in favor of retaining the amnesty, and that would end the debate."

But if the referendum should be held and should pass—and, remember, this is an electorate that has surprised people before—what would happen?

"To begin with, you're talking science fiction. I have no doubt that the amnesty law would be upheld. But, if not, a period of very strong judicial and political conflict would begin. The country would suffer a lot. Most people understand this. That is why I'm so certain."

Before the December law was passed, soldiers had refused to answer subpoenas and attend trials. If in the wake of the referendum a new dispensation required that they do so, would they?

"I'm sure we'd have serious problems, and I don't want to make predictions. I think you should realize that the people in favor of the referendum are not people known for their defense of democracy. Prior to the coup, they were not defending democracy."

All twenty-five per cent?

"No, no, no. But the Tupamaros are the ones in the vanguard."

What of the woman whose nineteen-day-old son was kidnapped? He was now twelve years old. For her, a legal process might reveal something and ease her future anguish. Weren't we talking here about the future and not the past? What could he say to *that* person, or to the widows of Deputy Héctor Gutiérrez Ruiz and Senator Zelmar Michelini?

"I have a great pain for them in my heart and understand their attitude. But what I'm really concerned about is its not happening again. That's why there can be two ways of thinking that are equally honest—their way, which is that the only means of overcoming the problem of the military is to have trials, and our way, which is that the only means is a pardon. The question is, Who can guarantee the future? I'm convinced that we will, this way, and they can't offer the same security."

Once again, I cited the Herbert poem, this time quoting a longer passage:

And yet in these matters
accuracy is essential
we must not be wrong
even by a single one

we are despite everything
the guardians of our brothers

ignorance about those who have
 disappeared
undermines the reality of the world.

I asked Sanguinetti whether he thought it possible to found a secure democracy on the basis of a sort of willed mass ignorance.

"That's not the basis of democracy," he replied. "The basis of democracy is the people's conviction that it's the best system and that everyone can expect to exercise his rights. The former terrorists now have their radios and newspapers, they shout insults at me at the top of their lungs. That's the basis of democracy—that everyone has a place under the sun. As for your poet— Ernest Renan, the great nineteenth-century French historian, who was very influential here in the Southern Cone, once said, 'Nations are a plebiscite every day, and they are constructed on the basis of great rememberings and great forgettings.' If the French were still thinking about the Night of St. Bartholomew, they'd be slaughtering each other to this day.

"This is a political, and not a moral, decision. It has to be resolved politically because it's a political conflict. Uruguay didn't fall apart by chance, and it's not going to be reconstructed by chance, either."

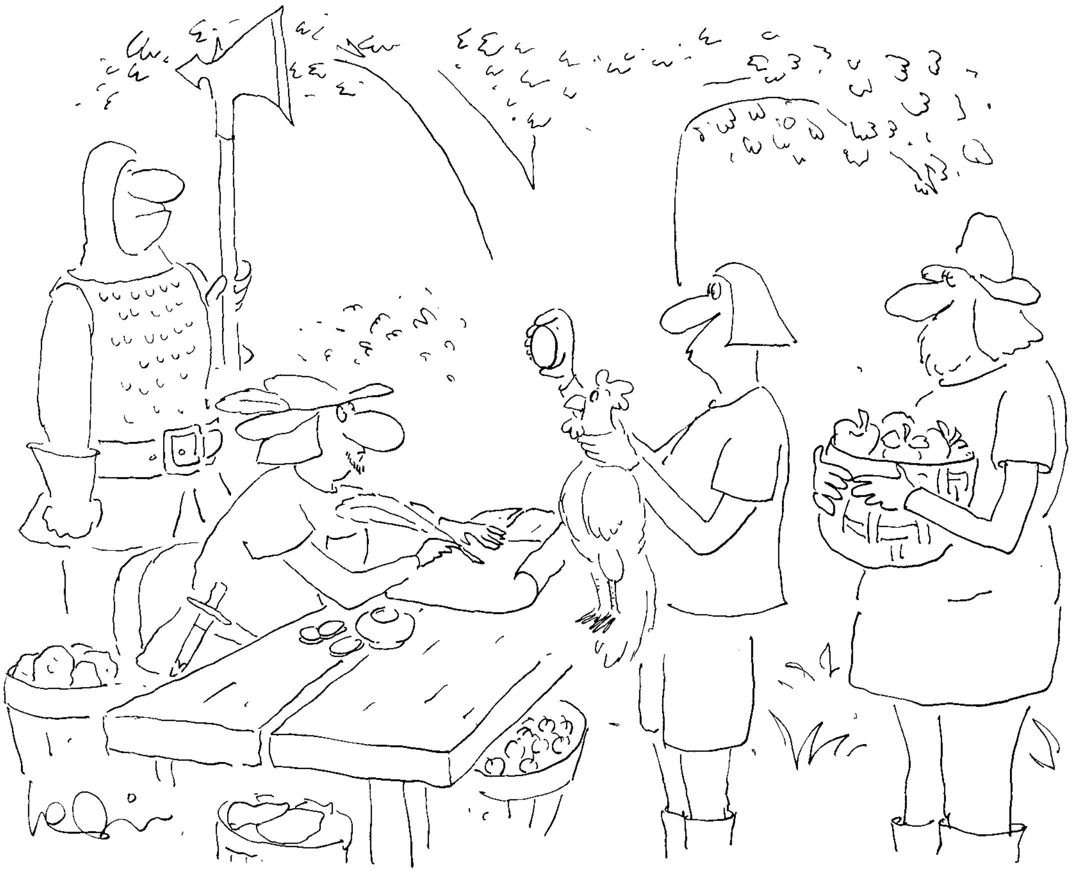
THAT evening, I visited the headquarters of the Pro-Referendum Commission, several sparse rooms in a second-floor walkup on a downtown side street. I was lucky to have chosen that particular evening, because it turned out to be the one set aside for the weekly meeting of the commission's steering committee, so a number of leaders and activists were gathering there. I told one group how in our conversation the President had characterized most of the worst victims of the military's repression as terrorists. "That's a huge lie, he's an incredible liar," an old man in a worn gray coat said, "and I want you to quote me on that." He gave his name, Enrique Rodríguez Larreta. "Although it's not *my* saying it that's important. It's that he *is* one."

Larreta pulled me aside and proceeded to tell me his story. Back in the sixties, he had been a journalist with *El País*, one of the country's leading establishment newspapers. In fact, his family had owned the paper. His uncle had once been Foreign Minister, and other relatives had been congressmen. He himself had resigned as a delegate on the Blanco Party's national committee in 1967, in protest against the lack of opportunity for young people in the country. His son became a student activist at the university, and was jailed and tortured for several months during 1972. After the 1973 coup, his son and his daughter-in-law fled to Buenos Aires, where the young man got a job as a reporter for a fairly conservative journal of economics.

Then, Larreta continued, on June 30, 1976, his son was kidnapped from his own apartment. Larreta rushed to Buenos Aires and, along with his daughter-in-law, began making urgent inquiries. On the night of July 13th, however, he and his daughter-in-law were themselves kidnapped, from the same apartment, and, hooded, were hauled off to one of Argentina's most notorious *chupaderos* (a slang term that literally means places that suck people up), a torture center in the garage of Automotores Orletti. "Most of the kidnappers and all the guards there were Argentine," Larreta said, "but Uruguayan Army personnel participated directly in our apprehension, interrogation, and torture." As the weeks went by—and then through tenacious research in the years after his release—Larreta was able to identify four particular Uruguayan officers as being involved in the torture.

At the time Larreta and his daughter-in-law were kidnapped, Orletti had sucked up more than sixty Uruguayan refugees, and that first night Larreta was hugely relieved to recognize his son among them ("partly through his cough, and partly because the sugar sack they were using to hood me was not tightly woven")—relieved but also greatly pained, because it was clear that the young man had been savagely beaten. "All night long, prisoners were being taken upstairs, one by one, for torture sessions," he said. "You'd hear them screaming and screaming, for hours, and eventually they'd be brought back down and flung on the cement floor and forbidden to drink any water, because, the guards said, they'd been through 'the machine.'

"The next night, my turn came," Larreta continued. His story seemed at once to bore and to compel him. "I was taken upstairs and stripped naked, except for my blindfold. My arms were pinioned behind my back, and I was strung up by my wrists from the ceiling, my feet dangling twenty centimetres or so from the floor. Then they strapped around my waist a sort of loincloth that contained a number of exposed electrodes. This was the apparatus they called 'the machine,' and they repeatedly connected it up throughout the interrogation, beating me all the while on my most sensitive parts. The cement floor was strewn with coarse salt crystals, in order to



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intensify the pain if you were somehow able to rest your bleeding feet on the ground. Night after night, they put us through this regimen. Once, because of the sweat streaking down my face, my blindfold loosened, and I caught sight of a large portrait of Hitler on the wall. The torturers frequently boasted of their admiration for the Nazis. All of us were asked if we were Jewish, and Jews got special attention.

"O.K., so this is one terrorist's story, what I'm telling you. One so-called Tupamaro—a father whose only crime was to be out looking for his kidnapped son. And I recognized many such 'terrorists' there: friends, and some of the most important labor leaders of Uruguay—León Duarte, Gerardo Gatti, Hugo Méndez—and several dozen others. Those three, in particular, never resurfaced. Most of the rest of us were luckier." The Uruguayans who survived Orletti were eventually returned to Montevideo, where the young people, including Larreta's son and daughter-in-law, were tried and given prison sentences. Larreta himself was presently released; he fled Uruguay and settled in Sweden, where he lives to this day. (His son and daughter-in-law joined him there after they were released.) But he has been returning regularly to the Southern Cone, obsessively researching his case and those of the others, in the hope of achieving some measure of justice.

Recently, he told me, he had become part of a remarkable case in Buenos Aires, where a well-known human-rights lawyer named Jorge Baños had persuaded one judge, who could no longer rule on Argentine torturers, to agree to issue an extradition warrant for the four Uruguayan torturers Larreta had identified as operating in Buenos Aires. The amnesty protecting them in Uruguay did not affect their status within this judge's jurisdiction, nor did the one protecting Argentines. The extradition warrant was currently bottled up in the Uruguayan Foreign Ministry, under extended study, but Larreta was back in town doing his best to move matters along.

Another activist I met that evening, a short, exuberant matron whom everybody fondly referred to as Tota (I asked her what her actual name was, and she replied, "You know what, I've forgotten!"), related another story with international implications. On June 24, 1976, her daughter, Elena Quinteros Almeida, then a thirty-year-old teacher and a leader of the teachers' union, was arrested in Montevideo. On June 28th, she escaped her captors and ran into the grounds of the Venezuelan Embassy, with two soldiers in pursuit. Disregarding the Embassy's status as a sanctuary, the soldiers beat her and also several Embassy personnel who came to her assistance. She was eventually dragged away, and was never seen or heard of again. Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with Uruguay over the incident, and resumed them only in 1985, when the new civilian government promised to reopen the case and track down those responsible for her disappearance. To all intents and purposes, the *impunidad* law had voided that promise. Tota told me this story sombrely, but what she really wanted to talk to me about was what it had been like, during the past eighteen months, collecting signatures in the shantytowns ("People came pouring out of their shacks, waving their national documents in their hands"), and receiving them here at the headquarters when she was on desk duty ("Two blind men came up and could only offer their fingerprints but did so with enormous conviction"). Relating these stories, she seemed almost transported. "And no wonder," one of her colleagues remarked later. "For over a decade out there, looking for her daughter, she was alone in the wilderness, and now she suddenly knows she has 634,000 allies."

Others also spoke of international aspects of the *impunidad* law. "Some laws can be valid domestically and yet invalid with respect to international law," one lawyer commented.

"But the violation of international standards isn't the main issue," a psychologist put in. "It's the violation of our *own* standards, the violation of our hope for the future of democracy here in Uruguay." Unwittingly reversing a point made by Senator Flores Silva, he went on, "There's no historical law according to which Uruguay or Chile is inevitably destined to return to permanent democracy. Sanguinetti in effect says he wants to consolidate fifty-one per cent of democracy today and maybe go on to fifty-three per cent next year and fifty-eight per cent the year after that. But it's just as likely that we could go the route of Bolivia or Brazil, with endlessly recurring cycles of misery and Fascism, especially if we evade our own history. It's Oedipus, it's Hamlet: the curse of the unpunished crime. When murder is not atoned for in some way, it will out in other ways, and here you see how it's already warping us: basically decent people—Sanguinetti, Wilson Ferreira—have been acting completely crazy."

"Oh, I don't know that Sanguinetti is being so crazy," another observer said. "He *needs* the military, and he needs a strong military—it's a charade that he's only just barely able to keep them in check—so as to be able to force through his economic program. He's intent on paying off our incredible foreign debt—amnesty for the torturers, yes, but no amnesty for their debt. And why? Because the debt is history, and we have to honor our historical obligations. Justice, of course, isn't an historical obligation."

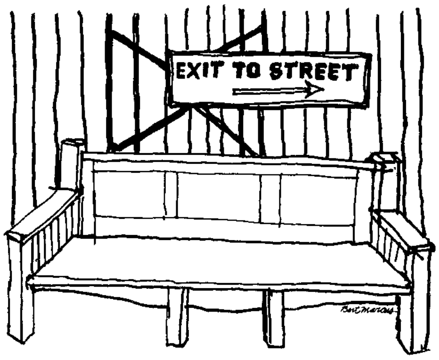
But what of the danger to democracy in forcing the issue, I asked. How did they answer those who feared that a positive vote on any eventual referendum might provoke a coup or that the military would still refuse to obey subpoenas? The new Blanco leader, Alberto Zumarán, for instance, had recently said that the referendum might be just, but that the civil forces simply didn't have the strength to enforce it at this time. What was their answer?

"That's one of the forms the campaign of fear is taking," a young activist named Milton Romani acknowledged. "I think first of all we have to see it as a tactic, as a means of disheartening us. But, in fairness, it's a subject we haven't had a coherent position on—what will happen if the law passes. The referendum won't be any sort of magic wand—it will be only a beginning. But it will clarify things. And, anyway, impunity is a political problem, but it's also an ethical one, and those have different ground rules—absolute ground rules. There's a profound sentiment in this country—and it hasn't been expunged—that if you commit a crime you should be held accountable. The Colorados are just as convinced of that as I am. That's why they're so scared of this referendum—why they're so eager to prevent it or at least postpone it."

One striking aspect of the conversations I had with these activists and with most of the supporters of the referendum was the apparent absence of any spirit of rancor or vengeance—the anti-referendum propaganda notwithstanding. (Ironically, the referendum's supporters seemed far angrier at Sanguinetti and Tarigo and Wilson Ferreira and Zumarán than at the torturers or the generals—and that's no doubt precisely the way the military wanted things.) Over and over, I heard it said that, once there was a true accounting, nobody had any interest in anyone else's going to jail.

"Only God can pardon, but even with Him only after confession," Larreta said. "You can't pardon someone who's convinced he has behaved well. Someone asks for a pardon, having repented. I don't care whether anyone is incarcerated, as long as he confesses, repents, and *then* is pardoned."

That morning, I had talked with one of the referendum's most active proponents, Father Pérez Aguirre. I asked him if he could imagine ever pardoning his own torturer. "I already have," he replied. It turned out that twice already on his daily rounds he'd encountered his torturer on the street. "He tried to avoid my gaze," Father Pérez Aguirre recounted. "But I took the initiative. I called him over. I said hello, how was he. You see, I wasn't acting the way he expected. He told me he was very depressed. He is one of the foremost accused. He said that he felt his life had become terribly complicated, that it was not good for him or anyone to live in this state of ambiguity. I showed him in a practical way that I was not angry. I told him if he needed anything to come to me. And I told him I forgave him. It's a personal, internal process that I went through, from profound Christian conviction. It's not a very simple process. It takes a lot of internal effort. You need a strong conviction of the power of pardoning—the power of love and reconciliation—and how it affects the other person. But it has to be true reconciliation. And it's something I have to do—the state can't claim to do it for me. If there should be a truthtelling, I'm sure people would find ways of pardoning most of the torturers. We have a tradition of mercy."



Similarly, that evening, Rafael Michelini, the twenty-eight-year-old son of the murdered senator, expressed remarkably little bitterness. Michelini was currently a Frente representative on the Montevideo city council and was also active in the pro-referendum movement. I told him of the way Sanguinetti had cast the referendum movement as principally a Tupamaro campaign.

"That's a lie," he said softly, almost sadly. "My mother is no Tupamaro; Mrs. Gutiérrez Ruiz is no Tupamaro. How can he take a movement that got almost thirty per cent of the electorate to sign a petition—the equivalent of fifty million people in the United States—and dismiss it as the work of Tupamaros? No," he continued, "we're a movement of reconciliation, of peace by constitutional means. Basically, we have three goals. First of all, once the law is annulled, to show the military clearly that it must obey the civil government. Till that is understood, there's *no* future, especially since the law was passed under pressure. Second, to separate from the military those officers who wrote the darkest pages in our history—to stop their being promoted or having others pay homage to them. And, third, to know the truth, to have a serious investigation to find out what happened to the disappeared, so that families may at last be permitted to mourn their dead; so that grandparents can find out what has become of their still living grandchildren; so that we can be at peace."

Did he have any idea who had been responsible for his father's murder?

"We think we know, but I want to be prudent," Michelini replied. "We're not judges. And, anyway, the problem isn't getting them into jail—it's getting them out of the armed forces. We have to look toward the future, not the past."

I asked him about the danger of a coup or of the military's refusal to honor any eventual subpoenas.

"I don't know the conscience of every Uruguayan," he said, "but I'm positive that if the referendum passes and the law is annulled the military will testify. Not everyone thinks this, but I'm positive. In 1980, it respected the results, so why wouldn't it do so now? There's a great sense of honor in the Uruguayan military. The soldiers are Uruguayans, after all. And it's not at all clear that the entire armed forces would be willing to sully their image to save a relatively small number of scoundrels. The expression of the popular will would have such impact that Sanguinetti would order Medina to make them obey, and Medina would do so, personally jailing anybody who defied him."

And what about you, I asked. What if they finally held the referendum and it lost? Where would that put you with respect to your father? Where would it put the movement?

"There must be total respect for the outcome of the vote," Michelini replied earnestly. "We'll play that absolutely clean. If anyone breaks off and goes beyond the law, we will be the first to condemn him. There's no future for Uruguay if the will of the majority is not respected."

He paused, then added, "Listen. If you ever get a chance to interview Medina, tell him I said so—tell him Rafael Michelini says he would obey. I'd love to hear his reaction."

I DID get a chance to interview General Medina. Arriving for my appointment at the compact, elegant onetime hotel that had been recast as the new Defense Ministry following the return of civilian rule, I experienced a frisson. I was momentarily reminded of what it used to feel like to visit the Soviet Embassy in Warsaw, the sensation of entering the zone of true power.

I had spoken with various people in town about Medina, who was the subject of a good deal of intense speculation. One sociologist suggested to me that though Medina was a *duro*—a hard-liner—he began favoring a return to civilian governance during the late seventies and early eighties, out of concern for the institutional integrity of the military itself. He had become troubled by growing corruption inside the armed forces and by a breakdown of internal discipline, which, ironically, are two frequent by-products of totalitarian military rule. Medina's only purpose in life, an opposition senator said, was to protect and preserve the institution of the military. (Medina came from a military family.) "Most of the other generals are gorillas," the senator continued. "They have no feeling for nuance. He does. And also in his favor is the fact that he's one of the few who didn't profit personally from the years of the dictatorship. I respect him. I respect him as an enemy." Everyone agreed that, along with Sanguinetti, Medina had been the principal architect of the Club Naval agreement and had been the person who managed to sell it to his often reluctant colleagues in the military.

A military officer ushered me into the building's central lobby—inlaid mosaic floors, murals of pastoral scenes, stained-glass windows, a dark wood balustrade girdling the mezzanine, a curious fresco of a half-naked Venus carrying a club—and I noticed that virtually every man moving about this ministry of a civilian government was in uniform. (There were no women to be seen.) Presently, Medina emerged from his office and beckoned me in. *He* had shed the uniform (he retired as general before assuming the post of Defense Minister) and was dressed in a modest gray suit. He was mustachioed, with graying hair and washed-out blue eyes. During the interview, there were moments when he seemed grandfatherly, moments when he looked a bit like Chile's Augusto Pinochet, and other moments when he looked like the banker on the old "Lucy" show. But throughout he radiated confidence and self-assurance.

We began our conversation with a historical review of the events that had led to the 1973 coup. "The panorama before the military coup was increasingly critical, owing to a lack of responsibility on the part of Congress and some agencies, and labor instability. All this made the country increasingly difficult to govern," Medina said. "This ingovernability was exacerbated by the actions of a seditious group called the Tupamaros, who acted—and let's make this clear—against the constitutionally elected authorities." His account was considerably fairer and more measured than the one I was being offered by many of the current civilian authorities, who seemed willing to place the blame for almost everything exclusively on the Tupamaros.

I mentioned that the military had resolved the problem of the Tupa-

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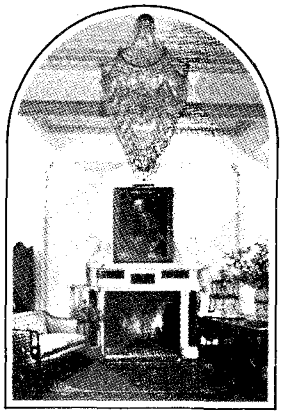

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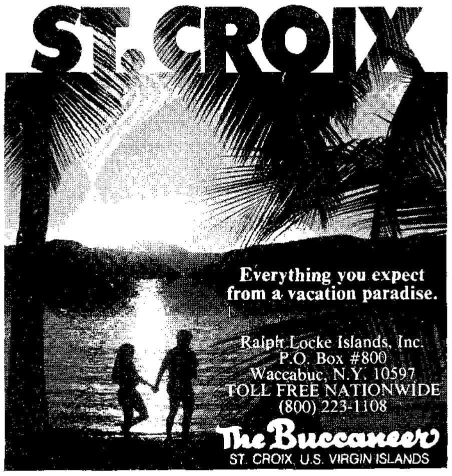

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maros months before the coup in 1973.

“That was true in the case of the armed apparatus,” Medina agreed, “and when one speaks of the Tupamaros’ defeat one speaks of their military defeat. But in neither the political nor the ideological sense were they defeated—witness the fact that they continue to exist to this day.” He went on to give a reasonably balanced evaluation of the accomplishments of military rule (“We put the country back in order”) and of its shortcomings (the economic debacle of the early eighties).

I asked at what point the decision was made to begin returning governance to the civilians, and he said, “The decision to return to democracy always existed in the armed forces, from the beginning.”

I asked him if he felt that the armed forces were insufficiently appreciated.

“Well, I would have to say perhaps yes—that there has not been a recognition of the real labor performed by the armed forces. There are things that prevent things from being seen as they are. I can say in all sincerity that at every moment the objective of the armed forces was the well-being of the public. There may have been some mistakes, some errors, along the way, but we always felt that the country, its interests, and its inhabitants came first, before any personal gain. The armed forces always acted as an institution: we never permitted the appearance of a messianic leader, a single man who would take over the process. And when, after 1980, we committed ourselves to the timetable of transition, it was a commitment of honor, and was maintained against all opinions favoring our continuing in power.”

I asked if he was proud of the Uruguayan tradition of democracy.

“In the first place, it is, as you say, a tradition—a long history of democratic life. Secondly, I am proud of this, yes. The armed forces understood that while individual men could be questioned, the system should not be—not the parties or the democratic system, which are almost as old as the country itself.” He paused. “Actually, many people in this country are not as democratic as one is led to believe. The democratic fervor is not as great as they try to make it appear now. When the moment comes to defend democracy, there are not many people who defend it. At least, that has been the history.”

We went on to discuss the Club Naval agreement, and, like President Sanguinetti, Medina declared that the issue of the military’s eventual liability for human-rights violations never arose: “It was purposely not considered: touching on this subject would have made it very possible that no agreement could have been reached.”

I asked whether he, like President Sanguinetti, had been surprised at the intensity of feeling about the subject after the transition.

“You are putting me in a difficult position, because I must say that on this point I do not agree with the President,” he replied. “Having observed the behavior of people carrying on this campaign to disgrace the armed forces, and knowing the kind of people involved, having had direct contact with them in the battle and in prison, made it easy to predict. Maybe not the degree of intensity—but there was obviously going to be trouble.”

Many of the prisoners had not been part of any armed apparatus—students, labor leaders, and so forth. How would he characterize those people?

“During the struggle against subversion, elements were captured from all the sectors—the Tupamaros, the Communist Party, for the Communist Party had been declared illegal by that time. People were captured as a result of being denounced, as a result of the detention or the testimony of other jailed Tupamaros or Communists.” A strange smile began to spread over his face. “A man after being arrested was interrogated, according to his characteristics, energetically or mildly . . .”

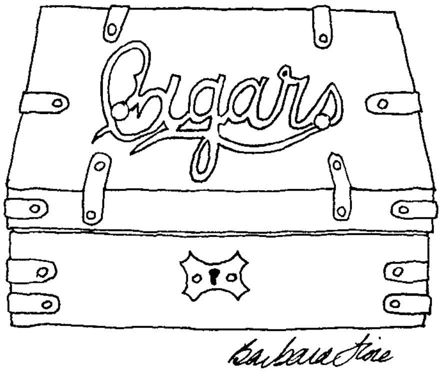
Energetically?

“Energetically in the case of a man who refused to speak.”

Energetically meaning what?

He was silent for a moment, his smile steady. For him, this was clearly a game of cat and mouse.

“Listen,” he said eventually. “In many instances, the life of one of our comrades was in danger, and it was necessary to get information quickly. That is what made it necessary to compel them. But after that was done the subject would just become one more prisoner. That was the focus of our struggle. We do not reject the accusation of *apremios*”—instances of compulsion—“in dealing with the prisoners. Because there were *apremios*. But if we had done what they did in other countries—this is my own reflection—if we had given way to other kinds of repression, then, of the five thousand or so prisoners that there were in this country, four thousand or so might have been killed.”



He had said something similar on television the other day, I pointed out, and some people interpreted it as a threat. Had he meant it that way?

“No, I don’t mean to threaten. It’s simply a reflection—something I truly believe could have happened here. And that it didn’t happen here was because of the humanitarian spirit of the armed forces.”

Were there people here who favored a more Argentine-style approach and were overruled?

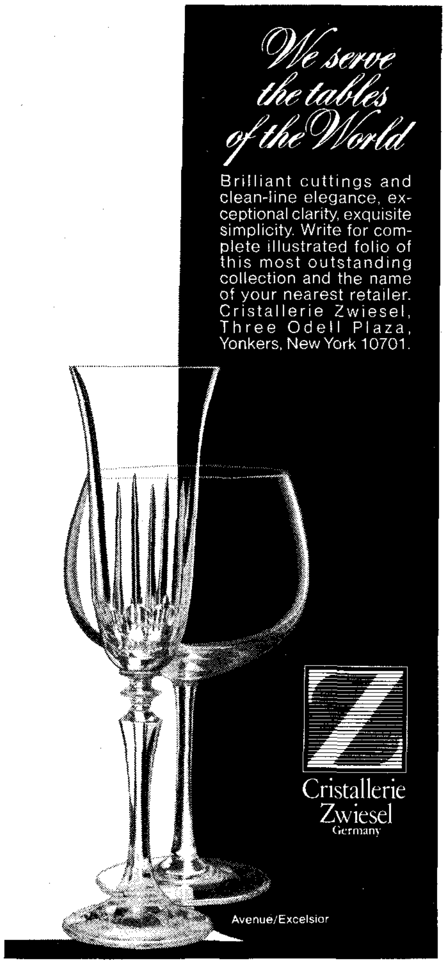
“There were lots of opinions. What is important is what was done.”

Before the final amnesty debate in Congress, in December, 1986, a group of retired generals, in a kind of palliative gesture, had submitted a statement in which they conceded that there had been some transgressions, though they insisted that the investigations should now cease. He himself, earlier in our interview, had mentioned mistakes and errors. What sorts of mistakes, errors, transgressions did he have in mind?

“Yes, the commanders-in-chief submitted a letter in which we recognized errors and pointed out how, in a situation like that, one loses one’s point of reference. But we noted that the errors were committed by men acting as part of a hierarchy, and that to permit those men to be punished would be to risk the loss of authority of the leaders in whom these people had trusted when they were carrying out their orders, so that the leadership would thereafter assume full responsibility. The letter was published, and understood, and the law followed, on December 22nd.”

What sort of errors did he have in mind? People killed? People imprisoned who perhaps shouldn’t have been?

“In talking about errors, one talks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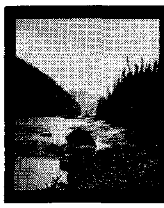

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about all of them, from the smallest to the largest—*one doesn't discriminate.* All the errors that you can imagine might have occurred. But I very clearly informed all the Army units that there would be complete protection for those who were carrying out orders in the line of duty."

I pointed out that approximately a quarter of the voting population of Uruguay had signed the petition calling for an annulment of the amnesty—a significant proportion in any democracy. Many of the signers whom I'd spoken with, I *told Medina, didn't* seem to have a particular interest in having anyone else go to jail. What they wanted was a truthtelling. Was there any way the military would be willing to accept some official historical investigation, which could evaluate the role of the Tupamaros, the politicians, and so forth, and, within that context, the behavior of the military?

"I would ask you who would be benefitted by such a study," Medina replied. "What reasons do those who are searching simply out of curiosity have—*and here* I'm *not* talking about you, about the sort of thing you're doing—to return to the past, and make the country lose time and money? I think that doing so simply to satisfy a curiosity, which I think is close to morbid, would have no positive results. Positive results are achieved by work, dedication, and, as the President says, looking toward the future." He went on to say that though the referendum movement was employing a legitimate means, there were countless irregularities in the signatures on the petitions. "I think and hope there will not be enough signatures—not because it would be better for the armed forces but because it would be better for the country," he said. "The positive aspect of an election would be that the healthy sector of the country, I'm sure, would win, and by a landslide, so that the subject wouldn't have to be discussed any longer—it would be over forever. But at what cost? Just the fact of the campaign, with all the propaganda before the vote, with emotions heating up, with all the confrontations and unfortunate incidents that would no doubt occur—that's what I'd want to avoid."

A completely hypothetical question: If there should be a vote and if the law were overturned, if soldiers should be subpoenaed, would he, as the Defense Minister of a constitutional government, order them to obey the summonses?

"They are not going to win. I consider it fruitless to speculate on events that are not going to occur. I am not going to talk about it."

I mentioned that I had been interviewing Rafael Michelini and that he had said two things that might interest him: first, that if the referendum lost the activists would have to obey the will of the majority; and, second, that if it won he, Michelini, was convinced that the President would follow the will of the people and so, specifically, would General Medina.

Medina smiled. "That," he said, "is Rafael Michelini's opinion."

He laughed, I laughed, and I decided to change the subject.

I mentioned the woman I had interviewed whose nineteen-day-old son had disappeared twelve years ago. She couldn't sleep at night, wondering where the boy was. Could he empathize with that? What should she do?

"Well, sympathy? No. I feel the natural pity for her that anyone might feel when faced with the misfortune of another. That is something that did not occur in this country, and I have no suggestions."

We're not talking about punishing anyone—simply finding the child.

"These cases have been investigated by military justice, and the families of the disappeared have refused to testify in military courts, so it's very difficult. In addition to being difficult, it's not in my mandate." (It is a fact that some of the disappearance cases were specifically excluded from the 1986 law. Congress empowered the President to pursue them as he saw fit. To the outrage of the families and many congressmen, even of many supporters of the bill, Sanguinetti chose to assign the cases to a military prosecutor. The families did refuse to collaborate in what they saw as a whitewash; the prosecutor, for his part, quickly dismissed the cases. Amnesty International recently criticized the military prosecutor's handling of these matters.)

Couldn't he at least make personal inquiries?

"When the way of obtaining such collaboration is a public scandal, and there is all this shouting, it's very hard to get the coöperation of the authorities."

Did he mean that if the shouting stopped, it would be easier?

"The scandalous shouting has already occurred. You can be sure that if I, as a human being, were to encounter the child and could return it to its mother, I would do so. But in the context of my function in government I don't see any reason for me to intervene."

A few last questions. Uruguay has a military budget proportional, in terms of the national budget, to the military budgets of countries like Israel and Nicaragua and Cuba and Iran—countries that consider themselves at war, to varying degrees. What did he see as the long-term role and budgetary requirements of the Uruguayan military?

Medina began his answer by disputing my premise, pointing out that all kinds of civil functions were undertaken by the military in Uruguay (the weather service, Antarctic research, customs monitoring, and the like), so the actual military proportion was much smaller. Furthermore, seventy per cent of the defense budget went for salaries. "If the budget were reduced, obligatory military service would have to be imposed—an option that has traditionally been rejected by public opinion."

But the military today was much larger than it had been in the sixties. How big did it have to be?

"Since March of 1985, we have reduced the armed forces by five thousand positions"—from thirty-one thousand to twenty-six thousand, compared with about fifteen thousand in 1968. "The other day, I said that if we continued to reduce the size of the military I myself would end up having to work as a guard."

What did he see as the role of the armed forces in Uruguay? Neither Brazil nor Argentina was likely to invade. This was a country at peace.

Suddenly, Medina, who had stayed completely unflustered through all the difficult terrain we'd covered up to this point, almost began to shake. "Will you give me a guarantee that they will not invade?" He raised his voice. "We have the mission to defend the sovereignty, the borders, and to maintain order within the country when we are required. We may be a small country, but we have dignity. And if we were a country without an army we would be very close to being a country without dignity."

He was speaking with desperate intensity. And, indeed, I felt that we had come to the fault line at the core of the diamond. It had something to do with this matter of the wandering "we" in his answer: the "we, Uruguay" shimmering, vibrating, blurring into and out of "we, the armed forces"—the dignity of the country being wrapped up in the dignity of its armed forces, whose raison d'être seemed to be their own dignity.

Pushing things a little further, I pointed out that throughout the world today Communism seemed to be much less of a threat than it must have seemed a decade ago. Gorbachev seemed almost to be dismantling Communism in the Soviet Union itself. Did he, Medina, still perceive Communism as a threat to Uruguay's internal order?

"From what I have been able to see, there has been no substantial change in the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. And our Communist Party has its guidelines set in Moscow. I haven't seen the Berlin Wall being dismantled. I haven't seen the Jewish people permitted to emigrate. I haven't seen an amelioration in the subversive tendencies of some of the Soviet satellites. Therefore, I would prefer to wait to give a final opinion."

Did he think that subversion in Uruguay was directed from the Soviet Union?

"I have no material proof. But I have my suspicions, yes."

One last set of questions. Back in the middle of the interview, he had indicated that the leaders of the military took responsibility for all that was done under their command. Could that lead to a situation down the line where if there were going to be any trials he would insist that it be the leaders who were tried?

"When the leaders assumed that responsibility, it was with all its consequences."

I now broached the case in which the Argentine judge was requesting the extradition of the four Uruguayan officers.

Medina interrupted me angrily. "That case was just pulled out of a hat," he said. "Here there's an amnesty, there there's an amnesty. Personally, I think the action of that judge leaves a lot to be desired. Because he can't judge the officers in his own country, now he's looking for officers in other countries."

But, over and above the quality of the judge, here we were dealing with extradition laws. Faced with a situation like that, would he assume the legal responsibility for those individuals?

"Look," Medina said sternly. "I won't enter into that kind of speculation. I am not going to tell you whether officers will be turned in or not. What I'm saying is that it's not rational, it's not logical, *it's not just.* When, or if, I see the extradition papers, then we'll see."

He paused. "We're not re-

Sunrise, Greenwich Village, 1989

sponsible for the kidnappings and the killings—those crimes were amnestied." Again, the complicitous smile. "But I am the one responsible for those officials in Argentina. Obviously, those people didn't just show up in Argentina. They were there carrying out orders—not the Michelini case, that was not our case, we don't know who did it. They were there carrying out somebody's orders, and they were *our* orders."

And with that our conversation came to an emphatic close. As he was escorting me to the door, he laughed self-depreciatingly and said, "When this appears, they're going to hang me." He nodded in the direction of the officers milling around in the lobby. But he didn't seem too worried.

ONE afternoon, Luis González, the leading political pollster in Uruguay, laid out for me the results of the latest polling that his organization, Equipos, had done on the question of any eventual referendum vote. "When you study the data, three main points emerge," González said. "Everybody knows that there were huge violations of human rights. Most people think that the military men responsible for those violations should be held accountable in some manner. Yet most people have the idea that it won't be easy, or even possible, to hold them to account. People are generally not as worried about any imminent coup as they were in the early days of the transition—except when you bring up this question of the referendum. Then the anxiety level rises sharply. The figures are very clear and remarkably steady. Early in 1987, we predicted the number of people who would be willing to sign the petition, and we got the numbers almost exactly right. Now we're predicting that if there is ever an election, at most forty per cent, and probably a bit less (right now, it's about thirty-five per cent), will vote to overturn the *impunidad* statute. It's not that people approve of *impunidad*—they emphatically don't—but that they just don't see any alternative."

I asked González if he himself felt that it would be healthy for the country, in the long run, to ignore its history.

"That's not the right question," he replied. "It assumes that you have a single wrong actor, and that this devil is the military. But that isn't fair. We know that it was guilty of terrible violations, but why restrict the blame for those to the military? From 1971 on, certainly, the military had a clear mandate from the politicians—it had been ordered to impose order on the country, and nobody was bothering to tell it how. The politicians brought the military in. But if we acknowledge *that* huge problem, where does that put us? Perhaps it's better just to start again from scratch." He paused. "You know," he said, sighing, "what was instrumental in the earliest building of democracy in Uruguay—when the country was emerging from a series of fratricidal wars between bands of Colorados and Blancos at the turn of the century—was that there would be, as people said, 'no winners and no losers.' Perhaps such an approach can be instrumental again in the current reconsolidation of democracy. I don't know."

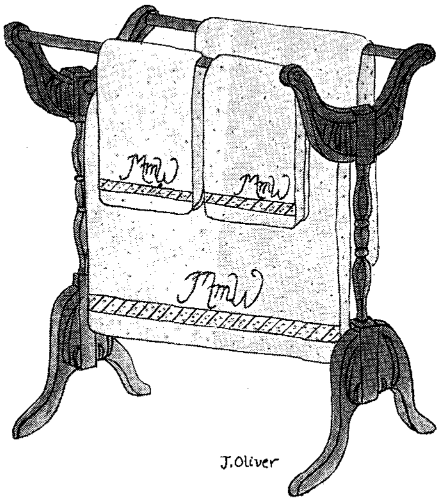
I met a lot of people in Uruguay who had not signed the petition—often, especially in the case of public employees, out of fear for their jobs or their pensions—but who said that in the event of a referendum they would vote to overthrow the *impunidad* law. I also met several who said that though they had signed the petition, they intended to vote against the referendum. "From an ethical point of view, it was important to sign," one young woman explained to me, "but politically it's not the right time."

When, I asked her, would it be the right time?

"There will never be a right time," she replied sadly. "It's all just too risky."

Over and over during my stay in Montevideo, I encountered this distinction between the ethical and the political. With that young woman, the two were held in a kind of self-consciously dynamic equilibrium. But more often one side predominated, almost to the exclusion of the other. People who saw the issue as essentially a political one—that is, susceptible to negotiation, concession, compromise, the interplay of power centers on the field—considered discussion of its ethical component a frivolous self-indulgence. Conversely, those who saw the issue as an ethical one—a matter of absolute principle, by definition nonnegotiable—were appalled by what they considered the spineless opportunism of the so-called pragmatists. Carina Perelli, one of the most brilliant of a new generation of Uruguayan sociologists, has argued that the rise in ethicist thinking is in an ironic sense an outgrowth of the dictatorial period itself. "Surviving implied being capable of blending in, maintaining anonymity, of not standing out," she has recently written. "This, in turn, implied a rigorous self-control of the personal: self-assault, in order not to be assaulted." During the dictatorship, freewheeling political discussion had been forced to give way to morally absolutist internal monologues. Thus, according to Perelli, the military, through its style of repression, unintentionally spawned a new sort of citizen—one who would be singularly uninterested in any sort of pragmatic accommodation.

Perelli herself, I found, did not celebrate this condition, and, indeed, had little patience with the referendum movement. "It's a return to the Uruguay of the past," she said one day when we had lunch together. "A return to the days when you could do whatever you wanted, regardless of the consequences. And I also disapprove of its black-and-white schema—how it makes the Army the scapegoat for everything. I would vote for a referendum that would judge the whole of Uruguayan society, because everybody, even in my generation, was guilty. We accepted the Tupamaros, we smirked at their antics, we accepted the descent into violence. We were like the French during the Occupation, sitting on the sidelines and waiting to share in the spoils with the winners. Everybody played a disloyal game at the time. It's not a black-and-white issue, and in transforming it into black-and-white you lose the shades of gray, which, as



you know, my friend, is the color of intelligence."

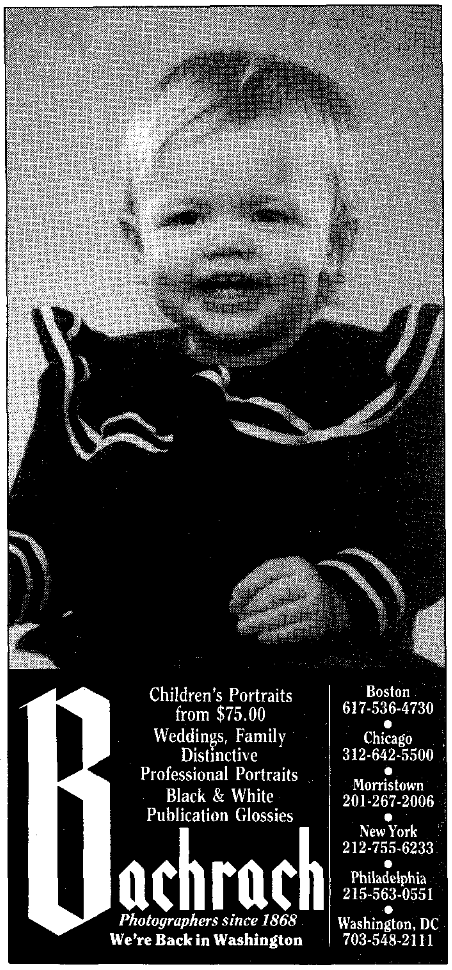
AROUND the time I visited Uruguay, Jorge Baños, the Argentine human-rights lawyer, somehow obtained secret papers (which he subsequently disseminated) from the Seventeenth Conference of American Armies, a convocation of high-ranking officers from fifteen countries, including the United States, which had been held in November, 1987, in Mar del Plata, Argentina. (Baños clearly had some impressive sources inside the military: these were highly revealing documents.) They proved that Latin-American military men were by and large as committed as ever to the Doctrine of National Security, which holds that the principal threat to the region comes not from overt aggression between the continent's armies, or from conventional forces invading from overseas, but, rather, from internal disruption fomented by the International Communist Movement. Indeed, the doctrine had received some subtle elaborations at Mar del Plata, in the light of recent developments. A frequently recurring theme in the papers was the ongoing resort of the International Communist Movement (M.C.I., by its Spanish initials) to "terrorism" (overt violence) and "subversion" (more insidious, often cultural, stratagems)—the two were considered equally treacherous. There were particularly caustic references to liberation theology ("that subtle and substantive means for the M.C.I. to penetrate society"), human-rights initiatives (effective in "limiting the freedom of countersubversive action"), and even parliamentary democracy (which was now being used by the M.C.I. as a "substitute" for the more traditional "dictatorship of the proletariat" as a way station on the road to victory). When Medina was subsequently called before the Uruguayan Congress to discuss the participation and attitude of Uruguayan military officers at the conference, he declined to answer questions on such matters in anything beyond the sketchiest details. But the tenor of much Uruguayan military thinking in the wake of Mar del Plata was soon conveyed in a widely publicized statement included in an intraservice newsletter: "Uruguay is infested with the guerrillas who at a certain moment were brilliantly crushed but today are back among us. Uruguay is one of the battlegrounds of the cold war waged by Communism with its intent to dominate the world."

According to Juan Rial, one of Uruguay's leading political scientists, the whole question of *impunidad* was part of a much broader horizon of issues regarding civil-military relations, and it would take years and years before any semblance of normalcy returned to those relations, if ever. "In Congress," Rial elaborated for me, "there are two committees that currently oversee the defense establishment, one on the budget and the other on the promotion of personnel. But in both cases, up to this point anyway, they just watch, they don't control. This year, the military academy was closed for the first time to first-year students while they reformed doctrinal training—but it's the military that's doing the reforming, not the civilians."

When I went to visit Senator Carlos Julio Pereyra, the leader of the one Blanco faction that had voted en masse against the *impunidad* statute, he started out by voicing similar exasperations. "Ten days ago," he told me, "General de Nava, the commander of the Third Army Corps, in the north, gave a highly publicized speech in which he proclaimed that the armed forces were preparing to defend the country from the advances of leftist elements. This provoked a considerable reaction. Medina tried to smooth the situation over by saying that de Nava's speech had been directed not at public opinion but, rather, at the soldiers. If you ask me, that's far worse. And it's got to be made to stop. We have to stand up to the military."

He turned to the subject of the *impunidad* law. "Any form of amnesty invites a repetition of human-rights abuses. Someone who has done such things and is not punished is inclined to do them again." (Sometime later, General Alfonso Féola seemed to confirm Pereyra's point, coming from the other side of the argument. "Who in the future will fight against subversion," he asked, "if he knows that at any moment he could be tried?") "If you ask me," Pereyra continued, "it's relatively simple: to show signs of weakness or fear in the face of challenges to these basic principles would be the greatest single stimulant to the reappearance of dictatorship."

But what if the election took place and the law passed and then it was



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disobeyed, I asked Pereyra. Then where would they be?

"I think that if we get to that moment, that will be the moment of truth, the hour in which Uruguay will decide whether it is living in a democracy or whether what we've been living the last four years is a farce. We'd have to run through the usual constitutional remedies—hearings, inquiries, up through impeachment, if necessary—and if they all came to nothing it would be time to go home. There would be no point in our going on occupying these congressional seats. As a citizen and a politician, I prefer to know the truth, even if it means we have to begin all over again."

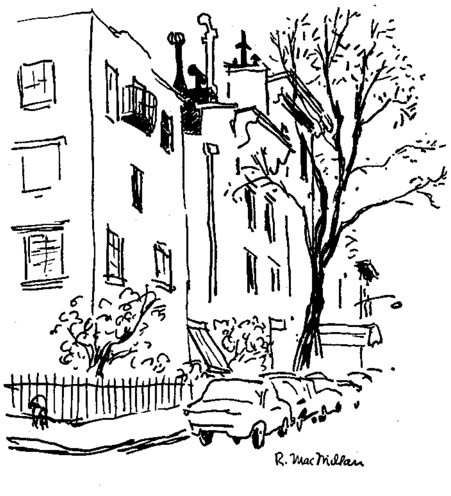
MEANWHILE, the Electoral Court was going steadily about its work. In October, it issued a new round of signature disqualifications, which included the signature of Senator Pereyra. (His was one of eight thousand signatures eliminated, subsequent studies revealed, owing to simple transcribing errors on the part of Court employees.) The Uruguayan author Eduardo Galeano, writing in the independent leftist weekly *Brecha*, recorded another instance, the disqualification of the signature of a janitor who worked at the Court itself:

> He was right there . . . at the moment of the verification of his signature.
>
> "Mariño," said the official. "Did you sign?"
>
> "Yes," answered Mariño.
>
> "The signatures do not coincide," said the official.
>
> "But it's my signature," said Mariño.
>
> "I am very sorry," said the official, "but they do not coincide."
>
> In vain, Mariño insisted, crying, "But I am me!" And the official gave him a look as if to say, "You thought you were so clever, young man, but you haven't fooled us."

The signatures of onetime illiterates, who had had to register with their thumbprints years earlier and had subsequently learned to write, were automatically disqualified. For that matter, the thumbprint signatures of all the remaining illiterates were set aside, on the suspicion that—who knew?—they might have attempted to forge their thumbs.

Perhaps the last straw was the disqualification of the signature of General Líber Seregni, the leader of the Frente Amplio and one of the referendum's most outspoken supporters, because, it was explained, the "S" in his current signature did not coincide with the "S" in his signature forty years ago, when he first signed the voting register. At that point, the Pro-Referendum Commission denounced the entire process as a charade and withdrew its observers from the Electoral Court. The matter was brought before Congress, but, following a passionate debate, which lasted an entire day and until five o'clock the next morning, Congress voted, along exactly the same line as it had voted in passing the *impunidad* law, to uphold the probity of the Electoral Court's procedures. The military, for good measure, summarily fired two civilian employees of a military hospital (employees of fourteen and eighteen years' standing) for signing the petition, and intimated the impending dismissal of thirty more on the same ground.

Late in 1988, Americas Watch, the New York-based human-rights-monitoring organization, sent Robert K. Goldman, a professor at the American University Law School, in Washington, D.C., and a veteran observer of the Uruguayan scene, down to Montevideo to head a team assessing the situation. They spent a week interviewing the principals but were denied access to Sanguinetti, Medina, and most other high government officials. On the last day of their stay, Goldman held a news conference at which he declared that Americas Watch was viewing ongoing developments with serious misgivings. A few days later, when he was back in New York (I had in the meantime returned myself), I had a chance to speak with him. In an exquisite turn of legalese, Goldman noted his concern over the Court's "ambulatory criteria with respect to eligibility for signing," and he gave a number of examples. But, he said, the thing he and his team had found most troubling was the attitude of the distinguished Colorado Party veteran Renan Rodríguez, an old man in his last appointment, who was heading the Electoral Court. "We met with him, and he seemed tired and frail and clearly under crushing pressure," Goldman recounted. "His wife died earlier this year. He seemed authentically 'mortified,' as he put it, by all the criticism the Electoral Court was receiving. But when we asked him specific questions about procedures he kept avoiding answers, and finally he just blew up. He became extremely agitated, and ended by insisting that all the people who had signed the petitions were little more than Tupamaro sympathizers. Now, it's one thing for the Colorados to take that line rhetorically, but this was the head of a court that was supposed to be maintaining a position of punctilious neutrality. It was really shocking. And it was sad, too, because Rodríguez seemed a fundamentally decent and honest man; he had just reached his limit. It's terrible what they're doing to him."



I said that this seemed to be a frequent pattern in transitional democratic regimes still dogged by their military predecessors. In Guatemala in 1987, for example, the new civilian President, Vinicio Cerezo, created the post of human-rights ombudsman with great fanfare and then filled it with a distinguished political veteran who was so old and rickety that he was literally unable to hold the pages of his acceptance speech the day he delivered it to Congress.

"Yes," Goldman agreed. "But it's also important to say that Uruguay isn't Guatemala. The Tupamaros *have* been released, the political prisons *have* been shut down, fired workers *have* been rehired. There has been a genuine attempt to compensate some of the victims. This is not merely a 'technical democracy,' like El Salvador, where sham elections and institutions barely disguise the true nature of military rule. The Uruguayan elections *were* legitimate. The Uruguayans *are* trying to carve out an authentic space for civilian life. That's what makes these irregularities all the more troubling—Sanguinetti's assignment of the disappearance cases to a military prosecutor, for example, and this signature-verification process, in which it's as if a signer were assumed to have been act-

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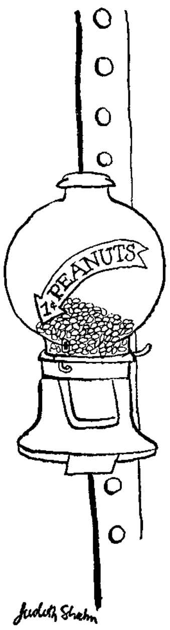
ing fraudulently unless it's proved otherwise. They're really blowing it."

ON November 28, 1988, almost a full year after the submission of the referendum petition, the Electoral Court announced its final tally. With 555,701 signatures necessary in order to trigger an election, even the Court had to admit that 532,718 signatures were indisputably valid. That left a shortfall of 22,983 signatures. However, according to the Court, 36,861 signatures were "in suspension"—that is, not totally disqualified. And this was what the Court was going to do: it was going to publish those names (an immediate uproar arose from all those who were still insisting on the confidentiality of the petition rosters), and, less than three weeks hence, on the weekend of December 17th and 18th, it was going to open up a hundred offices around the country. If 22,983 out of those 36,861 people showed up that weekend (and the following day—Monday, the nineteenth—when a smaller number of offices would be open, to handle cases of individuals who had moved away from their original precincts) and confirmed that they had indeed signed the petition, then there would be a referendum. Otherwise not. It was not lost on anyone that the weekend of December 17th would fall just after the traditional start of summer vacation (a week before Christmas), and, therefore, a sizable percentage of individuals might already be gone. The Court, for its part, would make no effort to make contact with the people in question, beyond publishing the list in the *Diario Oficial*, an ordinarily obscure government publication with a circulation of only eight thousand. Back in New York, Goldman pointed out the perversity of the process: people were being asked to confirm that they had indeed signed, though it would have been much simpler to publish a list and ask any persons who had not actually signed to come forward.

In Montevideo, meanwhile, the military stepped up its fear campaign once again. Medina declared that anyone who had signed the petition was "mentally ill," and Sanguinetti, for his part, denounced the Pro-Referendum Commission for persisting in its "campaign of hate." There was no question that for someone specifically listed by name to come forward and confirm his signature was going to require even more courage than the initial (ostensibly confidential) act of signing.

On November 29th, the steering committee of the Pro-Referendum Commission met for several hours, debating the wisdom of even attempting to jump through this latest, most arbitrary, and undoubtedly most formidable hoop. Some members, like Father Pérez Aguirre, considered the prospect for success on such short notice to be dismal at best, and the prospect of even trying almost beneath their dignity. (One person pointed out that the Court, which had given itself almost a year, was now going to give them less than three weeks.) They advocated shifting the struggle to some different form and venue (street demonstrations, civil disobedience, electoral politics, international courts). But other members insisted on going ahead with the challenge, and they eventually won the debate by the slightest of margins.

Just a few days later, on Friday, December 2nd, the Argentine military attaché in Panama, Colonel Muhammad Ali Seineldín, secretly returned to Argentina, took command of an infantry school, and launched a third attempted coup, reportedly demanding, to begin with, the freeing of imprisoned officers, the suspension of any outstanding human-rights trials, the sacking of the new chief of staff, and a big pay increase for the military. It quickly became apparent that the last stop on his secret way back to Argentina had been in Uruguay. These developments, of course, could not have come at a worse moment for the Pro-Referendum Commission. Seineldín's attempt narrowly failed, like the others before it, and it had the same ambiguous dénouement. (The new chief of staff did announce his resignation, the soldiers did get a pay increase.) Once again, Sanguinetti was able to point to these developments with alarm.



The next three weeks saw frantic organizing by the Pro-Referendum Commission. Now that the list had been published, and the military had it anyway, it became imperative that the list receive the widest possible dissemination, so that those involved would at least know that they were on it. The government promised to post the complete list in public buildings (post offices, pension bureaus, and so forth) all around the country, but for some reason it never did so. The two main dailies, the Colorado-controlled *El Día* and the Blanco-controlled *El País*, declined to print the list and, for that matter, downplayed the whole story, as did all the television stations (the government station refused even to run the pro-referendum campaign's paid commercials). Only two of nearly forty radio stations agreed to coöperate with the Pro-Referendum Commission in any way: CX30, the station of Germán Araujo, a former anti-*impunidad* legislator who had been expelled from the Senate following brawls that erupted inside the chamber in the early hours of December 22, 1986; and CX44, a station run by the Tupamaros (the establishment's contention that the Tupamaros were playing a central role in the whole campaign had thus become self-fulfilling).

The Pro-Referendum Commission opened seven impromptu offices, with hundreds of volunteers manning phone banks to try to get the word out, though they soon realized that over forty per cent of the people they were attempting to reach didn't have phones. People with similar names were called, leads developed, cars and bicycles dispatched to far-flung neighborhoods. The two radio stations punctuated their programming with urgent queries: "We are looking for a Juan Pérez Martínez; it appears he used to work at the ANCAP filling station in Pocitos; anyone with information as to his whereabouts should call . . ." Outdoor tables sprang up all around town, manned by grandmothers and students and others, who urged all passersby to examine increasingly tattered copies of the master list to see if their names appeared, or the names of people they knew. The organizers began to arrange transportation for every single listed person they had been able to locate. People started leaving on their vacations. The clock was winding down.

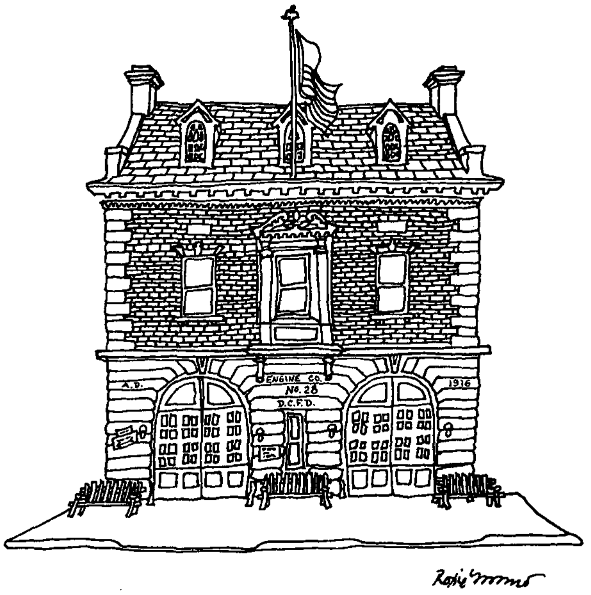
FROM the reports I was getting back in New York, Montevideo must have presented an eerie aspect that weekend of December 17th and 18th. (I'd taken to calling every few hours.) A tremendous amount of almost frenzied activity was being focussed upon a minuscule proportion of the population. Everybody in town was aware of the concentrated activity, and most people (both for and against) were deeply concerned about the outcome. And yet the campaign was still being virtually ignored by the major media.

Cars in Montevideo were racing about town, picking up homebound signers and ferrying them to the Court's various outposts. The two pro-referendum radio stations were on the air around the clock, announcing the latest updates on the confirmation totals, and inquiring after missing individuals. (Araujo himself stayed on the air for fifty hours straight.)

By Sunday night, however, confirmations were beginning to lag noticeably, and they were still 1,467 signatures shy of the 22,983 required. On Monday, far fewer Court offices were going to be open for business (only one in all of Montevideo, for example, at the Court's headquarters), and they would be accepting confirmations only from individuals who had moved out of their original precincts. Furthermore, what with the onset of the summer vacation, they would be keeping holiday hours and closing at 2 P.M. Even some of the strategy's most enthusiastic proponents were beginning to turn pessimistic.

Things weren't helped any when, early Monday morning, the country awoke to a spectacular electrical storm that lasted well through the first several hours of the process, snarling traffic throughout the region. The Pro-Referendum Commission's lawyers appealed to the Electoral Court to extend office hours on account of the storm, but the Court turned down the request, by a vote of six to three. Seven buses loaded with Uruguayan signers temporarily residing in Buenos Aires had set out early in the morning, headed for the border town of Fray Bentos. Now came word, over the radio, that the ubiquitous Colorado deputy Rubén Díaz was at the border, trying to deny the buses entry into the country, or at least to delay their entry past 2 P.M. He had no ground for doing so (critics pointed out that Rubén Díaz had never displayed such zealous concern over the sanctity of the country's borders back in the days when Argentine torturers were being given free passage in and out—nor, for that matter, just a few weeks ago, when the Argentine mutineer Seineldín was permitted to slip into and out of Uruguay on his way down from Panama), but he in fact did succeed in holding back two of the buses, with over eighty-five signers.

Late in the morning, the numbers were still lagging, and a spirit of exhausted desolation began to pervade the Pro-Referendum Commission's headquarters. The final morning edition of the Colorado daily *El Día* had suddenly taken note of developments with its banner headline "LOOKS BAD FOR REFERENDUM." At noon, however, came word from Canelones province, just to the north of Montevideo, reporting five hundred fresh confirmations. Spirits buoyed: it was going to be a real footrace after all. And, indeed, Eduardo Galeano subsequently described for me how "at one-fifty-nine, the streets leading up to the Electoral Court's headquarters in Montevideo were lined with referendum supporters, urging on the last of the stragglers, who came running up, waving their identification documents in their hands, the crowds cheering wildly, exactly like at the Olympics." All over the country, people waiting outside the Court offices now jammed themselves through the doors as they were being closed—"We were here! It's not our problem if you're being so slow. You have to count us!"



From the reports I was getting, the whole country now seemed to fall momentarily silent, awaiting the results. Patricia Pittman, an American journalist and human-rights monitor based in Buenos Aires, who had been sent by Americas Watch to observe the weekend's developments, later recalled for me what happened. "The outcome wasn't really clear till 2 P.M. on the dot," she said. "I was sitting in a café, and suddenly cars started honking all around, everyone was throwing papers into the air and banging pots, throngs of people took over the Avenida 18 de Julio, celebrating." The first announcement from the Pro-Referendum Commission, instantly conveyed over the two radio stations, listed a final total of 23,003 confirmations—a figure that was subsequently increased to 23,166, a decidedly more comfortable wafer-thin margin. A woman I reached at the Pro-Referendum Commission's headquarters described to me how, earlier in the day there, Tota Quinteros (the mother of the young woman who'd been dragged out of the Venezuelan Embassy back in 1976) had begun suffering from a heart fibrillation. Paramedics had been called to take her to the hospital, but she refused to leave. She spent the rest of the day on a makeshift cot in a corner. Just after two in the afternoon, however, as everyone started celebrating, she insisted on getting up, pushing away those trying to restrain her. "Let me go!" she was shouting. "Let me go! If you don't let me dance, I'm going to have a heart attack!"

"This incredible grin seemed to come over everyone's face," Pittman, for her part, reported. "It was very Uruguayan—this low-key but incredibly wide grin. Shy, almost embarrassed. 'Congratulations,' people were saying to each other. 'Congratulations to *you*.' 'No, congratulations to *you*.' There was this grass-roots sense in which every single person counted—and, in fact, every single person *did* count. And there wasn't any showboating, various factions claiming all the credit, the way there would have been in Argentina. In Buenos Aires, you'd have had the different contending factions parading under their separate banners, jostling with each other as each of the various supposedly united leaders tried to hog the show, glaring angrily at the other. But that wasn't the way it was here."

As Pittman was saying this, I recalled the explanation Galeano had offered when I asked him why, since he is half Uruguayan and half Argentine, he had chosen to make Uruguay his home: "For one thing, I like smaller towns, so I prefer Montevideo to Buenos Aires. But mainly it's that I like to be able to know that if I'm ever going to be shot the bullet that kills me will have been fired by an enemy, and not by some alleged friend. In Argentina, I could never be sure of that."

Uruguay's main labor confederation now declared a spontaneous celebratory strike, and everybody took the rest of the afternoon off. An ashen-faced Sanguinetti was portrayed on the news huddling with Zumarán, the Blanco leader, discussing the day's "notorious" developments. Amid all the celebrating, there remained a wisp of anxiety: the Electoral Court still hadn't made the results official. But a few days later the Court finally did so, and a few days after that Congress scheduled a referendum for Sunday, April 16, 1989.

SOON after the pro-referendum movement's December victory, *Búsqueda*, the most respected establishment journal in the country (a sort of Montevideo version of the *Wall Street Journal*), tried to reassure its readers with the headline "IF THERE ARE NO UNFORESEEN CHANGES IN PUBLIC OPINION, THE AMNESTY LAW WILL NOT BE OVERTURNED." The figures underlying that assertion, however, which were drawn from the most recent Equipos poll of Montevideo voters, showed that though only thirty-nine per cent were saying they'd vote to overturn the amnesty, still fewer (only thirty per cent) were saying they'd vote to sustain it, with thirty-one per cent still undecided—this after two years of incessant government and establishment-media attacks on the referendum project.

In the meantime, General Medina went on television to warn of the danger if the process should "run out of control." More forebodingly, General Washington Varela, the director of the Military College for Advanced Studies, warned, "There won't be any progress, peace, or reconciliation if, in a spirit of vengeance or frivolity, we put blame for all errors on only one side and refuse to admit our own errors." (This was a novel use of "we.") Just to be certain that there would be no misunderstanding his flight of rhetoric, Varela continued, "We won't be taken by surprise by those who encourage violence and oppose reconciliation. If need be, we will close ranks to block their path."

A few weeks later, on January 23, 1989, in Argentina, an astonishing, confusing, and deeply troubling event took place—one with enormous ramifications for Uruguay. A band of about fifty heavily armed men and women, some of them outfitted in camouflage fatigues, took over the Army barracks at La Tablada, just outside Buenos Aires. At first, everyone assumed this was just another—a fourth—attempt at a right-wing military coup. But the insurgents turned out to be members of an extreme left-wing fringe group. Holed up in La Tablada, with several dozen young recruits as hostages, the guerrillas were calling "the People" into the streets. The people, however, stood by aghast, as the armed forces responded by training tanks and heavy artillery on the surrounded barracks; a thirty-hour bloodbath ensued, which was broadcast live over Argentine television. (This time, the Army betrayed none of the squeamish hesitancy it had on the three earlier occasions—it didn't even pause to attempt negotiations.) When the battle was over, there were thirty-nine corpses (twenty-eight guerrillas, eleven security personnel), some seventy injured, and eighteen guerrillas taken prisoner. Most astounding of all, one of the corpses turned out to be that of Jorge Baños, the human-rights lawyer.

The Argentine right had a field day—the incident seemed perfectly designed to confirm every one of its stereotypes about the left, and in particular its standard claim that human-rights activists were all Communist insurgents in disguise.

There were several curious aspects to the drama, however. Early in the siege, a representative of the insurgents indicated in a phone interview with a radio station that they'd taken over the barracks in order to break up a meeting they'd been told was taking place there between followers of Rico and Seineldín,

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who were said to be plotting yet another coup attempt. No such meeting was in fact taking place in the barracks, and some people have since speculated that Baños in particular was set up: whoever had leaked to him the Mar del Plata documents had done so in order to gain his trust, so that he'd believe any subsequent leaks. Furthermore, one of the principal leaders of the insurgency, a notorious guerrilla veteran named Enrique Gorriarán Merlo (he'd been second-in-command of the bloodiest of the Argentine guerrilla organizations during the "dirty war"), was not apprehended. Nor was this the first time he'd emerged, unscathed and uncaptured, from an incident of this sort. Those who'd taken to assuming he was an Army plant or agent—or, at any rate, someone so crazed that the Army had no interest in apprehending him, since he could be counted on to play into its hands in precisely this manner—saw no reason to change their opinion.

Argentine politics lurched suddenly and dramatically to the right. Although the prisoners were turned over to civilian courts—to that extent, Alfonsín's struggle to sustain constitutional governance had held—the politicians moved noticeably closer to the military. A few days later, at a military rally to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of Operación Independencia, a key offensive during the "dirty war," the new armed forces chief of staff declared, "We must prepare ourselves to fight against subversion, armed and unarmed," and Alfonsín, in the audience, was shown on TV to be applauding the speech.

FOR Uruguay, of course, this was precisely the sort of thing that Sanguinetti had been warning about all along, and the referendum's opponents didn't hesitate to reiterate the point. The Tupamaros, for their part—to the intense consternation of everyone else in the pro-referendum movement—refused, at least at first, to condemn the actions of the La Tablada insurgents. "They were *compañeros,*" the Tupas declared. "They paid with their lives—that is sufficient. They deserve respect." Four weeks after the La Tablada incident, the Uruguayan military staged an unprecedented and highly publicized war-game exercise, simulating the retaking of a hijacked battalion headquarters. Afterward, Medina sought to reassure a jittery public—"At the moment, anyway, and at least until after the referendum, we don't have any problem with subversives"—but his words only added to the jitters. According to Luis González, at Equipos, support for the referendum had apparently peaked: his February figures showed virtually no change; none of the undecided were coming over to the pro-referendum column, which was stuck at thirty-nine per cent.

Just to be on the safe side, as the referendum vote approached, its congressional opponents undertook one last gambit to undercut its chances. They passed a law providing that, even if the referendum were approved, individual judges would be empowered to declare its effects exclusively prospective rather than retrospective. No one had any idea what prospective effects could possibly derive from a referendum whose intent was entirely retrospective—that is, to overturn a prior law—but this latest legislative twist was designed as much to confuse matters before the vote as to confound them, if necessary, thereafter, insuring another several years of judicial deadlock.

By March, even though the Pro-Referendum Commission had embarked on a campaign to have volunteers visit the home of every single voter in the country, the referendum's prospects could hardly be described as sanguine.

"Even if we don't win on April 16th, it's going to be all right," Galeano said to me a few weeks ago over the telephone. "This is already a tremendously important achievement. It's the first time in history that a people has risen up like this, peacefully, against such odds, with all the wind against us, and in such numbers. No one else has ever succeeded in chasing an *impunidad* law this far. Of course, we hope we'll be able to chase ours still farther, but this is already quite something. We're still the Great Exception. And I wouldn't count us out. The odds seem insurmountable. But in Uruguay, already several times in the past decade, stranger things have happened."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

THE ART WORLD

The Innocent

FOR eighteen months in the early nineteen-sixties, Andy Warhol, then a Madison Avenue fashion illustrator with a small specialty in ladies' shoes, made paintings of fading movie stars, dollar bills, and cans of condensed soup, and afterward became for a while the most influential modern artist in the world. His images still resonate: the big Warhol retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, which opened in February, continues for the next month, and a second exhibition of Warhol's work has just opened at the Grey Art Gallery. Both exhibitions have catalogues—two books to add to the twenty-one about Warhol already in the MOMA bookstore. The discrepancy between Warhol's purposefully direct art and the attempts to bring the weight of modern critical theory to bear on it can still seem incongruous. Yet Warhol remains a great subject, and a great mystery. The striking thing about his career, seen whole at the two shows, is not its range or continuity but its sudden flowering and quick decline. Almost all the images that continue to linger in the world's imagination—the golden and Day-Glo Marilyns, the echoing Jackies, the triple Elvises—were made in the year and a half between mid-1962 and the winter of 1963. This remarkable moment was bracketed by two long stretches of complacent work as a commercial artist. (In the second long stretch of commercial work, from 1964 until his death in 1986, Warhol became one of his own imitators.)

Warhol's story is most often told as if he were a saboteur or a spy. In one version, he came out of a Bonwit Teller window to demoralize high seriousness and the liberal imagination and then retreated into the world of fashion and publicity that had always been his real home. In another version, he is seen as a dandy realist in the manner of Manet or, for that matter, Cocteau: a spy who could report on the fashionable world to the museum and on the museum to the fashionable world, and never quite be captured by either. Yet these stories seem touched by either paranoia or wishful thinking: to make Warhol into a deliberate saboteur—the man who wrecked serious painting—is to miss the depth of his commitment to his own imagery and method. It is the absolute seriousness with which he treated his subjects that made Warhol in 1961 different from all the artists who had been using the same Pop material for the previous decade. At the same time, to try and find in Warhol a Cocteau-like wit or worldliness is to ignore the almost autistic obsessiveness of his most memorable pictures, and to ignore his lack of humor and the tinny, hammering insistence of his images. (It is also to overrate the self-plagiarizing late pictures; Warhol may have obligingly switched subjects when he was asked to, but he never switched manners.)

Warhol's imagery was his own, and he made it not by looking around him but by looking behind him; his art casts such a long shadow because it was made at twilight. Most of his potent images look back, both for subject and for style, to the heyday of tabloid journalism and of studio-system movies; the repetition that structures them is not the levelling repetitiveness of commercial television, which shows all things for a moment and then passes on, but the strong, incantatory reiteration of posters and fan magazines and popular songs. He had a completely original sense of color—his lipstick-and-peroxide palette makes all previous American palettes look European—and an amazing gift for visual percussion: for understanding how compression and syncopation can make repeated units vary and dance. Far from being mechanically laid out, his best work uses repeated units of imagery with a drummer's sense of lagging and quickening tempi. Warhol was by nature almost absurdly worshipful of power—a church artist and a court artist—and his work runs right against the grain of the soft Arcadian idealism of the sixties. In fact, it really entered the popular currency of images only after that decade was exhausted. He fulfilled a standing American dream of innocent vision and, having fulfilled it, showed it to be a colder vision than anyone could have known.

One of the most touching small images in the MOMA catalogue is a Philip Pearlstein portrait of Warhol made when his name was still Warhola, in 1950, a year after he and Pearlstein graduated together from the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, and went to New York. It shows a heavy-lidded literary type in a bow tie, trying to look older and more severe than he is—an aspirant to high seriousness. Warhol clearly admired the solemnity of the New York

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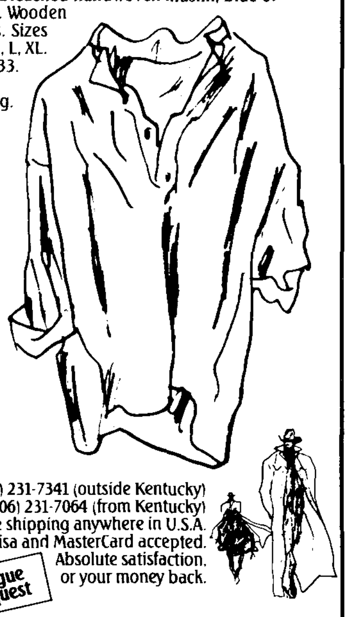

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School—envied it, even if he could understand it only as status, and not as substance. He appears in the portrait, as in so many memoirs, not wide-eyed but anxious and even a little unsure.

Warhol spent most of the fifties drawing shoes. These shoe drawings are often described contemptuously or dismissively; the fact is that shoes are famously difficult to draw, and one can wander through the MOMA galleries and find hardly a pair of beautifully drawn shoes in the whole of this century's art. Warhol's gift in his shoe drawings was for combining Fauve color with animated draftsmanship; he made shoes that were as voluptuously vacant as a Matisse odalisque. In the classic self-sacrificing pattern of the modern artist, Warhol had to give up many of his warm natural gifts to become a serious painter. Had the high, difficult tradition of modernism not had such a powerful attraction for him, he might have become the American David Hockney—though less self-conscious, perhaps, and with a more extreme sense of style.

In 1960, Warhol did his first group of Pop paintings—greatly enlarged images of single panels from Chester Gould's "Dick Tracy" comic strip and from a "Superman" comic book, and of cheap newspaper and back-of-the-book magazine ads for hair coloring and false teeth. A little later, he began to make big black-and-white paintings of isolated products of mass culture: an old-fashioned upright telephone, a Coke bottle, an icebox. They are deliberately clumsy, and where the commercial Warhol had been a Fauve colorist the Warhol of the first Pop paintings is severely graphic. Warhol's move into Pop imagery was not, as is sometimes said, a subversive extension of his commercial work; it was a renunciation, a revolt against his own facility. And yet he discovered in the highly stylized black-and-white patterns of the mail-order ads odd, swirling Art Nouveau designs as hypnotic as a woodcut by Vallotton. The strength of the early black-and-white Warhol Pop paintings lies in their play between rich abstract pattern and ordinary images: a Coke bottle isolated against white turns out to have the curves and the baleful glare of a Beardsley Salome.

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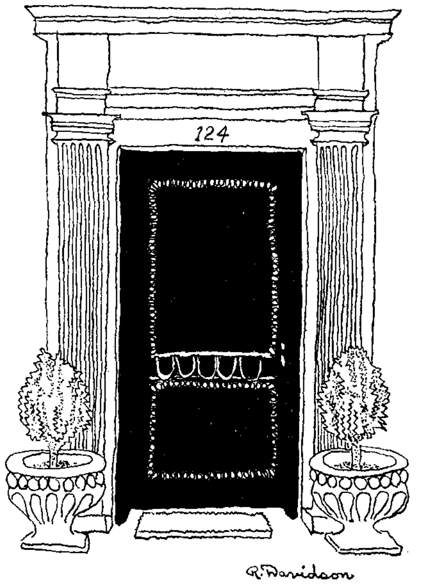
commonplace image by making it strange—this insistence on making the "banal" numinous—which separated Warhol's early Pop painting from the work of other artists of that moment and of the decade before who shared his taste for popular imagery. It's often said that Warhol reacted against Abstract Expressionism and brought the world of objects back into painting. Actually, the presence of Pop imagery was by 1960 the least radical thing about Warhol's painting. The vanguard art of the previous ten years, not just in America but also in Europe, was full of Coke bottles and magazine ads and comic-strip characters. What makes Warhol original is not that he painted Coke bottles but that he painted *just* Coke bottles. The most striking thing about his first Pop painting, and what gives his realism an entirely different emotion from that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries, is its graphic intensity: the Coke bottles and old telephones and matchbook covers are seen not as fragments shifting within the kaleidoscope of mass culture but as icons, fixed and staring. They are, formally, much closer to the wall-to-wall assertions of Abstract Expressionism (which we understand as a painterly style but experience as a graphic style) than they are to the small-scale squibs and jokes of the Dada tradition.

In this sense, Warhol, even though his images seem to be presented as parody, is much closer to an older modernist dream of the absolute, all-conquering image than were any of his immediate "proto-Pop" predecessors. He is closer to Newman or Gottlieb, or to Mondrian and Malevich, say, than were Rauschenberg and Johns, with their cryptic personal codes and their atmosphere of private reverie and infinite, scrupulous hesitation. Part of the joke in a Warhol crossword puzzle painted to make it resemble the Mondrian "Boogie-Woogie" lies in its deflation of the utopian pretensions of the old modern vision, but part of the joke also lies in its translation of the same kind of pictorial absolutism into the vernacular.

Warhol's comic strips come from the thirties, his ads are remnants of Depression culture, and some of his objects, like the upright telephone, look farther back than that. And although his work became hypnotically bright, he still remained attached to an extraordinarily narrow and old-fashioned cast of characters. His most famous single icon—the Campbell's soup can—is an object that dates from the turn of the century, from the first flowering of American commercial design. Warhol's soup cans evoke the strange persistence of the Belle Époque on the shelves of the A. & P.—the small gold medallion (a prize from a turn-of-the-century exposition), the line of fleurs-de-lis which runs around the bottom. Instead of summoning up the spirit of throwaway culture, they suggest just the opposite—the ability of a mercantile culture, over time, to set styles free, and to make design objects into folk objects.

In 1962 and 1963, Warhol put together a small personal Olympus of gods and goddesses. It included Elizabeth Taylor (Hera), Marilyn Monroe (Aphrodite), Elvis (Pan), and, eventually, Jackie Kennedy (Persephone and the grieving Demeter put together). It even has a Hermes—the tabloid headlines Warhol loved to copy and invent. What makes Warhol's pantheon comic—and even, at times, touching—is that it enlisted has-beens, fading stars, and stubborn old-timers. His Elvis is the pre-Army Elvis—not the smirking Elvis of the Hal Wallis pictures but the earnest teen-age Elvis of "Love Me Tender." His Marilyn is not the sensitive, Actors Studio Marilyn of "The Misfits" but the sex goddess, all eyes and lips and teeth. Warhol's art sits right on a fault line in American life—a fault line between two moments in popular culture—and part of his extraordinary gift was to see this fault line before anyone else did. The old form of pop culture he knew and mythologized depended on a fiction of glamorous distance; the new form would depend on a fiction of intimacy. His world is the world of popular culture not as it would be but as it had just been.



BY late 1962, Warhol had invented his most famous compositional device: the silk-screened photograph, usually of a famous object or a famous face, repeated three or four or fifty times, with fluorescent colors laid over it. Almost everyone who writes about Warhol insists that his repetition is "numbing" or "deadening," and that it represents the way mass reproduction robs images of their aura and their power. In fact, Warhol's repetition does just the opposite: it gives to photographic images some of the ritualistic intensity of folk music and dance. When people say that mechanical reproduction devalues images, what they mean is that if we see the "Mona Lisa" every day in magazines and books and postcard shops, then in some sense we are no longer seeing the "Mona Lisa" at all. But this kind of repetition has only a vague and metaphorical connection to the immediate, incantatory repetition one sees in Warhol's pictures. If you saw "King Lear" every night for a week, then even "King Lear" might lose some of its power, but when King Lear says, "Never, never, never, never, never," it is not because he (or Shakespeare) believes that repeating the word over and over lessens its effect or diminishes its meaning.

Repetition of an image in Warhol is always bound up with the isolation of the image. The MOMA "Gold Marilyn Monroe," with its almost Byzantine eyes heavily painted with aquamarine, the face a tiny rectangle against the huge gold background, belongs to the same moment as "Marilyn × 100," with its hundred repeated Marilyns—fifty in Fauve color, the other fifty in ghostly silver and black. In Warhol's art, as in dance, isolating an image and repeating it are not opposed devices but complementary ones—ways of making a familiar thing arresting. And, in any case, it is not true that Warhol's repeated images are simply and monotonously repeated. A work like "Marilyn × 100" is full of internal drama and variety: the sex goddess changes into a ghost before our eyes.

At the same time, Warhol's repeti-

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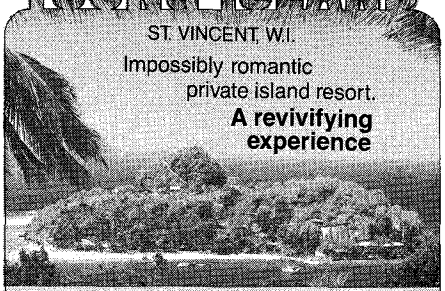

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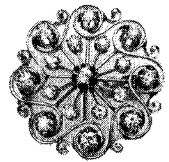

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tions have a disquieting undercurrent, even an undercurrent of dread, and one cannot be in the presence of his best pictures for long without sensing it. The images become louder only to leave us with a large internal silence. The disturbing quality in Warhol's repeated images is not the numb detachment of an affectless, "passive" glance but the horror of intensification without increased understanding. The depersonalization in Warhol is the depersonalization of deification. It is not the artist's indifference to the subject that creates the undercurrent of dread; it is our sense, at once comic and alarmed, of how inadequate the persona is to the godlike role it is being asked to play. That is the real melancholy of celebrity culture, for its gods and for us.

Warhol's art picked up velocity and authority right through 1963, the year of most of the "Disasters": the repeated silk-screen-on-canvas images of car crashes moments after they have taken place, the victims' bodies still present; of race riots; and of a prison death chamber. The images are far more lurid and explicit than anything that is likely to have actually run in a tabloid (Warhol seems to have picked them out from wire-service libraries; they are found images only in this special sense), and they are morbidly beautiful. "Suicide (Fallen Body)," of 1963, a foreshortened photograph of a body repeated at an irregular, slow beat of sixteen images, reads as a voluptuous Art Nouveau pattern of aquatic ripples —again, one thinks of Beardsley—and you discover its real subject only when you are a nose-length away. This is not the world as we have come to see it through television; it is not distanced but *obsessed*. The spirit of these images is the spirit of the small boy sneaking a look at a photograph in *True Crime*, hardly registering its horror, and then looking again and again.

The images that Warhol made of the Kennedy assassination, on the other hand, are completely flat, the most mundane journalism that he ever did. "Flash—November 22, 1963," which is a montage of Kennedy smiling, Oswald, an advertisement for his rifle, a documentary photograph with an arrow pointing to the fatal window, suggests a news magazine's idea of modern art. The assassination marks an absolute rupture in Warhol's work, as it did in the world at large. The coherent mass culture, which he understood so well and to whose fears and ideals he appealed, became fractured and segmented. After the assassination, the ironies became too local and complicated for any one art to encompass. (This winter, when Barneys paid tribute to Warhol with a window display that included a number of contemporary Campbell's soup cans, the cans no longer looked like Warhol's. The familiar labels had acquired extra tags identifying the category of soup within —"Manhandler," "The Alphabet Soup," and so on. Even soup has become divided into special-interest groups.)

IN 1963, Warhol invented a parody replica of a Hollywood studio—the Factory—where he could play the part of mogul; in about 1970, it seems, he discovered that the real court of celebrity was about the same as the burlesque court he had invented, and the line between the two dissolved entirely in his work and in the world outside. It was then that Warhol became a part of popular culture, as opposed to a poet of its appearances. Pop Art, Warhol's work of the sixties, was never really popular. One can thumb through the enormous "Art of Rock"—an encyclopedic collection of concert posters from the sixties and seventies—and find hardly a single image that shows Warhol's influence; the "counterculture" was fought over by the Art Nouveau revival (reimagined as what was then called psychedelia) and by comic-book imagery à la R. Crumb.

Warhol's effects on the sociology of art have been wildly, and even hysterically, exaggerated. He did not "make art into a business"; it was a business already, and had been at least since Rembrandt—that is, from the moment when artists were free to make what they wanted to make and then sell it to whoever wanted to buy. His work remained firmly within the system of galleries and dealers and unique objects which has been the standard art environment for a century. The endlessly repeated claim that Warhol prostituted art to commerce, and is therefore somehow responsible for, among other things, the irrational inflation in the art market, is just false. The boom was under way before Warhol, and would have taken place without him; it reflected, and continues to reflect, not the "commodification of art" but its opposite—the enormous, almost absurdly inflated value our culture has come to place on pictures as repositories of ultimate worth.

Warhol, far from being either a saboteur or a spy, was simply an artist like any other—one who produced a handful of inspired images and sent on into art a legacy rich in latent structure and potential whose uses he could never have anticipated. His influence is as visible in the Day-Glo colors of Frank Stella, for instance, as it is in the cartoons of Kenny Scharf. Yet there is also a deep, undeniable, and particular melancholy present in the Warhol exhibitions. Some of it comes from our sense of the loss of a coherent and shared popular culture—the breakdown of the world of the movie theatre into a thousand VCRs. The taboo against pop imagery may be gone, but Pop Art in Warhol's sense—an art of the church of a mass culture—is gone, too. Some of the sadness comes, I think, from the epidemic that has diminished the joyful burgeoning of camp style; the jokes are a little flat now. But, finally, the sadness comes from Warhol's own imagination and its limitations. In Warhol's best work, our fluid, pluralistic culture is made to look as monolithic and hierarchical as dynastic Egypt. (In this sense, his art shares the same nostalgia for a hierarchical culture which motivates the conservatives who hate him; he just stands the hierarchy a little on its side.) It is not a particularly convincing vision, and the mixed-up origins of his work and its open-ended consequences in the real world are a debunking counterpoint to its internal poetic certainties. (Like any dandy artist, Warhol could dream only of a closed society and flourish only in an open one.)

Warhol's vision is seductive, nevertheless, and its power and resonance derive not from a rejection of the "metaphysical" element in painting but from its replacement of one metaphysics with another. The Abstract Expressionists believed that by asserting the self one could illuminate the world: say "Me!" loud enough and often enough and you will somehow explore everything that lies outside yourself, too. The complementary cry in American art has always been not "Me!" but "Yes!"—a cry rising from the belief that if we just go on affirming things as they really are, the world as it appears, then we will see what Whitman calls "the glows and glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing, and to real things only." What John Updike has described as the metaphysics of American realism is rooted in this faith—in a transcendental cult of real things and the world as it is. In the European world, where modern art began, realism—the assertion of the object—acts above all as a protest against mystification. That is still the spirit of British Pop—the Chevy tail fin mocking the pretensions of the Tate. But the tradition that we inherit from Whitman and Melville looks to ordinary objects—to Coke bottles and cans of soup as much as to blades of grass and lists of whalers' tools—for something more, something that is itself mysterious. In the past, of course, we took it for granted that saying "Yes!" would lead toward harmony, not isolation: we would all say "Yes!" together. The vision was attractive, because it seemed magnanimous and generous. In our own time, the embrace of the commonplace has led to a subtle and contemplative art, as in Johns, and to an immensely good-humored one, as in Oldenburg, and to one as dry and witty as Lichtenstein's. But all this art is still mixed up with other traditions and beliefs. By comparison, the purity of Warhol, his utter attunement to his own culture, seems, like so many kinds of achieved enlightenment, cold and a little frightening.

There is in Warhol's devotion to the commonplace a quality that emerges less as affirmation than as a kind of fatalism. Perhaps there has always been, buried deep in the religion of the real, a secret coldness—like that love of mankind which does not involve caring about particular people. And this quality may be what haunts Warhol's work—not irony at all but acceptance without the trouble of understanding, and affirmation without the effort of love. Updike writes about Whitman that the poet hoped to see "real things assigned the sacred status that in former times was granted to mysteries." In Warhol's work, the apotheosis of this ideal and its burlesque turned out to look more or less the same.

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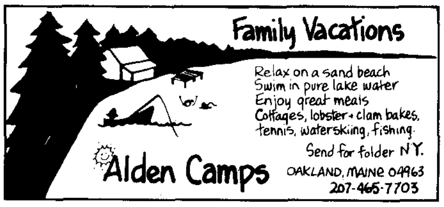

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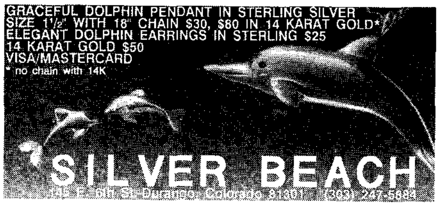

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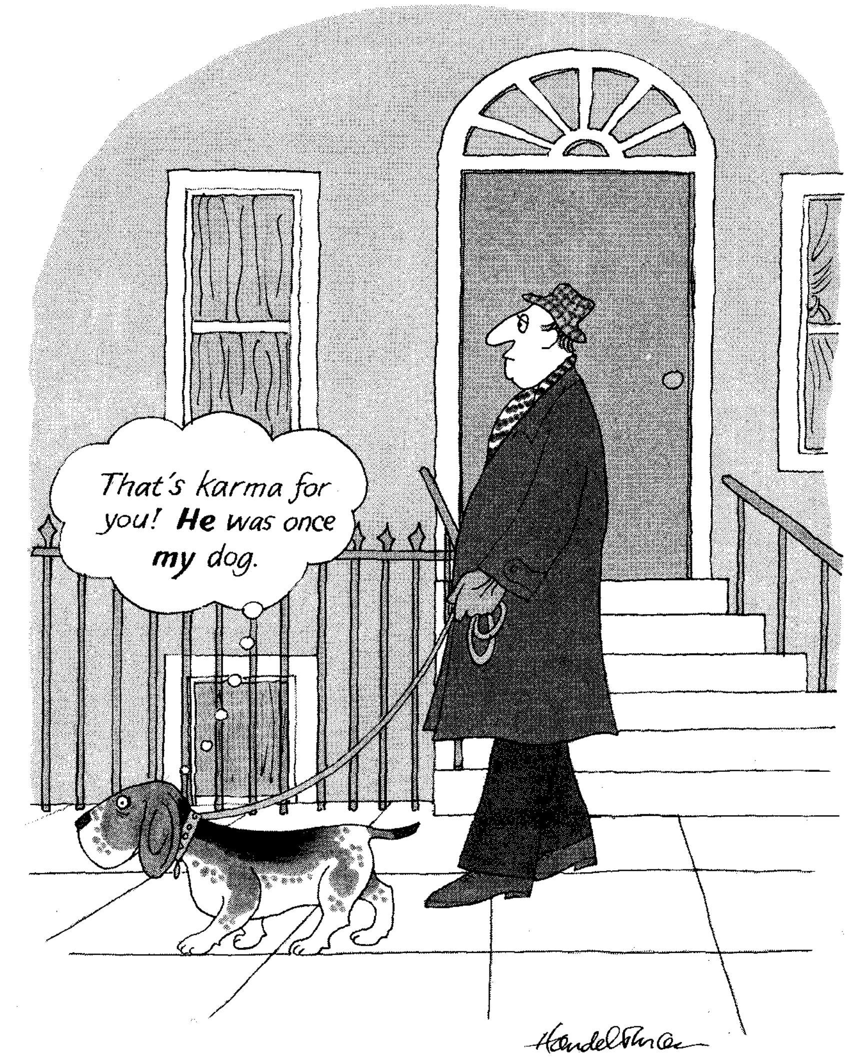
THE THEATRE

Frankie at the Roundabout

“The Member of the Wedding,” now in revival at the Roundabout, was adapted by Carson McCullers from her own novel, and was first done here in 1950. It tells the story of Frankie Addams, a gawky, daydreaming twelve-year-old girl who feels herself to be a displaced person, not really belonging anywhere or to anyone. The action takes place in 1945, in the kitchen and the garden of Frankie’s house, in a small town in Georgia. The family cook, Berenice Sadie Brown, an imposing black woman, presides over the household, as she does over the action, dispensing advice and comfort and strength to Frankie and to her little cousin, John Henry West, a constant visitor. They chatter and squabble, and even play bridge, both of the children fiercely bidding spades. When Frankie’s older brother brings his fiancée to the house, where they are about to be married, Frankie decides that she will join them on their honeymoon. They are, she thinks, the most beautiful people in the world, Jarvis and Janice and the self-rechristened F. Jasmine Addams. Even Berenice is unable to deflect Frankie’s stubborn innocence, and cannot talk her out of her scheme. The episode, of course, has a shattering conclusion, but by the end of the play Frankie has managed to pick up the pieces and embark on another unsuitable adventure. Meanwhile, Berenice has had to cope with a tragedy of her own: a foster brother, under the influence of marijuana, has killed a white man and then committed suicide in prison.

No synopsis can really do justice to “The Member of the Wedding”; Mrs. McCullers’ writing is of the highest quality—witty, imaginative, and at times poetic. Her characters, in all their complexity, are vivid, and the odd story she tells is always dramatic. The actors in the new production are, in every instance, well cast. Esther Rolle brings a welcome astringency and humor to Berenice, Amelia Campbell is funny and fiery, too, as Frankie, and Calvin Lennon Armitage, as John Henry, is about as engaging a child as one might hope to see. (These parts, by the way, were originated by Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon deWilde.) Under Harold Scott’s firm, intelligent direction, every moment was believable, and my interest never flagged. I wish I could say the same for my feelings; they remained absolutely detached. That this should be so has a great deal to do with the Roundabout’s theatre, at Seventeenth and Park (formerly Tammany Hall). The auditorium is spacious and handsome enough, but the acoustics are terrible, and when one has to strain to hear lines spoken by competent actors any number of subtleties go by the board, and with them any possibility of laughter and tears. A production of “The Member of the Wedding” is welcome under any circumstances; I just wish that these circumstances were better. Berenice’s airy, immaculate kitchen and the lush, sunny garden were designed by Thomas Cariello and lighted by Shirley Prendergast; Andrew B. Marlay designed the good costumes, among them a wildly—and perfectly—inappropriate bright-orange evening dress that Frankie picks out for herself.

—Edith Oliver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•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Master's Requiem

Mozart's Requiem, his last, unfinished composition, is no longer the established work that for nearly two centuries was known, performed, and admired. To be sure, it also was known that not every note of this Requiem was by Mozart. He composed the Introit ("Requiem aeternam") in full; he wrote the vocal lines, the bass, and some of the instrumentation for the Kyrie, the Dies Irae (breaking off in the "Lacrymosa" after eight bars), the Offertory, and, perhaps, the Agnus. The composer's widow asked Joseph Eybler (a young musician whom Mozart approved) to complete the Requiem; he did some work on it and then gave up. She turned to others, and finally enlisted Franz Xaver Süssmayr (who had done copying work for Mozart, and is referred to in Mozart's letters as a "blockhead" and an "ass"), entrusting to him what sketches she could find. These sketches have not survived: there is no way of knowing their extent or what use Süssmayr made of them. At any rate, he filled in the orchestration, completed the Dies Irae, composed a Sanctus and Benedictus, and—possibly in accord with Mozart's instruction—compiled a Lux Aeterna from the Introit and the Kyrie. That is not quite what all the textbooks say: until recently, the orchestration of the Kyrie was ascribed to Mozart himself, and elements—or more—of Mozart were confidently discerned in the Süssmayr movements. In 1829, Vincent Novello wrote, "The Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei . . . bear such internal proofs of their having been written by Mozart that I never for a moment believed they could have been produced by another composer, especially such an obscure writer as Süssmayr." In 1918, Robert Handke, after careful analysis, wrote that the Benedictus "clearly discloses the master's hand" in all but a few bars, and several modern scholars have accepted his conclusion. In 1951, Wilhelm Fischer described Süssmayr's "Lacrymosa" completion as "*ganz im Geiste Mozarts*." In 1961, Friedrich Blume, in a famous *Musical Quarterly* article, "Requiem but No Peace," wrote, "At least the 'Lacrymosa,' the Benedictus, and the Agnus reveal the hand of a master of Mozart's rank—who could it have been, if not Mozart himself?"

On the other hand, Süssmayr's orchestration of the presumed Mozart had long been scorned. When the Requiem was first published, in 1800, the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* deplored the "highly incorrect instrumental accompaniment." Bruno Walter and Richard Strauss used to correct what the latter called "the dreadfully ludicrous instrumentation." In 1965, the New Mozart Edition produced three distinct scores of the work: by Mozart (as far as he got), by Eybler, and by Süssmayr. In 1971, Benjamin Britten, at the Aldeburgh Festival, conducted his reorchestration of the Requiem, based upon what Eybler and Süssmayr had done and his own perceptions of what Mozart might have done. The same year, Franz Beyer published a new orchestration of Mozart-Süssmayr (which has now been at least twice recorded). Then came the most radical reworking of all, Richard Maunder's, which is published by Oxford and seems to have caught on in Britain and America. Christopher Hogwood has recorded and performed it. It was the edition adopted by Clara Longstreth's New Amsterdam Singers for their Sunday-afternoon concert last month in the Miller Theatre.

Maunder has thrown out Süssmayr's work and proceeded solely from what survives in Mozart's hand. This is a Requiem without Sanctus or Benedictus. (Süssmayr's Sanctus and Benedictus appear in an appendix, "since, for all their shortcomings, they are pieces by a late eighteenth-century composer written specifically for inclusion in Mozart's Requiem.") In a fascinating, detailed monograph, "Mozart's Requiem: On Preparing a New Edition" (also Oxford), Maunder gives his reasons for concluding that "throughout the whole of the Benedictus, and for that matter the 'Lacrymosa' completion, the Sanctus, and the 'Osanna' [the closing section of

Gahan Wilson

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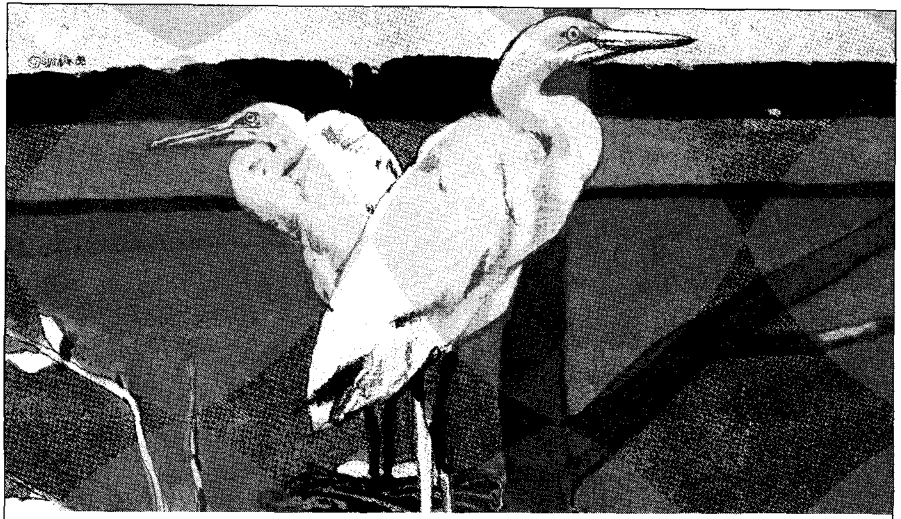

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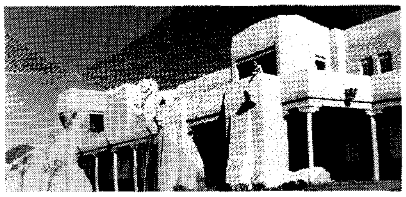

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the Sanctus], there is such an absence of the miracles that one almost takes for granted in Mozart, and such an unrelieved display of technical incompetence, that it is difficult to see why anyone should want to convince himself that Mozart had any part in such poor music." So much for movements to which Walter, Karajan, Giulini, and many others have brought their highest art.

The Agnus is in a different case. Maunder's tests for Mozart's presence are first of all those of accurate and characteristic voice leading. The Agnus passes: its vocal parts "are almost certainly genuine, as also are the outer string parts in bar 1"; it is "very likely to be substantially genuine." And so the Agnus—rescored and with Süssmayr blunders removed—is included in the edition. There is also a new movement: an Amen fugue to conclude the Dies Irae. (Süssmayr simply tacked a IV-I "Amen" cadence to the close of his "Lacrymosa.") In 1961, a sixteen-bar Amen sketch, almost certainly for the Requiem, turned up. (When the Britten version appeared, I suggested that he might be the composer to work out the implications of this sketch.) Maunder—in his most speculative pages—has developed it into an effective seventy-nine-bar double fugue, constructed after Mozart models. For the rest, he has recompleted the "Lacrymosa," in a form shorter and more convincing than Süssmayr's (which discloses "no evidence whatever for the existence of any Mozart sketches"); and he has newly scored everything after the Introit, taking "Die Zauberflöte," "La Clemenza di Tito," and the late Masonic music as his guides.

Within the Maunder edition the New Amsterdam Singers reinstated the Süssmayr Sanctus and Benedictus. Tempting to declare that one noticed a sudden drop in musical quality! But decades of acceptance—and, above all, of response to the Benedictus—are not easily cast aside, even after Maunder's evidence for the charge of "unrelieved technical incompetence" has been examined. Listening habits are not easily changed. My mind says yes to Maunder's arguments; my affection for that lovely Benedictus—consecutive octaves, "faulty" counterpoint, "inept" harmony notwithstanding—remains. What was most apparent at the performance was cleaner, more "Mozartian"

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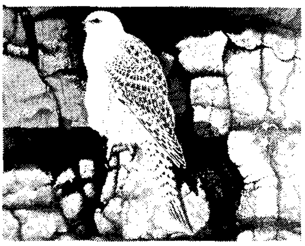

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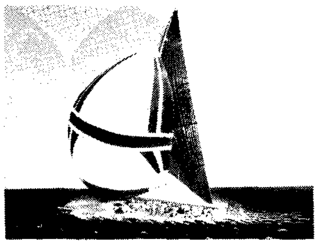

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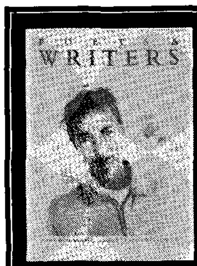

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orchestration. What was most startling was a new G-flat bass in the interrupted cadence before the close of the Agnus.

The chorus was well prepared. Miss Longstreth's account flowed easily and naturally. Darynn Zimmer, Constance Beavon, Robert Etherington, and Frank Nemhauser formed a balanced solo quartet. The Italianized Latin pronunciation commended to the Church worldwide by Pius X, in 1912, was adopted. Maunder prefers, for this music, German-style Latin pronunciation such as Mozart would have heard. So do I. It provides crisper articulation. The Requiem was preceded by Bach's motet "Fürchte dich nicht" and by Stravinsky's Mass, in a poised performance. —ANDREW PORTER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Antonio* (*Texas*) *Express-News*]

Well, Saturday may see one of the parties of the year—and so *soon* after NEW YEAR'S, it almost seems sinful . . . VESTA MARBUT is throwing a 1984 FIESTA PARTY at her digs in OAK HILLS to celebrate, as she puts it, her recent emancipation—some call those things divorces—and her newfound status as a "highly underrated bachelorette" . . . the bash has the 1984 Fiesta as its theme because, as everyone knows, 1984 was "that wonderful era of land flips, FLFs (full-length foxes) and gold Rolexes . . . when money and women were loose, offices were tight, oil was $28 a barrel and GEORGE ORWELL was proven wrong" . . . Vesta's two-page invitation includes a dress code: women are encouraged to come as "upscale bimbos" and men as "Houston developers" . . . men wearing more than sports coats, loud ties and Levis will be "suspected of being an attorney, lender, judge or other disreputable quasi-professional". . . .

• • •

There is more to this party than meets the eye . . . Vesta encourages women to wear furs—borrow them or get them out of hock—and she promises former bankers will be hired to check "the dead animals" . . . festivities will include remarks by "noted divorce counsel and deer hunter JAMES D. STEWART on comingling of assets, disemboweling your doe and judicial selection" . . . other attractions promised include melting ice sculptures of INTERFIRST PLAZA, REPUBLIC-BANK PLAZA, GILL SAVINGS TOWER and the HARTE-HANKS TOWER . . . gee, wonder why that last one was included? . . . also promised are "frozen yogurt sculptures graphically illustrating liposuction and abdominoplasty" . . . anyone wanting to preview the guest list can send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, but Vesta says invitees were chosen "for prior outrageous behavior, good attitudes, interesting arrest records and physical appearance" . . . if even half of this stuff proves true, this is one party that may even make FIESTA itself seem dull.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

MARCH 30, 1989

The Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRS:

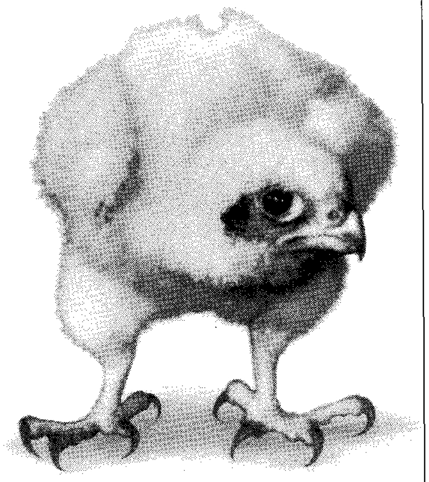
SINCE the publication of my Profile of the filmmaker Errol Morris (February 6, 1989), several readers have inquired about the fate of Randall Dale Adams, a principal figure in "The Thin Blue Line," Morris's most recent nonfiction film, which was released last August. As I reported, "The Thin Blue Line" examines events surrounding the murder, in 1976, of a Dallas police officer, Robert Wood—a crime for which Adams was convicted and sentenced to death. (In 1980, the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.) Largely as a result of evidence uncovered by Morris, a hearing was held last December before Judge Larry W. Baraka in Criminal District Court No. 2, in Dallas. The hearing arose from a writ of habeas corpus filed by Adams, which maintained that his original trial, in 1977, had been unfair. Among the key claims in the writ were that the prosecutor in the case, Douglas Mulder, had illegally suppressed evidence and had presented witnesses who committed perjury.

David Harris, who had been Mulder's main witness against Adams, told Judge Baraka—as he had told Errol Morris two years earlier—that Adams was innocent. Harris testified that he had been alone in a stolen car, with the murder weapon in his hand, the instant before Officer Wood was killed. Finding merit in six of the thirteen grounds for relief cited in Adams' writ, Judge Baraka agreed that Adams was entitled to a new trial. According to Texas criminal procedure, Judge Baraka's opinion amounted to a recommendation to the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, a nine-judge panel. At the time my article was published, the Court of Criminal Appeals had not been heard from.

On March 1st, the Court of Criminal Appeals unanimously overturned Adams' conviction, and on March 20th he returned to Judge Baraka's courtroom for a bail hearing. At this point, John Vance, who has been the District Attorney of Dallas County since 1987, had not announced whether he intended to retry Adams. Confident that a new trial would result not only in acquittal and vindication but in serious embarrassment for the District Attorney's office, Adams and his appellate lawyer, Randy Schaffer, made it clear that they hoped Vance would indeed pursue the case. Because from the time of Randall Adams' arrest, in 1976, the conduct of the District Attorney's office in this matter had been characterized by a disdain for logic and due process, anything still seemed possible. On the morning of the bail hearing, an assistant district attorney named Winfield Scott appeared before Judge Baraka. Scott, who had aided Mulder in the original prosecution of Adams, and had been incensed by Judge Baraka's ruling at the writ hearing, now sought to disqualify the judge, claiming that he had shown bias toward Adams. In addition to rendering what some observers felt was an entertaining impersonation of a loose cannon, Scott provided one more weird wrinkle in what Errol Morris has described as "a tale of error and confusion."

Ignoring the fact that "The Thin Blue Line," together with the legal skill of Randy Schaffer, had effectively impeached virtually all the state's witnesses, Scott told Baraka, "We have witnesses on standby and we are ready to try this case immediately," and then refused to participate in the proceeding. Scott's bombast brought to mind a declaration by Vance to the Dallas *Times Herald* last year that "as much as I'm convinced that Lee Harvey Oswald killed John Kennedy, I'm convinced that Randall Dale Adams is the man that shot Officer Wood." Since then, however, "The Thin Blue Line" had turned up in movie theatres, and Vance's assurance had been replaced by vacillation.

Judge Baraka released Adams on a fifty-thousand-dollar personal-recognizance bond. Within an hour—before Schaffer could physically escort Adams from the courthouse—Winfield Scott arranged a hearing before Judge Ron Chapman, the administrative judge of the Dallas Criminal Court. Judge Chapman—evidently persuaded by rhetorical questions from Scott such as "What if Randall Adams isn't really going home to his mommy in Ohio? What if he tries to flee to Mexico or Canada?"—compliantly raised Adams' bail to a hundred thousand dollars,



BORN TO LIVE

"Remote from universal nature,
and living by complicated artifice,
man in civilization surveys the
creature through the glass of his
knowledge and sees thereby a
feather magnified and the whole
image in distortion.
We patronize them for their
incompleteness, for their tragic fate
of having taken form so far below
ourselves. And therein we err,
and greatly err. For the animal shall
not be measured by man. In a
world older and more complete
than ours, they move finished and
complete, gifted with extensions
of the senses we have lost or never
attained, living by voices we shall
never hear.
They are not brethren, they are
not underlings; they are other
nations, caught with ourselves in
the net of life and time, fellow
prisoners of the splendour
and travail of the earth."

—*Henry Beston,*
THE OUTERMOST HOUSE
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Photo: This 25-day-old Fijian peregrine falcon is from a subspecies faced with imminent extirpation. Now in a captive breeding program, it may live to produce as many as 50 young, which may then be returned to the wild.

JAMES STEVENSON

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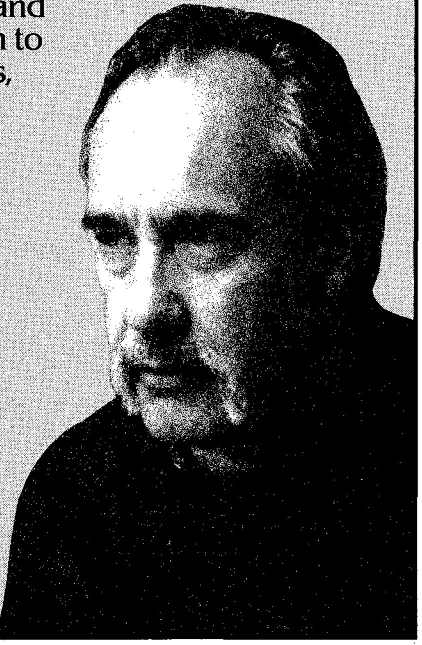

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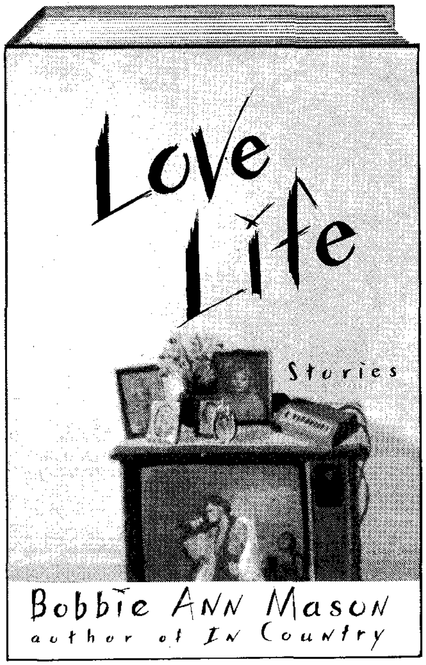

Now in its 4th Printing before Publication

Some of the stories in this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

payable in cash or surety, pending a ruling on Judge Baraka's impartiality. Unable to make bail, Adams was forced to spend one more night in the custody of Dallas County.

The next day, a judge from Waco, Texas, who had been called in to resolve the question of Judge Baraka's suitability for granting bail, denied Scott's claim, and the fifty-thousand-dollar personal-recognizance bond was reinstated. That evening, Adams and Schaffer travelled to Houston. Speaking to a reporter there the next day, Adams said, "No offense, but I hate Texas." The day after that, he flew to Columbus, Ohio, where his mother and two sisters live. As he walked off the plane, the reporters who had gathered at the airport told him that John Vance, in Dallas, had just held a press conference. Despite having said earlier in the week, "I don't think Randall Dale Adams ought to be out on the street," Vance now acknowledged that his office lacked "sufficient credible evidence" and would therefore not retry the case.

Dallas County has not yet decided whether David Harris, who since 1986 has been on death row in Texas for a separate murder conviction, will be tried for the murder of Robert Wood.

The final frames of "The Thin Blue Line" describe Randall Adams as continuing to serve a life sentence in the Eastham Unit, in Lovelady, Texas. Errol Morris tells me that he now regards the message as "a reminder of the historical moment that the film occupied," and that he therefore has no plans to alter the existing prints of the movie, even though Randall Adams is at last a free man.

Sincerely,
MARK SINGER

•

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From "A History of Mexico," by Henry Bamford Parkes*]

Maximilian lived like a soldier, sleeping in a blanket on the Hill of Bells east of the town, where the imperialist troops were concentrated, exposing himself constantly and winning the applause of his men.

BOOKS

Volume Two

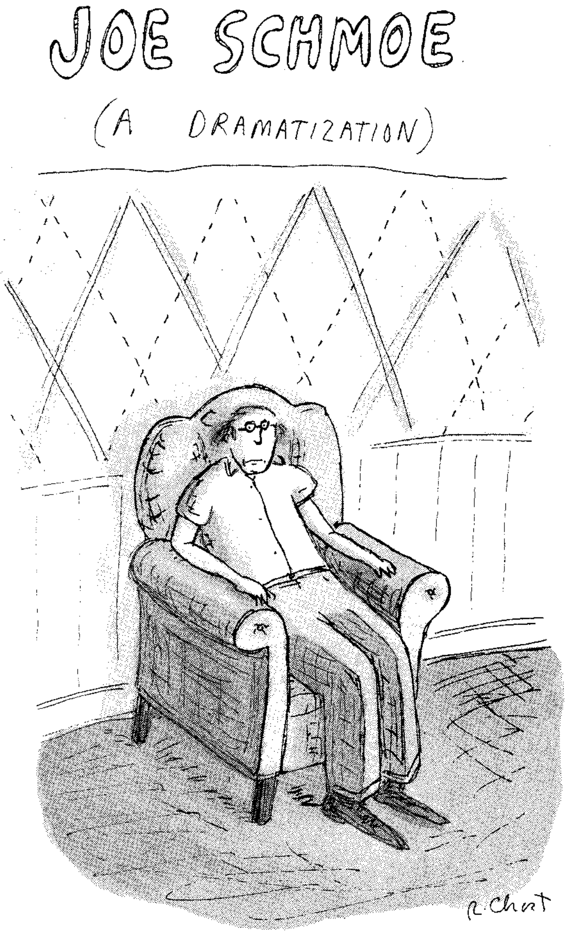
GUNTHER SCHULLER'S "The Swing Era: The Development of Jazz, 1930-1945" (Oxford; $30) has at last arrived. The second volume of a projected three-volume history of jazz, it has taken twenty years to write and is over nine hundred closely printed pages long. (The first volume, the comparatively skinny "Early Jazz: Its Roots and Musical Development," is also available from Oxford.) Elephantine and imperious, ruminative, slow-moving, and eccentric, the book comes bedecked with statistics. Schuller tells us that in the course of his research he listened to over thirty thousand recordings, and that there are over five hundred pieces of musical notation in the book, which "required many, many hundreds of hours of laborious transcribing from recordings." He also tells us, in a publisher's biographical note, that he was the "artistic director" at Tanglewood for almost twenty years and the head of the New England Conservatory of Music for ten years. He could have swelled the flow with these stats: born in New York in 1925, he was a horn player with the Metropolitan Opera in the forties and fifties, he is a classical composer and conductor of note, he coined the term "third-stream music" in a lecture at Brandeis in 1957 (third-stream music attempts to fuse jazz and classical music), and in the late fifties he was one of the leaders in writing and performing such music. In short, Schuller is an adventurous musician, uniquely at ease in every quarter of European and American music (except, possibly, as an improvising musician). Who else could hand down these Olympian statements?

> [Duke Ellington's 1933 "Delta Serenade"] contains moments of timbral and harmonic inspiration which had never been produced before by *any* composer, including Ravel or Schoenberg.

> The remaining parade of stellar soloists includes Hodges, Stewart (who begins his improvisation with a mighty half-valve yelp, unknown to music theretofore)...

In the thirties and early forties, jazz came as close to being a popular music as it ever will. There were hundreds of big bands, ranging from nondescript local groups to the great bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford. The big bands could be heard in ballrooms, hotels, theatres, and roadhouses and also on nightly network radio and in countless recordings. Most of them were dance bands that played occasional jazz numbers; the rest were jazz bands that also played for dancing. People danced almost as often as they went to the movies, but by the late thirties they had begun to gather around the bandstand to listen to their favorite soloists. These players—Benny Goodman, Lester Young, Cootie Williams, Harry James, Earl Hines, Artie Shaw—became the princes of the music, and when the big bands went under, in the late forties, they became its survivors and saviors.

At the same time, there was a subculture of small bands that flourished in night clubs. These clubs were scattered from coast to coast, but the most famous were on West Fifty-second Street in New York. Few of these clubs had room for dancing, and it was in them that jazz changed from a dance music to a reluctant art music. Swing, as all this music came to be called, rose magically from the rhythmic and melodic chunkiness of the twenties and early thirties. Its characteristics were a four-four beat, the ability to swing, truly improvised solos, the wide use of arrangements, a deepening harmonic sense, an endless variety of tones and timbres, and a reverence for melody, written and invented. (Schuller points out that the recent discovery of thousands of alternate takes makes it clear that some soloists used the same solos over and over. Still, such solos *were* improvised the first time they were played.) It was an accessible, lyrical music that could be fiery and serene, raucous and romantic. At its best, it had no pretensions or self-consciousness. Bebop elbowed swing aside in the mid-forties, but swing went on into the seventies, when its great originators started to falter and die out.



For a long time, swing was segregated. Few white bands hired black musicians (Goodman, Shaw, Charlie Barnet, Gene Krupa, and Joe Marsala were exceptions), and it was almost unheard of for black bands to hire white musicians. Blacks, of course, invented jazz, and whites, in rapacious admiration, stole freely from them, diluting and smoothing what they took. Some white bandleaders became rich; no black leaders did. Many white bands grew out of black ones. Benny Goodman came out of Fletcher Henderson, Charlie Barnet and Hal McIntyre out of Duke Ellington, Will Bradley out of the boogie-woogie pianists, Tommy Dorsey and Stan Kenton out of Jimmie Lunceford, and the rhythmic impetus of a dozen white bands out of the old Basie rhythm section. Many white players grew out of black players. Georgie Auld, Vido Musso, Flip Phillips, and Corky Corcoran learned from Ben Webster; a crowd of white tenor saxophonists, among them Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Allen Eager, Herbie Steward, Bill Perkins, and Jimmy Giuffre, learned from Lester Young; Benny Goodman learned from Jimmie Noone, and Harry James from Louis Armstrong and Red Allen, Jess Stacy from Earl Hines, and Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich from Chick Webb. Segregation died out in jazz in the late forties, but by the late fifties reverse segregation had set in. Black bands rarely hired white musicians and, when they played, turned their backs on their predominantly white audiences.

Gunther Schuller's book is not so much a history of swing as a string of highly subjective critical assessments, arranged more or less chronologically. The parade goes like this: Benny Goodman; Duke Ellington (Schuller's beau ideal: a hundred and eleven pages); Louis Armstrong, who stood outside the swing era as a kind of lyrical minister without portfolio; the black big bands (two hundred and twenty-five pages); the great soloists (two hundred and six pages), beginning with Coleman Hawkins and closing with Red Allen; the white big bands (a hundred and thirty-eight pages); the so-called territory bands (groups mainly from the Midwest and Southwest who never got to New York: thirty-six pages); and the small bands (thirty-eight pages).

Writing about an evanescent music like jazz is like trying to sculpt air: it is there and sometimes you can feel it or smell it, but you can't see it, and it keeps leaking through your fingers. Schuller goes at the problem in two ways, both musicological. He transcribes solos and ensembles (he admits that such notation is severely limited, because there is no way of designating blue notes or timbre or tone or the various rhythmical urgencies of jazz), and he parses the music verbally, as in this passage on Ben Webster's celebrated solo on Duke Ellington's "Cotton Tail":

> His stealthy entrance on "Cotton Tail" is in its subtleness and surprising understatedness one of the all-time hair-raising moments in jazz. It also embodies one of Webster's other favorite devices, a descending chromatic line, usually evenly spaced and often set in cross-rhythms. In mm. 1-4 we hear one of Webster's smoother versions of this configuration; we shall encounter it again later in this solo in a more flamboyant form. In mm. 5-7 a more varied (and concealed) use of the same idea follows, lining out the notes A flat G G flat F E E flat (incidentally almost all of these by chance doubled in [Jimmy] Blanton's high register walking bass). More of the same occurs in mm. 13-16, as the G in m. 13 works its way down to the D four bars later.

But such techniques exclude the musical illiterates of the world. So Schuller occasionally aerates his musicology with metaphors and impressionism. He almost describes the indescribable—a Pee Wee Russell solo:

> Starting in the fifth bar, Russell takes that F, bends and twists it in quarter tones: this over the E flat chord, the flattened F, almost an E sharp, producing some anguished dissonances with Joe Sullivan's piano background. Russell continues to worry this note to death, irreverently pulling and tugging at it like a cat playing with a mouse. Adding to the slightly uneasy effect are Sullivan's soft tremolo accompaniment and Zutty Singleton's somber, mournful drum press roll, the contrast heightened by Russell's insistent agitated double-time over the accompaniment's rather more serene single-time.

"The Swing Era" is full of surprises. Schuller likes to praise figures who have been ignored or discredited by the jazz critical fraternity. (He makes it clear that he considers himself above this fraternity, and scolds it again and again for its waywardness.) Some of his rescue operations are invaluable, and some are romantic. Ennobled are the tenor saxophonist Dick Wilson; the trumpeter and arranger John Nesbitt; the trumpeters Red Nichols, Bunny Berigan, Harry James, Charlie Shavers, Emmett Berry, and Charlie Teagarden; Red Norvo; the trombonists Lawrence Brown, Bobby Byrne, Bill Harris, and Sandy Williams; the accordionist and pianist Joe Mooney; Benny Carter's clarinet playing; Pee Wee Russell; and the drummers Chick Webb and Moe Purtill. (It is difficult to agree with his feelings about James and Brown. Both were high technicians who rarely swung, and who seemed to work on the dressy fringes of jazz.) Schuller also praises Cab Calloway and Woody Herman's singing and such white big bands as those of Bob Crosby, Bob Chester, Charlie Barnet, Isham Jones, Hal McIntyre, and Glenn Miller (but he never mentions Bobby Hackett's immortal cornet solo in Miller's "A String of Pearls," certainly the empyrean point in Miller's career). He is even kind to such sharkskin "sweet" bands as those of Jan Garber and Alvino Rey and Shep Fields.

Just as surprising are the superior players Schuller puts down, barely mentions, or bypasses. These include the flawless trumpeter Joe Thomas and such scarcely less valuable brass players as Hackett, Bill Coleman, Sidney de Paris, Frankie Newton, Dicky Wells, and Benny Morton. He also skirts Django Reinhardt, Joe Venuti, Sidney Bechet, Jess Stacy, the boogie-woogie pianists, and Fats Waller. (He explains his neglect of Waller by saying he simply ran out of gas when it came time to do him.) And he dismisses Count Basie's piano playing. (Basie playing five or six choruses of solo slow blues was one of the epigrammatic wonders of jazz.)

The most startling inequity in the book, though, has to do with the space accorded big bands and small bands—almost five hundred pages and less than forty pages. Fewer than a dozen of the hundreds of big bands were first-rate. The rest were, in varying degrees, bland, repetitive, and unswinging. From the mid-thirties, small jazz bands—either working groups or groups put together for recording—preserved the heart of jazz. It was their music that was so often deep and exhilarating. (Ellington, Basie, and Andy Kirk made their bands seem more like small ones than big ones. None depended on massed sounds.) Beyond the half-dozen or so groups that Schuller does study, these small bands make a handsome and moving list: the Goodman septet; many of Lionel Hampton's 1937-40 Victor recording groups; Teddy Wilson's Café Society Uptown band; the Blue Note recording groups led by James P. Johnson, Edmond Hall, Sidney de Paris, and Ike Quebec; the small Ellington groups; Sidney Bechet's New Orleans Feetwarmers; Lil Armstrong's bands; the Bechet-Spanier Big Four; Fats Waller's little bands; the Mary Lou Williams Trio; Joe Marsala's various groups; Zutty Singleton's Chicago band; the Delta Four; the Coleman Hawkins–Red Allen sides and those done by Allen himself; Frankie Newton's various groups; the Spirits of Rhythm; Stuff Smith's band and trio; the superb recording groups assembled by Harry Lim in 1944 for his Keynote label and by Bob Thiele for his Signature label; Mel Powell's band with Benny Goodman; Eddie Heywood's band; Hot Lips Page's sides for Savoy and Commodore; Rex Stewart's Big Seven and Jack Teagarden's Big Eight; and the Eddie Condon groups, which at their best provided some of the most headlong and joyous collective jazz ever played. One more inequity must be mentioned. Schuller writes that Chick Webb was "virtually the only swing era drummer on whose recordings one can aurally shut out the other instruments and still have a consistently rewarding musical experience." He also says that "very few [swing] drummers—Chick Webb was a notable exception—could hold a sophisticated listener's attention in a long *a cappella* drum solo." Almost all the recordings Sidney Catlett made are worth listening to simply for his playing. And his long solos (see the Louis Armstrong 1947 Symphony Hall concert and the 1944 Metropolitan Opera House concert) are as exciting and beautifully turned melodically and rhythmically now as they were forty years ago. Catlett began where Chick Webb left off.

Schuller disarmingly apologizes at the outset of his book for his "German-bred verbosity and love of long sentences." It is true that his prose, with its clause-upon-clause roll and its verbal garnishes, must be pushed through. Also distracting are such phrases as "woefully neglected," "we must factor in," "veneered over," and "winnowed down." (And who was minding the spelling shop at Oxford? "Medlies," "beknighted," and "antidated"!)

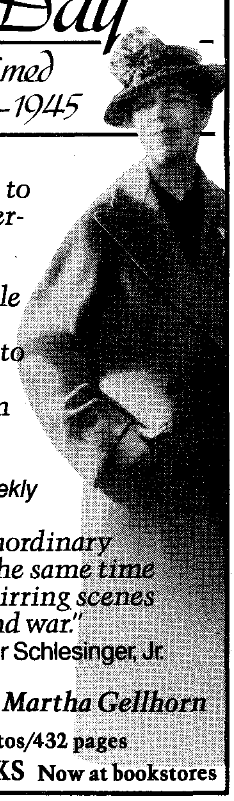
Schuller has promised a third volume of his history, and, to judge by the number of eager mentions in "The Swing Era" of modernists like Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and John Lewis, he must already be on his way. Schuller has been deeply involved in modern jazz as a composer, arranger, leader, and close colleague, and perhaps these firsthand immersions will sharpen his vision and tighten his prose. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE IDENTITY OF FRANCE: VOLUME I, by Fernand Braudel, translated from the French by Siân Reynolds (Harper & Row; $25). The noted historian did not live to finish this work, but Volume I, which he called a "retrospective geography," is complete. It is a tour of the territory that is now France, and he describes the economic links the French forged among themselves from prehistoric times on, which, in turn, helped forge France and the borders that limited it. He writes with an unashamedly eloquent patriotism that is out of fashion among historians in the United States, and his particulars require a solid knowledge of French geography. Braudel's passion for the *longue durée*, the glacial movement of society and culture over millennia, seems to leave out the volitions and purposes of individuals; instead, places take on character, and the capricious, sluggish Loire, the hectic Rhône, the smugly prosperous Caen, and the wallflower Besançon play the parts that national epics commonly assign to kings. In any case, Braudel's delight in history, and in revealing the ancientness of the present, once more works its magic. Ms. Reynolds' translation is excellent.

BURTON: A BIOGRAPHY OF SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, by Byron Farwell (Viking; $24.95). This life makes good the author's claim that Sir Richard Burton was "one of the rarest personalities ever seen on earth." Burton (1821-90) was a soldier, linguist, world traveller and explorer, poet, archeologist, diplomat, inventor, pornographer, and writer of books on mountain climbing, reptiles, the military arts, irregular sexual practices, geography, religions, and countless other subjects. He had a prickly personality, combative and sometimes arrogant. He could be charming, but he also put important people's backs up, to his cost. In the Foreign Office, he was often in hot water, and had to endure third-rate postings—to Fer-



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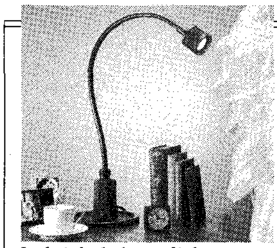

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nando Po and to Santos, Brazil—though he always got a book or two out of them. Mr. Farwell follows the trail of Burton's great adventures, such as the pilgrimage to Mecca in Arab disguise and the trek across East Africa in search of the source of the Nile, and he also draws a compelling portrait of the man. Illustrations.

THE PURITAN ORDEAL, by Andrew Delbanco (Harvard; $30). The author of this study, displaying an ideal combination of sensibility and judgment, discusses the Puritans who fled to New England and traces the effect of their immigrant experience on American literature. Like later immigrants, they found that emotional rifts opened between the first and the second generations, and, like other English religious radicals, they were disturbed by women's demands for religious equality. The Puritan hope of creating a Christian—nonexploitative—economy in the New World was disappointed, and the dominant strand in Puritan thought became the need to constrain sinful human beings. However, Mr. Delbanco believes that it was the other strand in Puritan thought—the aspiration toward a community of saints—which became an important influence on American literature.

PASSIONATE JOURNEY: A NOVEL TOLD IN 165 WOODCUTS, by Frans Masereel (Penguin; $8.95, paper). This is the third book by Masereel—the Belgian painter and master of the block print, who flourished in the nineteen-twenties—to have been reissued recently. Unlike the others, this one tells a story. A youngish man, hatless and empty-handed, gets off the train at a terminus in some large industrial city in Europe; it could be Berlin, Brussels, Hamburg. He is obviously a provincial, and he explores his new environment with curiosity and wonder—its crowded streets, its lighted shopwindows, its factories and their agitated workers, its art galleries. Soon he finds work and lodgings; he goes to the room of a complaisant woman. As his involvement with city life grows more intricate, we get the feeling that we are watching a movie, and, indeed, Thomas Mann, in a laudatory introduction, points out the close cousinship of Masereel's technique and the cinema. The artist clearly intended some social satire, but that has pretty much evaporated by now, and what we have is a charming and evocative little treasure (four inches by six) of graphic art.

NOTE: "Election Journal: Political Events of 1987-1988," by Elizabeth Drew, has been published by Morrow ($19.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

JADE WOMAN, by Jonathan Gash (St. Martin's; $17.95). Hong Kong is the setting for the latest sordid misadventures of Lovejoy, diviner of antiques and philosopher of the lust to collect. As always, Lovejoy's erudite voice is half the fun. He may be involuntarily toiling as a jet-set gigolo, or forging a lost masterpiece by a newly discovered Chinese Impressionist who never existed, but the presence of a genuine antique or an interesting fake is the occasion for a digression on materials, techniques, and provenance, offered in jokey London slang. The Impressionist scam is part of Lovejoy's attempt to escape the grip of one of the Triads, or secret societies, which control all sorts of vice and illegal trafficking in Hong Kong—and therefore control Lovejoy, too. The other half of the fun here is a surprisingly lyrical and intense portrait of the Crown Colony.

SARATOGA BESTIARY, by Stephen Dobyns (Viking; $16.95). Charlie Bradshaw, as a great many readers are happily aware, is a private investigator in Saratoga Springs—not very tall, not very thin, not very aggressive—who has a large photograph of Jesse James hanging in his office, and whose girlfriend is a dental hygienist whose custom it is to clean his teeth before they make love. That's for starters. As for the rest, Charlie is engaged in running down a portrait of Man o' War stolen from the Racing Hall of Fame, in running down the murderer of a mild little bookie, and in finding the two men who held up a secret gambling party organized by his best friend. For good measure, there is a scene in which a horse kicks two vicious pit bulls to death. Somehow, all this ties very nicely together.

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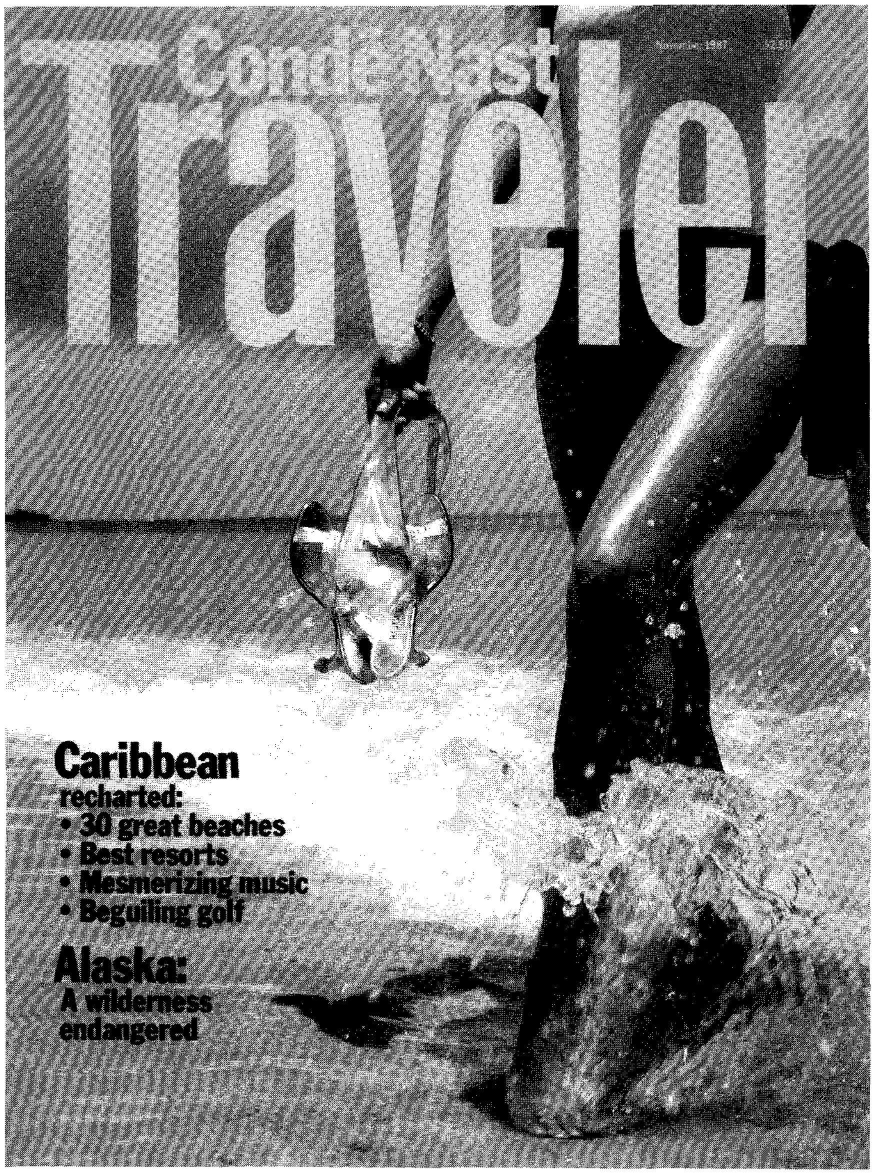

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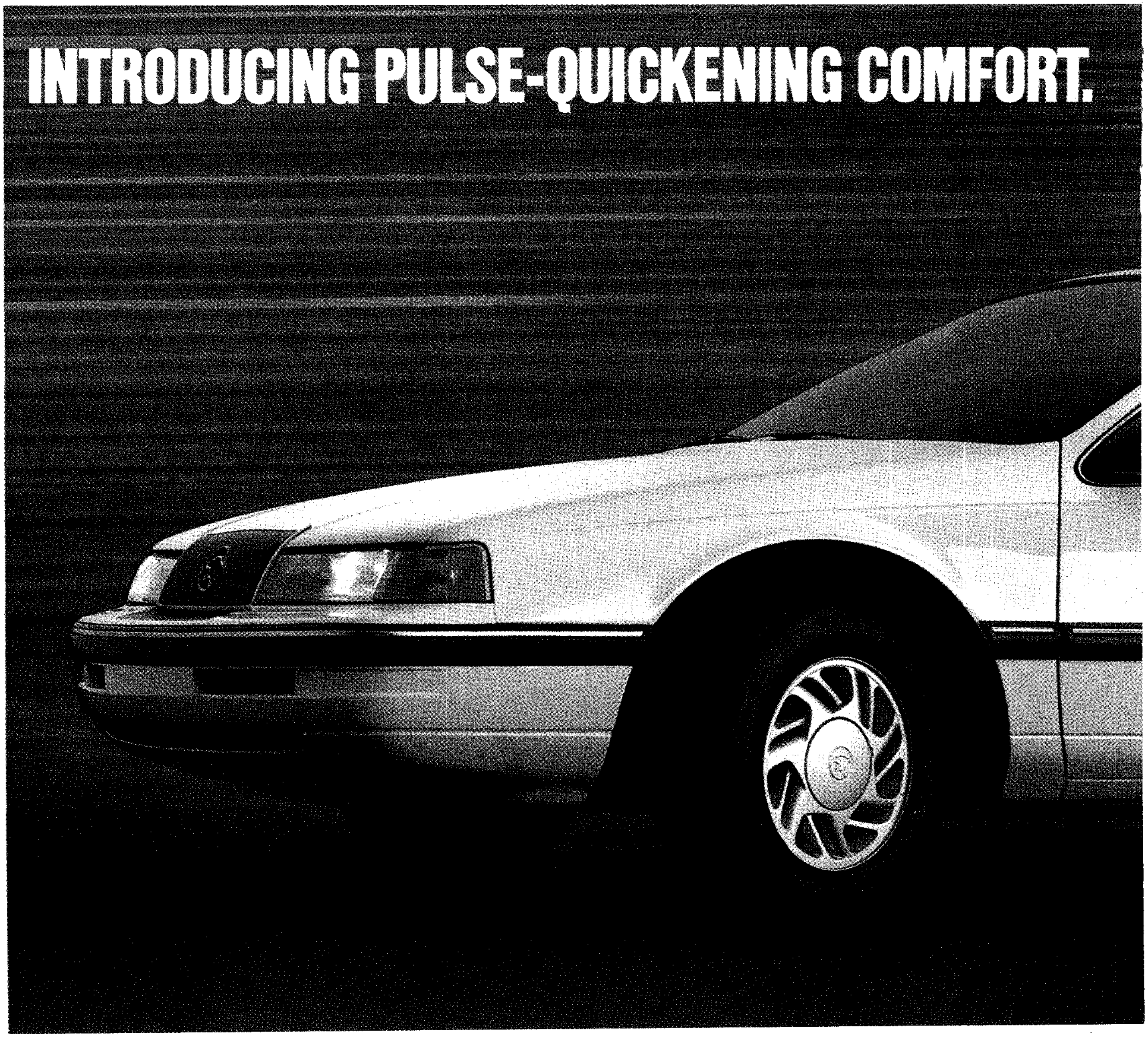

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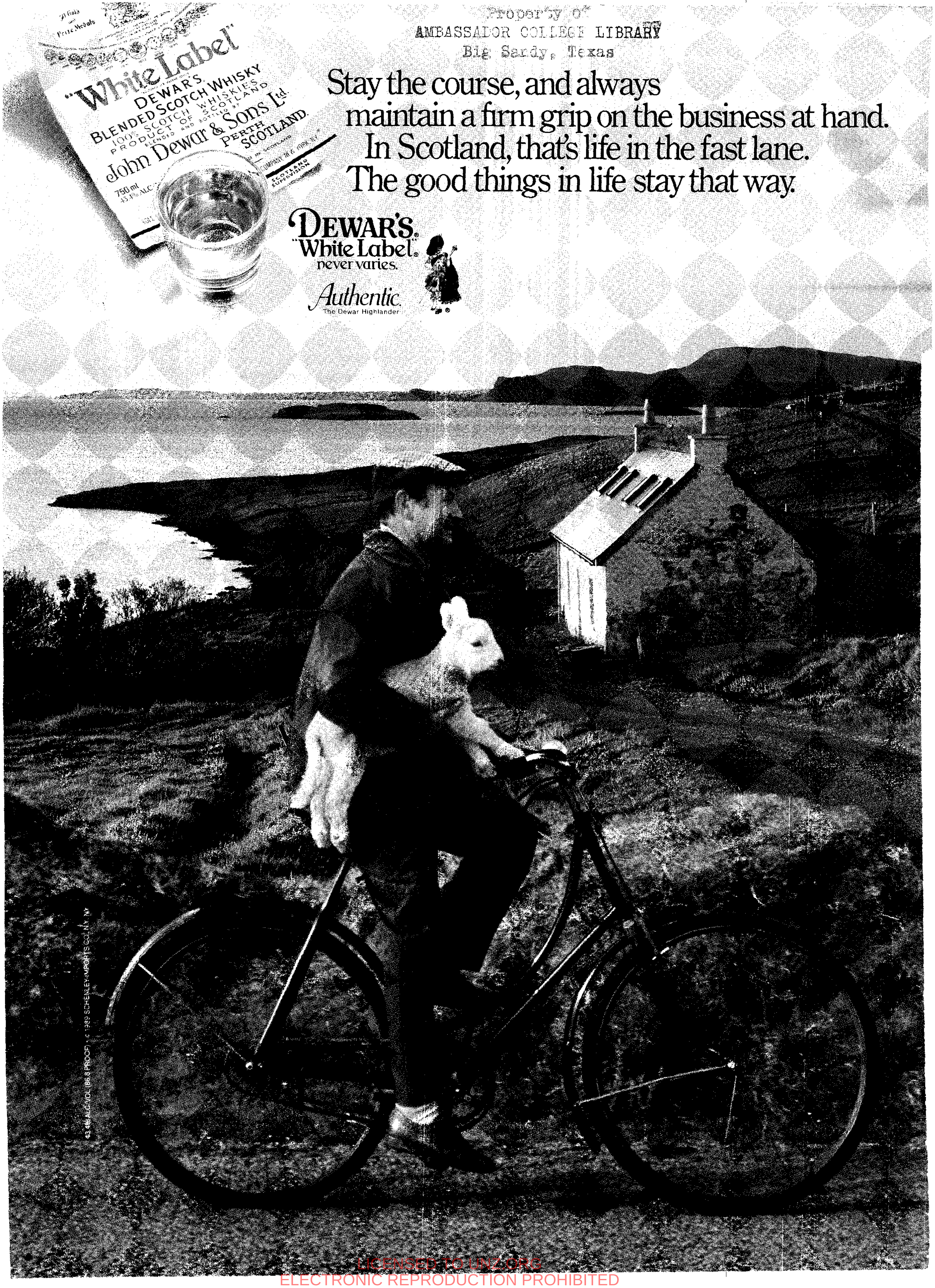
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